

THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1901.

Vol. XXII, No. 43.

SORRY, BUT COULD NOT HELP IT.

We expected a rush last Saturday and put on extra help. But we admit we were not quite prepared for the *Great Rush* we had, but say to those who had to wait that it will not happen again. Our only excuse is that our reputation for selling "the best and most up-to-date Men's Furnishing Goods" was the cause of it all. We don't try to buy the cheapest, but the **BEST** for the **LEAST MONEY** and give our customers satisfaction.

Our range of **SUMMER SHIRTS, TIES, HATS and CAPS** will meet your ideas both in style, quality and price. We have a nice line of Washable Ties, 5c. and 10c.; Shirts, 25c., 50c., 75c. to \$1.50.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR, 50c. per suit and upwards.

SILKOLINE " \$2.50 per suit.

Drop in and order your Summer Suit at

FRED. T. WARD'S,
YOUR TAILOR & OUTFITTER.

= FOR GROCERIES =

GO WHERE YOU GET

25 lbs. Brown Sugar for \$1.00.	2 bottles Pickles for 25c.
20 lbs. Redpath Granulated, \$1.00.	4 boxes Laundry Starch, 25c.
9 lbs. Oatmeal - 25c.	Oranges and Lemons, 20c. doz.
3 lbs. Mixed Cakes, - 25c.	Lard, pure - 12½c. lb.

Our 25c. **JAPAN TEA**, try it, you will always buy the same.

We are paying 20c. for Butter and 10c. doz. for Eggs.

DRY GOODS.

Flannelette Sheets, 75c. and 90c. pair. Prints, fast colors, 6c. yd. Dress Sateens, 38 in. wide, very fine, 12½c. yard. Mercerized Sateens, some remnants, to be cleared at 15c., regular 25c. yd. A job lot of Dress Muslins, prices from 8c. to 15c. yard. Ladies' Vests, 5c. to 25c. each. Children's Vests, half-sleeve, 6c. each. Ladies, come here to buy light Tweed Skirts, from 20c. yd. Men's Cotton Socks, 4 pairs for 25c. Men's Colored Shirts, 50c. each. A job lot Ladies' Sailors must be cleared out at half-price.

C. F. STICKLE.

Wedding Presents.

A fine assortment of Wedding Presents now in stock. Call and see them. They will be sure to please. Prices right.

W. H. CALDER,
JEWELER & OPTICIAN.

The Mutual Life of Canada

Formerly
THE ONTARIO
MUTUAL LIFE

A Company
OF POLICYHOLDERS
BY POLICYHOLDERS,
FOR POLICYHOLDERS.

AMOUNT OF NEW BUSINESS
Paid for (taken) in 1900.
\$4,671,712.00, being the largest volume
secured in the Dominion by any Cana-
dian Life Company for the year ending
Dec. 31st, 1901.

Beginning the New Century by LEADING ALL ITS COMPETITORS, old and young, among native Life Companies in NEW BUSINESS for the past year, is a record of which any Company might feel honestly proud.

S. BURROWS,
General Agent THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

UNEQUAL EYES.

Do you see equally well with both eyes? If not both may become defective. We frequently have the condition of unequal eyes, the result of the fact that they had only been able to see with one eye to any advantage and the strain frequently causes trouble in this one also. We test one eye at a time and give different glasses for each when necessary. We have the most up-to-date outfit for testing and fitting eyes to both in Toronto and Montreal, and equal to any in those cities. Consultation free.

ALEX. RAY,
334 Front St., Belleville.

TREES! TREES!

AT THE

Belleville Nurseries

I wish to notify my patrons and all others wanting Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Small Fruits, Hedge Plants, Roses, Evergreens, Flowering Shrubs, Climbing Vines, etc., that I have a good stock of the best hardy varieties, guaranteed true to name. I have many fine trees from San Jose acacia in very early. Stock is right, prices right. It will pay you to come and see stock and get prices at the Nursery, before placing your orders.

W. C. REID,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Petty's Pills are small — mere mites — but one is a dose, and every dose counts. There are no blanks.

OPPOSITION

— IS THE —

Life of Trade

— IS THE —

COME AND SEE THE NEW DRUG STORE

CRAIGE BLOCK.

TRY DR. HAMMOND HALL'S
ENGLISH TEETHING SYRUP
for Children. Guaranteed to contain
no opiates.

DR. HAMMOND HALL'S
Baby Laxative Tablets.

TAIT'S WORM CANDY.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

N.B.—This is quite independent of any
other house in the village.

J. PARKER,

DRUGGIST.

Ripans Tabules cure headache.
Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach.
Ripans Tabules: gentle cathartic.

Rawdon Council.

Minutes of a regular meeting of Rawdon Township Council held June 29th. Council met according to adjournment. All the members present. Minutes of Court of Revision and last regular meeting was read and confirmed. Mr. Geo. Wellman produced an order from Mrs. Orser for her allowance from the Council, to date. Moved by Mr. Kingston, seconded by Mr. Whitton that it be paid. Carried.

Mrs. Ann Wellman asked for aid in her support. Moved by Mr. Belshaw, seconded by Mr. Cook, that \$5.00 be granted. Carried.

A. J. Thompson asked for a grant to draw gravel on Road Div. No. 111. Moved by Mr. Cook, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that \$20.00 be granted. Carried.

A. Fitchett asked for a grant on side road 10th concession, between lots 18 and 19. The road surveyor, was instructed to inspect, with power to act.

The clerk was instructed to call the attention of all road masters to that clause of the Noxious Weeds Act which requires all weeds to be cut out and adjoining highways, and also to notify the County Officials to keep down all noxious weeds along the county roads.

Mr. Kingston gave notice that he would introduce a By-Law at the next meeting of the Council, authorizing the opening of the 7th Con. road for a cattle path as far west as Trout Creek.

W. J. Meiklejohn stated that Seymour Council had granted \$20 on Town Line, 10th Con., and asked that Rawdon Council supplement the grant.

Moved by Mr. Cook, seconded by Mr. Belshaw, that \$20 be granted, and that Mr. Meiklejohn superintend the expenditure of said money. Carried.

Alex. Morton and A. Hogle applied for a grant on the Hoggs hill, 7th Con. Council deemed it advisable to hold this a matter another year, as nothing but a large grant would be of any use.

Mr. Oscar Merrick applied for a small grant on Sidney Town Line, Lot 24. Moved by Mr. Whitton, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that \$8.00 be granted, provided Sidney Council grant a similar amount. Carried.

Wm. McKeown and Burt Spencer asked for a grant on Road Div. No. 51. Moved by Mr. Whitton, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that \$10 be granted. Carried.

John F. Meiklejohn asked that something be done with the ditch in front of Lot 22, in the 9th concession. The road surveyor was instructed to inspect and report.

Robert Thain asked for a grant on Road Div. No. 40. The road surveyor was instructed to inspect same, with power to act.

The Clerk was instructed to write R. T. Porter, Reeve of Huntingdon, calling a meeting of the members of both Councils, to lay out and define the roads bought in lieu of the Town Line, and that said meeting will be held on Thursday, July 25th, at 9 o'clock, a.m.

Mr. Kingston gave notice that he would introduce a By-Law at the next meeting of the council to authorize issuing debentures to raise \$600 for building a School House in S. S. No. 17.

Mr. Whitton introduced a By-Law to regulate the Clerk's salary, which was read a first time. Moved by Mr. Rodgers, seconded by Mr. Whitton, that council go into committee on By-Laws. Carried. Mr. Kingston in the chair. The By-Law was read in full, clause No. 3 defining the work to be performed as follows:—"That the work performed for said salary under this By-Law, shall embrace the ordinary work of Township Clerk and shall include Registration returns, selection of jurors, holding annual elections, Secretary of Board of Health and Voters' List Court." Moved by Mr. Belshaw, seconded by Mr. Cooke, that the salary be \$150 per year. Moved in amendment \$150 by Mr. Rodgers, seconded by Mr. Whitton, that the salary be \$200 per year. The amendment prevailed—years, Wm. Rodgers, Jas. Whitton and Paul Kingston; nays, Jas. T. Belshaw and R. J. Cooke. Committee rose, by law read a third time, was signed, sealed and numbered 220.

Moved by Mr. Rodgers, seconded by Mr. Cook, that the Clerk be instructed to purchase a By-Law Register and Deeds Registry Book. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Whitton, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that \$15 be granted to draw gravel on Road Div. No. 116, J. W. Horst, roadmaster. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Cook, seconded by Mr. Belshaw, that this Council grant \$20 on Huntingdon Town Line, 13th and 14th cons., providing Huntingdon Council grant a like amount. Carried.

The following accounts were ordered paid:—

Mrs. Orser, support \$17.00
Ann Wellman, support 5.00
John Brown, burying an animal 1.00

John Linn, gravel 5.75
Fred. Wescott, gravel 5.45
Jas. Ryan, 6.00

Wm. Rodgers 1.00
Jas. Sutherland, cedar, 1900 1.00
Allen Reid, job on road 10.00

Meeklejohn and Belshaw, con-
tract state labor, Kingston
Cheese Co. 4.00

Murphy Lemon, rep. scraper 1.50
David Linn, sup. Wm. Wallace 10.00
Cornelius Sine, rep. bridge 2.00

Wm. Joyce, gravel 5.25
John Tanner, equalizing S. S. 7
and 15 Marmora 2.00

D. Eggleton, gravel 2.50
Wm. Jeffrey, sup. John McCaw 6.00

Council adjourned until Monday, August 5th.

THOS. C. McCONNELL, Clerk.

Court of Revision.

Minutes of an adjourned meeting of the Court of Revision for Stirling, held June 28th, 1901. Members present, G. G. Thrasher, C. E. Parker and D. Utman. Moved by Mr. Parker, seconded by Mr. Utman, that the assessment of Wm. English at last meeting of this court be expunged from the minutes, and that his assessment on roll be confirmed, and that John B. Fanning and James Emlaw be placed on roll as M F voters. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Parker, seconded by Mr. Utman, that the assessment of Wm. English at last meeting of the Great North Western and North American Telegraph Companies at last meeting of this court be expunged from the minutes, and that the said companies be assessed as follows:—Great North Western Co., \$125; North American Co., \$400.

Moved by Mr. Parker, seconded by Mr. Utman, that the assessment roll as now revised be confirmed. Carried.

On motion the Court closed.

JOHN S. BLACK, Clerk.

Village Council.

Minutes of a regular meeting of the Stirling Municipal Council held July 1st. Members present, G. G. Thrasher, Reeve; W. J. Spry and Delbert Utman.

The minutes of last meeting were read and on motion confirmed.

The following accounts were on motion ordered to be paid:—

Jerome Conley, jr. for post under bridge \$4.00
J. W. Cummings, 10 dys work on sidewalk 12.50

Dan McGee, 9 days' work on sidewalk 12.50
Charles Wright, 3 days' work 9.00
Carlton Wright, 1 day's work 1.00

Robert Fletcher, teaming 2.00
Joe Airhart, 4½ days' work on Mill St. 5.62
Gilbert Seeley, 8½ days' work 4.38

Jesse Charles, repairing pump in cemetery 1.50

Moved by Mr. Spry, seconded by Mr. Utman, that Wm. Rodgers be given the contract to deliver and spread where required on Mill St., two hundred yards of gravel, or more if required, at the price of forty cents per yard. Carried.

On motion the Council adjourned.

JOHN S. BLACK, Clerk.

Promotion Examinations.

At the recent Convention of the North Hastings Teachers' Association the following resolution was adopted:—

"That in future there be but one Promotion Examination in each year, such examination to be held in June."

Promotions to the senior sections of the classes will be held in December. Names in order of merit.

PART I. TO JR. PART II.—Hazel Caverley, Charlie Harris, Frank Zwick, Ernest Osterhout, George Shea, Harold Martin.

JR. PART II. TO SR. PART II.—Ernest Ward, Rosie Reynolds, Harry Smith, Maud Haggerty, Annie Rosebush, Ethel Green, Blanche Chard. M. LEWIS, Teacher.

SR. PART II. TO JR. III. Marks required to pass, 233.—Hazel Haggerty, 321; Violet Utman 324; Robbie Patterson, 316; Florence Chard 310; Florence Hewat 309; Maud Hazlett 308; Marguerite Whitty 304; May Series 291; Mildred Donnan 281; Harry Grabin 248; Percy Gould 240.

JR. SECOND TO SR. SECOND, Marks required, 280.—Blanche Gould 415; Jessie Monggomery 411; May Kennedy 410; John Thompson 405; Herbert Ward 402; Arthur Fletcher 399; Willie Barrow 390; Hazel Reynolds 384; Frank Hewat 367; Mabel Acker 364; Hazel Calder 358; Arthur Conley 356; Bertha Reynolds 349; Gilbert Acker 330.

J. CHARD, Teacher.

SR. II. TO JR. III. Maximum 720, Minimum 360.—Charlotte Talloch 494; Eila Brown 470; Georgia Haggerty 473; Robbie Patterson 316; Florence Chard 310; Florence Hewat 309; Maud Hazlett 308; Marguerite Whitty 304; May Series 291; Mildred Donnan 281; Harry Grabin 248; Percy Gould 240.

JR. III. TO SR. III. Maximum 770, Minimum 385.—Donald Bird 495; Bessie Ward 429; Maude Ward 395; Bertie Airhart 394; Bertha Shaw 390. Recommended—Hettie Bailey, Myrtle Hough, Jessie Chard, Minnie Chard.

M. K. LAMBLY, Teacher.

Sr. III. TO JR. IV. Maximum 970, Minimum 455.—Lillie Smith 662; Bertie Wescott 605; Eddie Ashley 567; Leslie Kennedy 525; Stella Haggerty 528; Percy Reynolds 509. Recommended—Jennie Scott, Walter Scott, Ida Pineo.

F. C. BIRD, Teacher.

A census of consumptives in New York state is to be taken. It will be the first census of the kind ever undertaken by that state. The census is for the purpose of learning the number of consumptives in the state as far as possible.

Presbyterianism is the dominant Protestant force in Ottawa. Of a population of 60,000, one half of this number are French and Roman Catholic; yet notwithstanding there are thirteen Presbyterian churches in the capital of Canada.

Catarrh Poisons the System, lowers health and vitality, destroys digestion and makes the victim feel like a fossils. Foolish nay claim to have Catarrh and suffer its consequences since Catarrh is so quickly and pleasantly cured. It is a medicine carried to the lungs, throat and nasal passages, by the air you breathe. It's an antibiotic in its power of curing as it is specific in its method of treatment. The doctor or druggist will tell you that nothing equals it for the lungs and all other lung and throat diseases. All dealers, 25c. and \$1.00.

John G. THRASHER,
Solicitor for Executors.

Dated at Stirling, this 3rd day of July, A.D.

G. G. THRASHER,
Solicitor for Executors.

John G. THRASHER,
Solicitor for Executors.

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THE WHITE ROSE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Sir Karl Allanmore is about to wed Dolores, Lady Rhysworth. Lola Ferras has pressed her love upon him but it has been rejected and she vows vengeance on the object of her affections. Lola goes abroad. Two years pass happily when one night he goes out on mysterious business. He does not return. Matters seem to point to his having eloped with Lola. Dolores drops her title, and goes with her children to Italy. Sixteen years pass.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The moon was shining on the Arno when the two girls returned. It was a night full of rest and peace; but to the beautiful fair-haired woman whose tears fell upon the grass it seemed as though all peace, all hope, all tranquility were of the past. With the song of the nightingale and the music of the bells around her, she turned from the river, to her daughters who were standing beside her.

"I have a story to tell you, my children," she began, and it pleases me best to tell it to you out here in the sweet air under the light of heaven. But before I begin, I want you to remember that we know only the half of people's lives; we judge of what we see, while there is one to whom all things are known. You said the other day, Gertrude, that you had never seen me angry, but once, and then it was because, knowing how I hate roses, you brought me some. Do you remember that, when you gave them to me I flung them into the river, and that my action made you cry?"

"I remember, mamma," said Gertrude.

"I will tell you," said Dolores, "why I hate roses. When I was quite young, I had a friend, I believed her to be a friend, but I found her to be a rival and a foe. She was very beautiful, graceful, accomplished, but not good, I fear. She thought chiefly of gaiety, of balls and fetes and picnics and parties; she thought the only thing in life to be lived for was the making—oh, children, I hate to say the words to you!—the making of a good match. She was beautiful after the fashion of Titian's women—with a splendid color, richly fringed dark eyes, white eyelids, masses of rich, dark hair. Some one named us the rival roses. She was the red rose, I was the white. It is sixteen years since her name has crossed my lips, but I do not think she has ever been out of my mind. Her name was Lola de Ferras, and she lived with her mother at a place called Beauville, near our home. They were French exiles, and Madame was very highly connected. I want to make my story short. I married Lord Rhysworth,—the girls both started, and Kathleen looked with piteous eyes into her mother's face—"a nobleman who was greatly esteemed in the country, and we lived at a beautiful mansion called Deeping Hurst. You were born there, Kathleen, and your kinsmen, the present Lord Rhysworth, lives there now. We were very happy for some time, until your good and dear father, Kathleen, took cold, and his illness ended fatally. You must understand quite clearly, children, that at his death, Lord Rhysworth, left me an ample fortune. He left Deerhurst Manor to you, Kathleen; and, of course Deeping Hurst, with all its revenues, went to his heir, the present Lord Rhysworth."

When Lord Rhysworth had been dead two years I married Sir Karl Allanmore, your father, Gertrude. Now comes the part of my story, Dolores continued, "that I do not care to tell. Lola de Ferras loved Sir Karl and always hoped that one day, she would become Lady Allanmore; but Sir Karl had never thought of her in that way. She was very angry about my marriage. She came to see me and she insulted me very cruelly; she said that I had stolen her lover, and that if I had not come between them, he would have married her. It was a most unpleasant scene and at its termination she made a terrible vow that she would have her revenge, even if she waited years for it. Ah, my children, she had it! Our home was an earthly paradise; my father spent the greater part of his time with us. I always had a strange dread that our happiness was too great to last. I must inform you that in the meantime Lola had gone away. After a while news came that Madame was dead, and after that her very name seemed to be forgotten, in the neighborhood. One morning a letter came from Lola de Ferras to Sir Karl. The sunlight never appeared so bright; the flowers have lacked their perfume; everything has seemed changed to me since that day," she said, with a bitter, long-drawn sigh.

The river rippled, on the light of the moon, grew brighter; the odors from flower and fruit sweeter in the evening air. Dolores said still much to tell. She kept no details from her children, but told them all the had happened from the first moment that the letter came until the moment when, after reading that letter, her father had died suddenly, as she believed, from the shock of finding Sir Karl guilty.

"When my father died," she continued, "I could bear the disgrace no longer. I gave up Scarsdale, my home, my friends, even my name, and came hither, where I hoped to be able to forget my sorrow and live in peace. I forgot the shame, that in England was ever present with me."

"But, mamma," said Kathleen, "we have no cause for shame; we had nothing to do with what happened."

"It falls and rests on us just the same," she replied. "A deserted wife! All children, when you know more of the world you will understand all that that means! A deserted wife is branded even by the pity and compassion she excites."

Then Sir Karl's daughter rose from

her mother's side and stood erect in the white moonlight. She raised her clear delicate face to the sky. She had been a child two hours before she was a woman now, with the light of a high resolve on her face.

"Mamma," she said, "I am a man with a face like that, who could have done what you think him? Those eyes are clear, true, and honest. A noble face! Every line of it is full of goodness and honor. I pray Heaven that I may see him! Oh, mamma, if I might but hope some day to see him, to hold his hand, to hear his voice!"

"You must remember, my dear," said Dolores, with gentle dignity, "that your father left us; we did not leave him."

"I shall never believe anything wrong of him, mamma," replied the girl, "ne'er, while I live! His disappearance was mysterious—I acknowledge that—but I am convinced that my father's name is unharmed. Do you not think so, Kathleen?"

"I always think as mamma thinks," answered Kathleen, "but I could not pretend to judge. Mamma must know best."

"Mamma is a darling; but this time she has made a mistake!" cried Gertrude. "And someday she will acknowledge it. I wish I had been grown up when the trouble came. I would have left the place. I would have employed the cleverest detectives in England and France."

"My dearest Gertrude," said Dolores, "there was not a stone left unturned. My father and Lord Rhysworth did everything that could be done."

"I am not reproaching you, dearest," returned Gertrude. "You would have worked harder and longer if it had not been for that false, treacherous letter which made you abandon your efforts in search of the truth when they were most needed."

But the girl began to see that not even her firm faith in her father could influence her mother. She was startled, but still unconvinced. Gertrude read that in her mother's face. It only strengthened the resolve that had changed her from a child to a woman.

"Let me keep the portrait, mamma," she said, "for a short time will you? If ever the dream and hope of my life are realized, I will give it back to you framed in diamonds. One look at the picture face will give me strength to do anything and everything."

So far into the night, they sat talking of the same mystery which sixteen years before had thrilled all England. Gertrude, although full of hope and faith, had no satisfactory answer when Dolores asked—

"Where can he be? If he did not go away with her—at her request—where can he be? Ah, Gertrude, who shall answer my question?"

"I will, mamma, some time or other before I die, I will answer it without fail."

Then Gertrude kissed her mother, and said they must all go to rest.

"Have you decided, mamma?" she asked. "Shall you see Lady Fielden to-morrow?"

"Yes, I think so. She was very kind to me and I liked her very much; I cannot refuse to see her. And yet it will be a terrible trial to me!"

"You must not look at it in that way, mamma, you must believe that the hand of Heaven has sent Lady Fielden hither, and that perhaps through her coming my father's innocence may be established."

So the girls and mother parted but no sleep. Dolores trembled at the idea of seeing her friend again.

She knew the rush of pain, the bitter burning memories that would come over her at the sight of the well-remembered face. As for Gertrude, with flushed face and burning eyes she paced up and down her room, talking vehemently to Kathleen.

And again Dolores murmured: "You have a golden heart, Gertrude. You are like him!"

"I pray Heaven," cried Gertrude, with sudden passion, "that I may never lie down to die until I have accomplished my end! Mamma," she continued solemnly, "show me my father's portrait. I shall know him better when I have seen his face. And you say he loved me, mamma—loved me very dearly?"

"He did indeed, Gertrude."

"Then I am the most fitting person to work for him. Do you know that there was not one to defend him?"

"Not one," replied Dolores.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In silence Lady Allanmore unlocked the drawer that had not been opened for sixteen years, and took from it a little parcel tied with faded blue ribbon. Opening it, she gave it to Lola Ferras' two letters to Gertrude. In silence the girl read them.

"In these letters in which you find a certain proof of my father's guilt, I read his perfect innocence. She does not say, 'Sir Karl is with me.' He is not here. You tell me that she has never seen him again? She complains over you. She tells you that she has much when I was good of him! Kathleen, how little we know what a day will bring! How little we dreamed that we started for the Pitti palace, that all this would result from our visit! What a dear Englishman that friend of yours, Harry, has! He is the ideal Englishman, one reads about—fair, honest, and true!"

"But, Gertrude, you are not serious? You do not mean that you will give your life to clear up a mystery which has puzzled older and wiser heads than yours?"

"My dear, I will. I shall live for it. It is like a romance," said Gertrude; "but you must recollect something of it—the names and the faces. Do you remember Harry well?"

"Yes—he and your father best of all. And I remember a large house full of pictures, and with great trees all round it."

"If I had known Harry when I was four years old, I should never have forgotten him," declared Gertrude. "Did he really love me so much when I was good of him? Kathleen, how little we know what a day will bring! How little we dreamed that we started for the Pitti palace, that all this would result from our visit! What a dear Englishman that friend of yours, Harry, has! He is the ideal Englishman, one reads about—fair, honest, and true!"

"You take a great deal for granted, Gertrude," laughed Kathleen Rhysworth; and Gertrude turned away with an impatient gesture.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was all over; the two friends had met, and the meeting had been less terrible than Dolores had feared. It touched her greatly to see the difference that years had made in the stately figure and handsome face of Lady Fielden. Her hair was white as snow, and deep lines marked the fair face.

"I suffered much when my husband died," she said, "and it has changed me greatly, but you, Dolores—I expected to find you grown old. Why, my dear, you look as

young as—oh, and far more beautiful than—when you left us sixteen years ago! Dolores, it was very cruel, because I loved you so."

"I could not remain," returned Dolores, "and I must remain connected with the past, I must have died; and I had my two children for whom to live. I could not help it. Lady Fielden. I did not want any human being to see how I suffered. You must forgive me. I have always thought of you with faithful love and affection."

"I do forgive you; but it is time this unnatural state of things was ended. Your children must take their place in the world."

"But," said Dolores, "you for get that the shadow of their father's sin will rest upon them, notwithstanding their beauty or how good they are; people will point to my bright, beautiful Gertrude as the daughter of the man who deserted his wife and home."

"Do you suppose that the world will be so unjust as to visit the sins of the father on the children?"

"I know it will," answered Dolores.

"You must not take so disheartening a view of the matter," said her friend.

"Ah, Lady Fielden, you know I am right! Think of my Gertrude, so beautiful and high-spirited, and proud! Suppose that she went out into the world; men would admire her, but who would marry her, not knowing whether her father was living or dead, whether he was a disgrace to society or not?"

"Hundreds of men would love her for her own sweet sake, and marry her, notwithstanding the past," rejoined Lady Fielden, quietly. "There is Kathleen; what need to keep her in seclusion? So far as I can see, she has nothing whatever to do with the matter; no disgrace can in any way be reflected on her. It would be a most cruel injustice to keep her in ignorance of her real position."

"I have never intended to do so, believe me, Lady Fielden; I knew that when Kathleen came of age I must tell her the whole story."

"I consider," said Lady Fielden, "that ever since your mother's death Dolores, I have been your best friend and, now, my dear, I tell you very plainly that all this must end. You must take your own place in society, and give the children theirs."

"I cannot," said Dolores. "You do not understand. I have had no life, or energy, or spirit since he left me."

"Ah! Dolores, it was a mystery; for he loved you! We will talk more about it before we leave; we shall remain in Florence for a month at least, and I shall come every day to see you."

After all it had been a very pleasant meeting. Even Dolores was glad to make the acquaintance of young Lord Fielden. He was the very ideal of a straightforward handsome Englishman, full of life and vigor, with broad shoulders and chest, and towering half a head above his fellow-creatures. He had a frank oval face, somewhat bronzed with sun and travel, large dark blue eyes, clear and steady—beautiful eyes that won the hearts of women and children alike. His mouth was sweet and mobile; there was no weakness in the lines and curves. A golden mustache and beard covered the lower part of the face. Harry Fielden was courteous with men, gentle and deferential to women, tender and gay with children. Harry had worshipped at the shrine of a hundred fair women, but had never been in love until now. One glance from the bright eyes of the girl whom he had called baby Gertrude had conquered him.

(To Be Continued.)

RAILROAD TICKET FROM CHINA

During the recent troubles in China some hot fights took place on the railroad from Tungku to Pekin. Admiral Seymour used this line when going with his troops to the capital and several times he had to halt and do battle with the Boxers. During one engagement the station at Lo-Fa was set on fire and after the skirmish was over a soldier found in the



During a few railroad tickets, which he regarded as a curiosity and brought back with him.

The ticket, reproduced here, is for a second-class carriage, and is printed on one side in English and on the other in Chinese. The railroad was built with British capital and remained under British control until the outbreak in China. Then the Russians assumed management of it, but they soon handed it over to the Germans, and they in turn returned it to the British.

IRREGULAR.

Ho—When I tell you that I have enough to support you in the style in which you have been accustomed to live, you must take my simple word for it.

She—But, George, is that strictly business?

Let me congratulate you on your charming playing, Miss Bangs, said the next-door neighbor, who had dropped in. I heard you at the piano for several hours this afternoon. Was that Wagner you were playing? Oh, dear not fluttered Miss Bangs, with a titter. That was the pianotuner.

It was all over; the two friends had met, and the meeting had been less terrible than Dolores had feared. It touched her greatly to see the difference that years had made in the stately figure and handsome face of Lady Fielden. Her hair was white as snow, and deep lines marked the fair face.

I suffered much when my husband died," she said, "and it has changed me greatly, but you, Dolores—I expected to find you grown old. Why, my dear, you look as

ON THE FARM.

TURNIPS FOR SOILING.

It has been more than once stated that the flat or English turnip could be used to enrich the soil, but this is a most difficult time to recall it to us enumerators of readers, again. Let us enumerate some of the advantages of it. It may be sown at almost any season of the year and it grows rapidly. Sown in early spring it may be ready to plow under in June or July, while sown in July or August, or even as late as September, it may be plowed in the late fall or left as a cover crop on the ground, which it will prevent from washing in the winter, yet in the spring will be found to have frozen and decayed, leaving so much vegetable matter on or near the surface of the soil. It makes nearly as good a growth upon a light, sandy soil as upon the richest loam or muck, and if any are to be sold or used at the table the turnip is much better for table use on light soil than on a heavy soil.

The expense of the seed is not heavy like that of many of the newer crops recommended for soiling as less than one pound of seed evenly sown broadcast is enough for an acre, while it does not need heavy manuring. Four hundred pounds to the acre of a good compost will grow a good crop upon an acre of old pasture land, and if the cost of this seed and labor is an important item there can be usually enough sold from it, selecting the best, to more than repay this expense, and yet have a good crop to plow in for green manuring.

Some argue that green crops, excepting such as take nitrogen from the air simply return to the soil what they have taken from it and thus do not enrich it. We are not sure of this experience as observation proves it is not true. Many crops when plowed seem to leave the soil more fertile than before they grew, and we will not stop to argue the question whether they have taken fertility from the atmosphere directly through their leaves or indirectly through the rain that watered their roots, or whether they have drawn it up from the subsoil or dissolved it from particles previously existing but dormant.

One might say that turnips grown in a field and eaten by sheep confined upon that field could not enrich the soil, because the material returned to it was no more than they had taken from it, but when agriculture flourished most in England, turnips and sheep enriched the soil and the farmers who grew them. As our climate does not allow sheep to feed all or most of the winter upon fall grown turnips which they harvest for themselves, we have the alternative of putting them in the cellar and feeding them to the sheep, or letting them go to make the ground they were grown upon better fitted to grow some other crop.

One might say that turnips grown with the green tops upon it has been calculated to furnish as much nitrogen to the soil when plowed under and decayed as twenty-seven tons of fresh barnyard manure, without any admixture of straw, water or muck, and as much potash as the same amount of manure and seventeen bushels of wood ashes.

Who would not think that this is a fairly liberal manuring for most of our usual field crops? Those who have a field of light soil can scarcely do better than to put on a crop of turnips to plow under.

PURE FOOD AND WATER.

The healthy condition of the animal kingdom depends very much upon the food and water which it consumes. The quality has as much bearing upon the healthiness as the amount consumed. The germs of disease are very often found in the food and water. Great care should be exercised in storing any kind of product intended for consumption, as hay, oats, corn, ensilage, etc. Disease germs are frequently found in musty hay, corn and stover.

The conditions which attend the feeding of corn and cob meal require careful thought and attention. The stomach is taxed heavily to digest the woody product from the cob, and with the very best grinding is none too easily assimilated. The method of scalding or soaking is a practical thought to help in this particular, but infrequently does little but retard it, the stomach being rather enlarged than the food digested. The chewing or chowing the cud is an essential to the health of animal nature and must not be ignored. While one animal may be benefited by warming the drinking water another may be as much benefited by drinking it cold. The constitutions must decide as to results.

The practice of cutting grass or any other crop before it comes to full maturity is very questionable. The acids predominate and the consumption of enough to satisfy the appetite is likely to weigh down heavily on the general health of animals. The chemical changes which take place from green to cured food should be so thoroughly studied as not to leave a doubt in their results. The draft upon the system in its consumption must not be ignored, as it is a conceded fact that overeating or drinking is detrimental to good health. Feed thoroughly cured food and give pure water.

MANURE SPREADERS.

For top dressing wheat, oats, meadows, pastures, corn, or any crop spreaders are invaluable, covering every inch of the ground with which the manure is to be applied. The manure is spread in a thin layer, which immediately after a rain "touches the spot" of millions of tiny feeding rootlets. Actual comparative experiments made by the writer have demonstrated that manure applied in

this way is increased in value from 200 to 500 per cent. for surface feeding crops. Every farmer having from 150 to 200 loads of manure per year should own a spreader, both for the purpose of economizing labor in hauling, and to increase the value of his 100 loads to that of 200 or 300, by rendering it more immediately and directly valuable to his crops.

WHAT GREAT PEOPLE EAT

WHAT CELEBRITIES OF THE DAY DINE UPON.

Some of Them Eat the Plainest Food, While Others Eat the Most Indigestible Stuff.

A series of queries concerning their favorite foodstuffs, addressed to certain well-known people by a hygienic expert, has elicited some interesting replies, says London Tit-Bits.

Mme. Sarah Grand lives on the plainest food, principally fish, meat, and roast; and seldom touches sweets, fruit, or vegetables. One dish at dinner is all she cares about, or form bads for work. "Even a glass of light wine," she says, "deprives me of 'staying' power. I drink nothing at luncheon, but have a small cup of black coffee afterwards. I often smoke a cigarette when other people are having a moon-tea, and I find that it does me much good. I feel like the Chinese about milk; the very notion of drinking a fluid that comes direct from an animal makes me ill. I never forget the horrors

of Miss Edna May naively confesses that her only principle is to eat, drink, and, if possible, do what she likes. Signor Arditi is a small eater, and confines himself to two meals a day. "On this," he adds, "I have worked hard mentally and physically for fifty years." Miss Maud Jeffries lays down the following rules for herself, and sticks to them: seven hours' sleep; plain, simple food; no stimulants of any kind; quite two hours of each day to be spent in the open air. "If one must drink," she says, "I regard milks as the most nourishing of all things to take."

The Archbishop of Canterbury replies guardedly, not to say reluctantly, that he finds it best to avoid eating what experience has taught him disagrees with him.

SIR HENRY IRVING.

has "great faith in a sustaining diet." Miss Lily Hanbury finds the most satisfying diet to act upon in the plainest food and a very good salary." Marie Corelli responds with a quotation: "I eat the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed capons so" ("Hamlet," Act III, Scene 2). Flora Annie Steel "eats what comes handy." John Hobbes somewhat ruefully confesses that she has tried various experiments with regard to diet, and was a vegetarian for two years, but she finds, on the whole, that the ordinary diet of the country is the best.

Miss Janotta, Court pianist to the German Emperor, eats strong soups, birds of all kinds, simple puddings, vegetables, and fruit. "On days," she says, "when a special strength is required to enable me to go through the fatigue of long concerts, a cup of soup every few hours, and a biscuit, a bird, a little port wine, and my favorite chocolates are forced upon me."

Miss Winifred Emery plumps for meat. "Next to meat," she writes, "I like fruit, always uncooked; but that I prefer between my meals only and never after them at dessert. Milk I do not like and never take." Mrs. Brown Potter, on the other hand, says: "Personally, I exist almost on milk; in fact, I may say that there are three Alderney cows who live principally for me, and I principally contribute to keep them alive." Miss Violet Vanburgh also takes milk when extra busy, with the addition of good, home-made beef-tea.

SIR CHARLES DILKE.

considers that, "for all people save those of spare habit, violent exercise is necessary, and it follows, therefore, that their food should be that which makes such exercise possible to them." M. Bernard Shaw is, of course, a consistent vegetarian. R. G. Knowles eats rich food, pastries, etc., and yet has a good digestion; eats quickly, and finds it agrees with him; and—crowing improprieties of all—drinks ice-water and enjoys it. "I am," he concludes, "healthy, and happy, but beauty have I none." Miss Warwick "eats any kind of food, and is very strong and

WRECK OF THE LUSITANIA.

Five-Hundred Passengers on Board the Steamer but No Lives were Lost.

A despatch from St. John's, Nfld., says: The steamer Lusitania with 500 passengers on board, was wrecked on Tuesday night off Cape Ballard. The steamer originally belonged to the Orient Steam Navigation Company and was bound from Liverpool for Montreal in charge of Capt. McNeary. The Elder Dempster Company own the vessel, but at present it is chartered by the Franco-Canadian Steamship Company.

The passengers of the Lusitania had a terrible experience. The first knowledge which they had of the disaster was when, owing to the ship raising over the rocks, they were all hurled from their beds by the shock. Many of them were bruised and they all hurried on deck in their night clothes. A scene of great excitement ensued. Five hundred people were clamoring to escape while the crew tried to pacify them, and launch the boats. The male passengers in their attempts to seize the boats trampled the women under foot and fought the crew with knives. Some of the more clear-headed of the passengers assisted the crew in their efforts to get out the boats. The women and children rescued were almost naked. Drenched with spray they were pulled up the cliffs by the coast people. Some of the boats were demolished in the surf while attempting to land and their half-drowned occupants

held on to rocks shivering with cold until rescued.

PASSENGERS REACH SHELTER. Wednesday morning the unhappy passengers, after shivering for hours on the hill top, tramped over weary miles in their endeavor to reach the houses of the fishermen which they eventually succeeded in doing, and where they are now sheltered. Previous to reaching the cliffs the passengers passed two hours of terrible anxiety on the wreck. There is hope of saving the effects of the passengers, as, where possible, they were stowed above decks.

A LARGE CARGO.

The Lusitania was bound round Cape Race for Montreal with a large cargo and a shipload of passengers. She mistook her course in a dense fog and went ashore near Renews, 20 miles north of Cape Race, before daybreak. The ship ran over a reef and hungs against a cliff. The passengers, mostly immigrants, were panic-stricken. They stampeded and fought for the boats, but were over come by the officers and crew, who secured control after a prolonged struggle with the rougher elements among the passengers, who used knives. The women and children were landed first and the men followed. The crew stood by the ship. It is expected that the large cargo of the Lusitania will be salvaged.

the rivers will bear sledges upon them, and the natives get up all their years' stores by this means. Great trading fairs are held at centers like Jokkmokk—scenes of bustle and excitement illuminated by the northern lights, when the day of barely six hours is done. So suddenly does the frost rush down upon the land that the steamer on the lower river, as the captain told us, is sometimes caught in the midst of a journey, and must be run ashore where she is, and surrounded with a protecting wall of snow, to lie there all winter.

NO INTOXICANTS THERE.

Jokkmokk is the limit beyond which no intoxicants may be taken. Beyond it, therefore, we lose sight of that worst of Swedish faults—drunkenness. It is a criminal offense to give liquor to a Lapp. Any drunken man may turn to fighting—a drunken Lapp often murders. Jokkmokk has one other interesting feature—solitarily perched in the main street, and pathetically empty of its wares stands the automatic sweetmeat machine!

Bjorkholm is a typical upland station. The dwelling houses stand far back from the water on the higher ground with a picturesque foreground of boats, high-peaked at bow and stern drawn up on the shore, and fishing nets hanging on long horizontal poles. The people are great fishermen—indeed, you must live on fish, "knecke-brod"—either thin and crisp like Norwegian flat-brod, or hard and thick, and made in great round flat cakes with a hole by which they may be hung from the ceiling by stringing them on a stick—potatoes, excellent coffee and milk, and a little dried reindeer—this last of the consistency of India rubber, and quite undesirable. Fowls are seldom if ever kept. All about the houses, and up to the very doors, are corn fields. When the corn is cut the sheaves are spiked on tall poles set in the ground, giving a very curious appearance. On one occasion we were forced to rouse the good people of Bjorkholm from their beds, for we arrived at half past eight in the evening, and received the usual half-hearted welcome in the great kitchen, where a fire was kindled for us on the open corner hearth, while the doors of what appeared to be huge cupboards ranged round the walls opened, and sleepy men, women and children looked out, revealing the fact that these were beds, built in tiers like the berths on a steamer. Only the married men and children thus share the main room—the rest, old men, young men and maidens, sleep apart, each class in their own outhouse. Our welcome was kind in every respect but that of cordiality. Soon we and our boatmen were drinking coffee, the prelude to a larger meal with the guest rooms (in another house) were hastily prepared, and we left the people to their early slumbers after warning them that we required rowers in the morning.

Jokkmokk is the metropolis of the valley, and stands above a beautiful double fall of the river. Not far below this is a division, and it is up the lesser branch that we are now making our way. The other is practically uninhabited, but it contains the mighty Har-spring or Njommenska, said to be the

FINEST FALLS IN ALL EUROPE,

which may only be approached by a party fully accoutred for camping. Jokkmokk is an unkempt village (as most Lappland up-country towns are) in a forest-clearing. It has, however, quite a pretentious giftvaragard or inn, two churches—and a prison! The new and larger church is a supremely hideous ex crescence of light yellow wood and ground glass, and is regarded by the natives much as we regard Westminster Abbey. In the midst of the town one is confronted by a high blank wooden wall enclosing a tiny space, and resembling nothing so much as an unadorned advertisement board. This wall is given over to understand, conceals the prison—a space about twenty yards square.

The old church is picturesque with high-pitched roof and red walls. When the Lappland Swedes paint their buildings at all, it is generally in this rich warm, red color, which lends a very cozy appearance to a settlement. Near it is a cluster of low, misshapen huts, without windows, and shut up in summer. They are where the Lapps live in winter, when they come down from the mountains to barter their manufacture—boxes of wood and birch-bark, knives with cunningly-carved bone handles, and what not. What a wonderful time, by the way, winter must be in this country! Frost and snow reign supreme—by November

FRENCH WHEAT CROP.

Cold Weather Will Diminish the Yield by 5,000,000 Bushels.

A despatch from Paris says:—It is estimated that the cold weather will result in diminishing the French wheat crop by more than five million bushels, as compared with that of 1900. It is now calculated that it will be necessary for France to import 36,000,000 bushels.

GRADUALLY SINKING.

Health of Dowager Empress Frederick Growing Worse.

London, June 27.—A despatch from Cologne states that it is now doubtful whether the Emperor goes on his contemplated trip to the North because of the serious condition of his mother, the Dowager Empress Frederick. Authentic information is unobtainable, but her health is known to be growing worse.

DEATH ON THE RAIL.

Sixteen Italians Killed in a Wreck on the Wabash.

A despatch from Peru, Ind., says:—Sixteen persons were killed and about fifty seriously injured in a wreck of train No. 3, the westbound Wabash limited, nine miles west of this city at 12:30 a. m. on Wednesday. The dead are all Italian immigrants en route to Colorado, many of the injured undoubtedly will die. The injured include Mrs. Wm. Cotten, wife of the general superintendent of the Iron Mountain Railway, badly bruised, and three children, names unknown, severely bruised.

Two sections of the train, one coming from Detroit and the other from Toledo, were consolidated in this city into a train of eleven cars, making up the flyer for its journey to St. Louis. It consisted of a combination baggage and sleeper chair cars, three sleepers and the private car of General Superintendent Wm. Cotten of the Iron Mountain Railway. Having left this city one hour late, the train was speeding westward at high speed, when at a point nine miles west the engine plunged through a trestle, which had been undermined by the recent heavy rains. The embankment on both sides of the little stream dropped at a sharp degree, a distance of 40 feet. Owing to the momentum of the train, the engine leaped across the abyss, plunged into the soft earth on the opposite side, and fell back to the bottom. Engineer Butler and Fireman Adams were thrown from the cab, but not seriously hurt. The express car and the first chair car were telescoped. The immigrant car followed by two chair cars went down on the left side of the track, and the first sleeper pitched forward upon the mass of wreckage. Its windows and trucks were broken, but none of the occupants were injured. The remaining cars also left their trucks, but were not badly damaged. It was in the immigrant and in the day coaches that most of the deaths and injuries occurred.

Heavy foliage lined the banks on both sides of the culvert, the approach to which was over a reverse curve. There was no means by which the engine crew could see the impending danger. In fact, the engine ran out upon the trestle before the structure gave way. The night was intensely dark. For a moment after the fatal plunge and dreadful roar of crashing timbers a death-like stillness prevailed. Then there broke out the cries of the injured. Trainmen caught up their lanterns and rushed to the neighboring farm houses for assistance. The farmers, with their wives and children, bearing torches, hastened to the scene, and all efforts were bent to giving first aid to the injured.

DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter.—The market continues steady, with the demand good. Pound rolls job at 18 to 17c; large rolls, 14 to 15c; good to choice tubs, 14 to 16c; inferior, 10 to 12c; creamy, boxes, 18 to 18c; and rolls, 19c to 20c.

Eggs.—The market is steady, with good to choice stock selling at 11c to 12c per dozen in case lots. Cracked eggs, 9c.

Cheese.—Market quiet and prices firm. Full cream, September, 10c; do., new, 9c to 10c.

DRESSED HOGS & PROVISIONS.

Dressed hogs unchanged at \$9.50 to \$9.75 for small lots. Hog products firm, as follows:—Bacon, long clear, loose, in car lots, 10c; in case lots, 10c to 11c. Short cut pork, \$20 to \$20.50; heavy mess pork, \$19 to \$19.50.

Smoked Meats—Hams, 13c; breakfast bacon, 14 to 15c; rolls, 11c to 12c; backs, 14 to 15c; and shoulders, 11c.

Lard—Pails, 11c; tubs, 11c; tiers, 10c.

FIGHTING IN CAPE COLONY.

Small Garrison Hold Invaders at Bay for Twelve Hours.

A despatch from Cape Town says:—Boer invaders, under Malan and Smit, about 3,000 strong, attacked Richmond early Tuesday morning. The town was defended by a detachment of the North Staffordshire militia, under Capt. Hawkeshead, and the town guard. Three sangars outside the town were captured by the Boers, the garrison being distributed principally at Jail Fort and Flagstaff Hill Fort. Owing to the capture of the sangars, Flagstaff Hill Fort was exposed to a heavy fire. Three times during the day Commandant Malan sent messengers demanding the surrender of the town, and each time the demand was refused. The Boers took advantage of the opportunity during the cessation of hostilities to better their positions, and on the last occasion, when the messenger was sent in, a party of burghers entered the town and effected the capture of a sangar in the Market Square. Not a shot was fired on account of the white flag carried by the messenger. The Boers, who were now only 200 yards from Jail Fort, were securely covered, and directed a continuous fire for two hours upon the defenders, who stoutly held the position. Finding it impossible to capture Jail Fort or Flagstaff Hill Fort, the Boers turned their attention to another sangar in the town, which was held by eight men. These eight men, after having held the position for eleven hours, surrendered at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. After dark the British garrison strengthened the fortifications, as they anticipated a renewal of the attack in the morning. During the night, however, the Boers learned that relief was approaching for the besieged men and withdrew. They captured twelve horses and the stores.

The engagement lasted 12 hours. The Boer loss is reported as five men killed and seven wounded. The British casualties are not given.

On Wednesday morning Col. Lunda, with a relieving column, entered the town with a relieving column, entered the town.

THE KING'S CORONATION.

Officially Announced That It Will Take Place in June Next.

A despatch from London says:—A special edition of the Official Gazette contains a proclamation by the King stating that he has resolved to defer his coronation upon a day in June, 1902, hereafter to be determined, and that the ceremony will take place at Westminster. Only that part of the function usually solemnized at Westminster Abbey will be observed. The ancient customs performed at Westminster Hall and in the procession will be omitted.

This programme, which is in accordance with the precedents on the occasion of the coronation of William IV. and Queen Victoria, dispels the rumors that it was the intention of King Edward VII. to revive the picturesque ceremonies which were formerly observed.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

Prices of Cattle, Chesse, Grains, &c., in the Leading Markets.

Toronto, July 2.—Wheat—The market continues quiet, with very little business, but the feeling is a trifle better. No. 2 red and white sold at 64c on low rate to domestic buyers. Exporters are quoting 63 to 64c middle freight. No. 2 coarse is now 65c to 66c; middle freight, and No. 1 spring at 66 to 66c on middle. Manitoba wheat is firm, with No. 1 hard quoted at 83c grinding in transit; No. 2 hard at 81c, and No. 3 hard at 76c. For Toronto and west 2 to 3c lower.

Millfeed—The market is quiet with bran quoted at \$11 to \$11.50 west. Offerings small, and prices high for this season of year. Shorts, \$13 to \$18.50 west.

Corn—The market is unchanged, with sales of Canadian yellow at 89c west, and of mixed at 89c west. On track here yellow is quoted at 44 to 45c.

Rye—The market is dull, with prices nominal at 47 to 48c, middle freight.

Buckwheat—Market dull at 51 to 52c middle freight.

Pecas—Market quiet and firm, with No. 2 quoted at 68 to 69c middle freight.

Barley—Market is dull, with prices nominal in absence of business.

Oats—The market is quiet with No. 2 white for export quoted at 29 to 29c high freight; No. 2 offers at 38c on track here.

Flour—There is a limited trade and prices are unchanged. Millers quote straight rollers at \$2.65 to 2.70c buyers' covers for export, and shippers quote 90, 95c, percent, patents at \$2.60 middle freight. For shipment in bbls. to Lower Provinces \$3.10 is quoted. Manitoba patents, \$4.15 to \$4.20, and strong bakers' \$3.90.

Oatmeal—Market quiet and steady. Car lots at \$3.65 in bags, and at \$3.75 in wood; small lots, 20c extra.

Following is the range of quotations.

Cattle.

Shipper, per cwt... \$4.50 \$5.12½

Do light... 4.25 4.50

Butcher, choice, do... 4.25 4.50

Butcher ordinary to good... 3.50 4.00

Butcher, inferior... 2.75 3.25

Stockers, per cwt... 2.50 3.25

Export bulls, per cwt... 3.50 4.00

Sheep and Lambs.

Choice ewes, per cwt... 3.50 3.70

Yearlings, grain-fed cwt 4.00 4.50

Culled sheep, each... 2.00 3.00

Lambs, barnyard, per cwt... 3.75 4.25

Do spring, each... 2.50 4.00

Bucks, per cwt... 2.50 3.00

Milkers and Calves.

Cows, each... 20.00 45.00

Calves, each... 2.00 10.00

Hogs.

Choice hogs, per cwt... 6.75 7.00

Light hogs, per cwt... 6.50 6.62½

Heavy hogs, per cwt... 6.50 6.62½

Stags, per cwt... 0.00 2.00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, July 2.—There was little business doing in butcher cattle; the hot weather and increasing supplies of fruit have about knocked out the local trade, and what little demand there is is this only for the better grades. Butchers, of course, will now only buy for immediate requirements, and they do not mind taking a chance of being a little short on that.

There was a slightly better demand for a few export bulls to-day, but stockers and feeders were in light supply, with little enquiry.

Milk cows are unchanged, no really choice cows were here, but some are wanted.

Sheep and lambs are unchanged and fairly steady.

Export ewes are worth from \$3.50 to \$3.70 per cwt.

Culled sheep fetch from \$2 to \$3 each.

Bucks are worth from 2½ to 3c per pound.

Spring lambs are selling at from \$2.50 to \$4.25 each.

Hogs are steady and unchanged to-day, and as long as the packing-houses continue the fun of bidding against each other the farmers will enjoy it, as prices will keep up.

The best price for "singers" is 7c per pound; thick fat and light hogs are worth 6c per pound.

Hogs to fetch the top price must be of prime quality, and scale not below 160 nor above 200 lbs.

Following is the range of quotations.

Cattle.

Shipper, per cwt... \$4.50 \$5.12½

Do light... 4.25 4.50

Butcher, choice, do... 4.25 4.50

Butcher ordinary to good... 3.50 4.00

Butcher, inferior... 2.75 3.25

Stockers, per cwt... 2.50 3.25

Export bulls, per cwt... 3.50 4.00

Sheep and Lambs.

Choice ewes, per cwt... 3.50 3.70

Yearlings, grain-fed cwt 4.00 4.50

Culled sheep, each... 2.00 3.00

Lambs, barnyard, per cwt... 3.75 4.25

Do spring, each... 2.50 4.00

Bucks, per cwt... 2.50 3.00

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Calves, each... 2.00 10.00

Hogs.

Choice hogs, per cwt... 6.75 7.00

Light hogs, per cwt... 6.50 6.62½

Heavy hogs, per cwt... 6.50 6.62½

Stags, per cwt... 0.00 2.00

FUGHT FLAMES AT SEA.

Mule Transport Monterey Saved by Sailors' Gallantry.

A despatch from New Orleans, La., says:—The British mule transport Monterey, from Cape Town, has arrived in port after a terrible experience with fire at sea. Twelve days out from St. Vincent, flames were discovered in the after hold and gained such headway that the heat prevented the usual means of extinguishing fire on shipboard.

Flames and clouds of smoke poured out from the hold, and when the officials and crew were about to abandon the ship First Officer Reid and Fourth Officer Harrison volunteered a daring plan. They proposed to tie wire cables around their bodies, and have their companions lower them down the side of the ship until they were abreast the port opening into the burning section. It was a desperate expedient, but after a short consultation was adopted.

As the fire was near the waterline, Reid and Harrison were lowered down until they were submerged in the sea nearly up to their waists. Hanging thus, half buried in the waves, with the ship under headway, the men battered in the port, were then lowered to them and for several hours they hung swinging outward and inward, pouring a stream into the blazing hold. In this way they finally succeeded in checking the flames. The vessel was badly damaged.

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THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1901.

Woodstock became a city on July 1st. The Orange Grand Lodge of British North America will meet in Toronto on July 23rd.

The Hospital ship Maine has been presented to the British Navy by the American ladies.

The Imperial Government has consented to a scheme for State-aided emigration to South Africa.

Mr. A. McAllister collector of Inland Revenue at Belleville, died suddenly on Monday night. He was 53 years of age and unmarried.

A strike among the steel workers of Pennsylvania affects 50,000 men. These were employed by the big steel trust recently organized.

Appearances would seem to indicate that the striking trackmen on the C.P.R. are not likely to win. The strike seems to have been ill-advised.

The Deseronto Iron Company has gone out of blast, and given notice to the Standard Chemical Company that it will not require further deliveries of charcoal until further notice.

In Dakota there is an association with a membership of \$10, the purpose of the association being to send out delegations to spy out suitable land in Canada to which the members might emigrate.

No man has ever reigned over an empire so vast as King Edward's. His Majesty rules over at least one continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promontories, 10,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers and 10,000 islands.

Eleven boys, while bathing at Chicago on July 1st, were drowned in Lake Michigan. A bolt of lightning struck the pier on which they sought shelter, precipitated them into the lake and covered them with the debris.

A young man named George H. Cabin, an employee of Roy's brewery, Belleville, committed suicide by turning on the gas in his room. He came from Barbados about two years ago to attend Business College.

A collision between two freight trains on the Grand Trunk at Bowmanville on Monday caused over \$30,000 damage. Nine loaded cars rolled down an embankment and took fire, and with their contents were entirely destroyed. No lives were lost.

The firing of the field batteries at the Deseronto camp last week was so accurate that the targets were destroyed before the competition was half over. This shows the Canadians can "shoot straight," and this is why they were so delighted by the Boers in South Africa.

The Canadian immigration authorities are endeavoring to secure the return to the North-West of one of the largest glass manufacturing concerns in the United States, situated at Indianapolis. It seems that the gas fuel where the works are situated is giving out, and a representative sent across to investigate the conditions in Canada discovered both the quality of sand and an abundant supply of natural gas in the territories.

Mr. E. B. Eddy, of Hull, has one of the finest clocks in Canada, in fact the only one of its kind in this country. It is a half clock and stands twelve feet high in a wood case, and will run for ten or twelve days with one winding. It chimes the quarter hours, and when the hour is reached it chimes the four quarter hours. The hour is then struck and as the last hour is struck a music box is set in motion and a tune is played. The music box is one of the principal features of the clock and different selections can be played by simply changing the discs in the box. If it is desired music may be had at any time or all times, without waiting until the hour is reached, by touching a spring. The clock is run by weights, but the chimes and music box are run by springs. The clock is a French one and was purchased a short time before the fire last year. It was in the house at the time of the big fire and sustained considerable damage. The necessary repairs had to be procured from France. The front part has heavy panes of plate glass, allowing the works of the clock to be seen without opening the case.

Straight From the Shoulder.

A celebrated clergyman once startled the young ladies of his flock with the following advice:—"The buxom, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, bouncing lass, who can darn a stocking, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, chop wood, milk cows, wrestle with the boys, and be a lady without a company, is just the sort of girl for me, and for any worthy man to marry.

But you, ye pinching, moping, lolling, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a bullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want more liberty and less fashionable restraint, more kitchen and less parlour, more exercise and less sofa, more pudding and less piano, more frankness and less mock modesty, more breakfast and less bustle.

"Loose yourselves a little, enjoy more liberty and less restraint by fashion, breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom, and become something as lovely and beautiful as Nature designed."

Facts and Figures.

The heaviest precious stone is the zircon, which is four and one-half times heavier than an equal quantity of water. The lightest is the opal, only twice as heavy as water.

A caterpillar can eat 600 times its weight of food in a month.

It is estimated that one crow will destroy 700,000 insects every year.

Only one among the seven Presidents of the French Republic has served out a full term.

In all big cities there are multitudes of folk who work in the night time. In London fully 100,000 inhabitants earn their bread by the sweat of their brows between sunset and sunrise.

Marmora.

(From the Herald.)

Four liquor cases were brought up for hearing on Thursday before Magistrates Hubbard and Kelly. Two cases were brought against John Millar and two against Thos. Hogan. At the same time, the charges were reduced to one case each. W. J. Moore acted for the complainant, Jas. Hayson for Millar, and A. A. McDonald for Hogan. Fines of \$20 each were imposed against each.

Mr. D. Sager, of Stirling, is camping at Jolly Oaks, Mr. Haights' cottage. He any Mr. Haight caught 18 bass Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning, that weighed 35 pounds.

Messrs. D. Sager and J. W. Haight returned from their trout fishing trip to Eggin Creek, near L'Amble, last week, with one hundred and eight fine trout.

Sine Happenings.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Mrs. Isaiah McKim, of Belleville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Silas Green.

Mr. Chas. Badgley of Sidney, spent Sunday in this vicinity.

Miss Carrie Green, who has been teaching near Malone, is spending her holidays at home.

Mr. Chas. Green, of Sarnia, spent a few days visiting friends at Sine.

Mr. Wm. Fanning, who has been very low with pneumonia, is improving. Mr. Wm. Caverley and wife of Haweck, are spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fanning. Who is the name of this vicinity who was kicked by a cow?

What might have been a serious fire occurred last Tuesday, when Mr. R. N. Morton's blacksmith shop was discovered to be on fire. The blaze was put out in time, and no damage was done.

Glen Ross.

(From Our Correspondent.)

Mrs. E. W. Brooks and daughter Ethel, spent Sunday at Peterboro, with Mr. and Mrs. George Stevens.

Mrs. C. A. Downs, of Bayside, who has been visiting her parents for a few days, returned home on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Waldron and Mr. C. A. Down, of Bayside, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Iveson on Sunday.

Mr. Thos. Green went to Pierton on Monday, on a visit to friends there.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cox, of Frankford, paid a flying visit to Glen Ross on Dominion Day.

Miss Ella McMurchy, of Trenton, spent Dominion Day with her aunt, Mrs. B. L. Brooks.

A number of our people from the town line held a private picnic at Anderson's island on Dominion Day.

Oak Hill Gleanings.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Mrs. J. Kennedy, of Northport, spent a few days last week with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Park.

Mr. D. Sills, of Foxboro, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. Searls last week.

Mr. J. Detlor has put a new Page wire fence down the hill on the lake road. No more snowbanks. Nevertheless one would be appreciated just now, while the thermometer stands at 102°.

Messrs. Farnsworth and Doxtator, of Shannonville, and the Misses Robinson of Blessington, were the guests of Miss Eva Bird on Saturday and Sunday.

Dominion Day was enjoyed by many Belleville and Stirling people at the Oak Hill Lake. Picnics galore.

Miss Lizzie Park spent Sunday with friends in Tyndenaga.

A new buggy on the hills. We are a prosperous people.

Last week a fine large deer was seen in our neighborhood. Evidently it has tired of its northern home and come to enjoy the atmosphere of the hills. Don't forget the close season, sportsmen.

Ivanhoe.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Albert Tummon, one of our popular young men, has taken his departure from our midst and gone to Tweed, where he has secured a position in a bakery.

Mrs. Jos. Benson, of Gilead, has been spending the last week with her mother and friends.

Miss Minchin attended the S. S. picnic held in Spring Brook on July 1st. She left for her home in Stirling on Wednesday.

Miss Blanche Harvey of Batawia, N.Y., is visiting her uncle, Mr. Robert Harvey.

Mrs. (Rev.) W. V. W. Sexsmith and son, Willie, of West Huntingdon, were guests on Sunday at the parsonage.

Mr. H. Holcomb of Haweck, is visiting at Mr. G. R. Mitz's.

Mrs. Fred Stout, of Arden, is visiting her parents at Upper Ivanhoe.

Mr. Frank Bragg made our town a flying call last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Tanner spent Tuesday evening with Mr. Ed. Baker.

Mrs. Percy Wood, teacher at Gunter.

Miss May Timmerman, teacher at Hazard's Corners are home for the holidays.

Mr. Frank Harvey and Mr. Thos. Fleming wrote on the entrance examination in Madoc last week.

Seventh of Sidney Notes.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Rev. A. Martin, of Belleville, occupied the pulpit at Marsh Hill on Sunday.

Mr. and Miss Waddell spent Sunday in Thurlow.

Mrs. H. Hamblin who has been ill, is improving.

Mrs. G. D. Bird picked and crated 140 boxes of strawberries in a day. Who can beat it?

A canon was passed in the synod of the Diocese of Kingston, giving parishes power in the appointment of incumbents. Bishop Mills said he would never make an appointment without consulting the parishes affected.

A caterpillar can eat 600 times its weight of food in a month.

It is estimated that one crow will destroy 700,000 insects every year.

Only one among the seven Presidents of the French Republic has served out a full term.

In all big cities there are multitudes of folk who work in the night time. In London fully 100,000 inhabitants earn their bread by the sweat of their brows between sunset and sunrise.

Chas. E. Parker.

THE DOUKHOBORS.

"Lally Bernard," Mrs. C. E. FitzGibbon, Tells of the Good Qualities of the Spirit Wrestlers.

That the Doukhobors are scrupulously honest, clean, and altogether picturesque and charming was the impression given by Mrs. C. E. FitzGibbon in a very interesting lecture at the Conservatory of Music, Toronto, one night recently. Coming before her audience unheralded by the usual chairman, Mrs. FitzGibbon rapidly sketched the history of the Spirit Wrestlers until their final expulsion from Russia, and then, the lights being turned out, scores of excellent photographs were projected upon the screen. These photographs, most of which were colored to show the peculiar characteristics of the Doukhobor costume, formed a continuous history of these people from their landing in Halifax to the present time, and about them the lecturer wove the thread of her bright, chatty narrative.

The Doukhobors, according to the lecturer, were almost wholly good, and their goodness shone all the brighter because of the fierce persecution they had endured; while the wickedness of the Russian Socialist, Bojanski, whose photograph was not prepossessing, was the villain of the plot. Mrs. FitzGibbon described fully the benefits of the community system, whereby all draw such supplies as they need from the communal storehouse and give their work for the common good. Want for the sick and aged was unknown in a Doukhobor community. They were not relieved by charity, the word was distasteful to Doukhobors, but as a matter of right and a matter of love for the brotherhood.

The lecturer indignantly denied the charge that the Doukhobors refused to register their marriages. They had never been asked, but would do so just as soon as they were, and the matter was explained to them. Registration had always meant conscription with them, but now it was to mean individualism, and the thing which the lecturer most keenly regretted was that the nature of the survey and allotment of land in the Canadian West rendered it almost imperative that they give up their community system and live separately upon homesteads.

Altogether, in Lally Bernard the Doukhobors have a very appreciative admirer, a warm friend, a capable advocate, and a determined defender.

NED HANLAN, THE FAT MAN.

The Former Champion Oarsman Surprised "a Greeny."

"The Man in the Street" in The New York Times has this story to tell about the ex-champion oarsman: "During a recent regatta on the Harlem River, Ned Hanlan, the Columbia University coach, was out in a single shell wearing a rowing costume the most striking feature of which was an old straw hat. He was quietly rowing alongside one of the river's amateur champions. Several 'balcony' oarsmen, new members of one of the clubs, observed the fat man in the shell, and one of them remarked, 'Look at the dub trying to brush "Jimmy" (meaning the amateur); he'll take a few crimples in his fat wrinkles in a minute.' 'Oh, will he, indeed,' remarked an old oar. 'Just wait and see where "Jimmy" comes in.' Jimmy, in this case failed to come in at all, for the fat one rowed away from him at will. 'That's Hanlan,' remarked the 'old oar,' as he turned to go into the house, and he can go a bit for 100 yards yet, whereupon the embryo slipped out of sight and hied away to fill a book full of what he didn't know about rowing."

Make Them Read the Bible.

The rising generation is not grounded as it ought to be grounded in the Bible. It is the best book of all books, it is a book of instruction; it is a cloak of protection to the young, and the frail; it is a book of guidance, most of all, it is more than any other or any collection of books the rule of life, which, being observed to the greatest extent, is sure to be productive of the best good to the individual and to the race. As a vehicle of teaching our children the English language, as teaching them how to read, as teaching them more or less how to master and use the language, there is no book equal to it. It is full of wisdom, and any man without that grounding in the Bible which our fathers had, is badly equipped for the civilization in which he finds himself to-day. The Bible, though as old as the hills, is ever up-to-date, and every father, and every mother, and every guardian, and every school teacher, ought not only to read and study the Bible themselves, but should train the children in their charge to read it, study it and be guided by its principles. Not every one can leave their children money or property, but there is no man or woman too poor or too busy who cannot find some way of bringing up their children in more or less knowledge of the Book of Books.—Toronto World.

A Plucky Canadian Woman.

A rather remarkable woman died at Copetown recently, in the person of Mrs. Robert Echlin. Her husband died before she was 40 years of age, and left her with a large family and a debt of \$6,000 on the farm. With an ability and energy that few can possess, in a few years she paid off the debt, raised and educated a family of 11 children in the highest respectability—one a doctor, the other sons and daughters in prosperous circumstances—and now leaves the hand-some sum of \$10,000 to them.

Duties Greater Than Value.

On certain kinds of spirits imported into the Dominion the duties are greater than the value of the article. Thus the value of amyl alcohol or fusel oil imported last year was \$284 and the duties collected \$573.64. The value of ethyl alcohol was \$232, and the duties collected \$783.48. The value of absinthe imported was \$2,696, and the duties \$4,007.

Warm Weather Materials.

White Muslins.

A splendid assortment of Lace Stripes, Satin Stripes, Checks, Embroidered dots, suitable for Blouses and Dresses, from 10c. to 50c. a yard.

White Organdies.

Beautiful sheer qualities, fine weaves, at 20c., 25c. and up to 50c. a yard.

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The finest assortment of all Black Muslins we have ever shown in plain and fancy styles.

Mercerized Sateens.

Lovely new patterns in Black and White, and Navy in finish almost equal to Silk at 25c., 30c. and 35c. a yard.

Linen Collars.

Another large lot just received in all the new shapes, every size, 10c. and 15c. each.

Lace Ties.

Cream, White and Butter Color in a large range of new styles, from 25c. \$1.35 each.

Taffeta Ribbons.

Pure Silk Taffeta Ribbons, in black, white and all fashion-able colors for neck-wear, 25c. a yard.

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The finest assortment of all

Black Muslins we have ever

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styles.

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Your money returned if you are not satisfied.

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Will visit Marmora every Thursday.

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EACH MONTH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

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all the modern apparatus brought down to Dun-
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and preservation of the natural teeth.

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Office,—Opposite the Grist Mill.
All calls promptly attended day and
night.

Awnings In Big Lots.
"To supply some of the big modern
buildings with awnings," said an awning
maker, "costs as much as it would
to build a moderate sized house."

"Not all of the great buildings require
awnings. Some of the very largest
have their principal exposure in such a
direction that they are not needed, the
sun not shining in these windows during
the hours the offices are occupied. And then, of course, there are great
buildings that do not require awnings
on some sides, but need them on others
or in courts, and so on."

"Here, for instance, is a building with
about 1,000 windows, of which 600 or
thereabout are supplied with awnings."

"Another building I have in mind has
about 1,600 windows. I don't know
how many awnings they have there, but if it is supplied in the same proportion
as the other that would give it
about 1,000 awnings. I dare say that,
in fact, you would find in the city single
buildings with more than a thousand
awnings."

"You see, just the awnings for some
of these great modern buildings amount
to quite an item."

Utilizing the Ad.
"Now, if you will show me where the
burglars got into your shop," said the
detective, "I will see if I can find a
clue."

"In a moment," said the proprietor.
"I am working at something a little
more important than hunting for a
clue just now."

And while the detective waited the
merchant wrote as follows at his desk:

"The burglar who broke into Katzen-
hoffer's shop on the night of the 15th
and carried away a silk hat, a pair of
French cufflinks, a fur trimmed
overcoat, a black broadcloth suit and
two suits of silk underwear was a
black hearted villain and scoundrel,
but a man whose judgment cannot be
called into question. He knew where
to go when he wanted the finest clothing
the market affords."

"Jacob," he said to the bookkeeper,
"send a copy of this to all the papers
and tell 'em I want it printed in big
black type, to occupy half a column,
tomorrow morning. Now, Mr. Hawk-
shaw, I am at your service."—London
Answers.

Thrift In Children.
"A savings bank account is a great in-
centive to thrift in children. If one is
begun for the baby, even with a very
small sum, and added through child-
hood and youth with a certain propor-
tion of the money that otherwise would
be spent carelessly and thoughtlessly by
the child, there will be a very respecta-
ble amount on the credit side of the
ledger when the depositor is 18 years
old. The habit of self denial is not the
least of the substantial benefits that
follow a wise economy of money."—Ex-
change.

Pardonable Curiosity.
"I have met," remarked the old man,
"but two sensible women in my life."

The innocent maid gazed into his
eyes and asked, "Who was the other
woman?"

Dr. Petty's Pills never fail to give
relief, and they cure if given an hon-
est trial.

WHEN TWO HAVE LIVED.

How would we live! We'd drink the years like
water, with all tomorrow hid behind the veil.
That is your hair; between two illes lies
Your slender hands, my heart should lie and shine
A crimson rose. We'd catch the wind and twine
The evening stars a chapter musical
To crown our folly, lure the nightingale
To sing the bliss your lips should teach to mine.

And if the sage who cried that life is vanity
Should frown upon the flowers no tears of rain
He should not touch your heart with cynic eye.
The world's vast altar stands beyond his gaze,
Then who have lived, then shall they fear to die?

—Helen Hay in Harper's Magazine.

AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

A Story of the Civil War.

BY FANNY DAY HURST.

The period, the early part of the civil
war; the scene, one of the stately old
homes that have made the Blue Grass
State famous for its hospitality; the
chief actor, a stanch little rebel, who
gloried far more in the fact that in this
awful time of war her husband was
one of the bravest in Morgan's brave
band of rough riders than she did in
the knowledge that in the times of
peace no other home in all Kentucky
showed more elegance in its appointments
than did hers; the exact time,
an early morning in the early summer,
when the inhabitants of the town had
awakened to find that, although a few
hours before they had gone to sleep in
Dixie, with "Desh's boys" camped in
one of the fine old woodlands just west
of them, they had seemed to awaken in
Yankeeland, for their streets were filled
with 1,000 bluecoats under Colonel
Landrum.

Coming from her room on the morning
in question, with her boy in her
arms, Mrs. Peebles met at the door
two negro women, their black faces
filled with terror and their bodies quivering
in an agony of fright.

"What is it, mammy? Quie! Has
anything happened to—"

Her mistress' anxiety dispelled her
own fright in an instant, and the elder
of the two answered: "Mass Jeems?
No, chile, bress Gawd, I hopes he an
Gin'l Mawgin is still makin hit wawn
fo' enemy in Ten'see. But dis mawnin
in befo' I was up Kit come a-reslin to
my cabin an say de Yankees done got us,
an sho' nuff, Miss Annie, de town's
done liv' wid 'em. Heath, gimin da
chile, honey, kaze you's gwine drap
him shoo. Sit down, now, an don't take
on so. I might'a knowed you couldn't
stan' dis fight."

"But what has happened to our
boys?" Mrs. Peebles asked, stepping to
the door and glancing into the street
at the line of soldiers stationed at intervals
as far as she could see. "Were
many of them killed?"

"What dat you say?" And Easter's
face spread into a grin. "Not much
am dey kill. Dey done got de news
dat Kun'l Landrum comin wid a big
Yankee army, an' dey jes' fol' up dey
teets an' lef', an' ain't specry no
regrets, nuther. Dey do say, Miss Annie,
dyah a comp'ny brack niggers
'moungst de Yankee soldiers an dat we
all 'll have to feed de whole kit an
bottle of 'em."

The little woman's eyes flashed as
she answered: "I for one shall not
feed any Yankee soldiers, and you may
send for me if any of them come
around. Ah, good morning, uncle!"

The last was spoken to a negro soldier
who wore the blue uniform and who had
come up the walk as she spoke.

"Good mawnin, missis. I jes' wants
to see yo' saw of you can lemme have
it fo' a little while. We done mawch
all night, an' we's mighty tired an' hungry,
an' we has to cut some wood fo'
deh flahs."

"Yes, indeed. Of course you can
have the saw," answered Mrs. Peebles
quickly. "Kit, show the man where
to get the saw, and let him have the
woodhouse too."

A suppressed laugh from behind her
brought a smile to Mrs. Peebles' face,
and she turned to the older negro to say:

"Mammy, I am sure that negro was
ten feet high."

"No, Miss Annie, 'twarn his bein a
man whut done hit, but you knows
ain' gawn turn no hungry nigger
frum yo' do. 'Tain't in you, an you
can't do hit, even if you does wanter
kaze he got on dem blue clothes."

A few days later martial law was de-
clared. What was coming no one knew,
and so strict was the surveillance and
the outside world. When the military
rule had begun, the supply of food had
seemed large enough to last perhaps
six weeks, but at the end of the first
month the supplies began to run low,
yet neither market gardener nor gro-
cer was allowed to bring food into the
town. Evidently the Federals were
getting ready for the early advance of
a Confederate troop and were using
every precaution to prevent the en-
emy gaining any advantage.

One evening during this anxious time
as Mrs. Peebles sat in the twilight
crooning a lullaby to her baby boy
Easter came into the room and asked
in a low tone:

"We're trying to make out what
that there thing was," replied the man,
pointing to the comet.

"And what do you imagine it is?"

"Dunno, your honor, but Bill Jones
here, as knows most things, says as
how it's a star that's sprung a leak."—

London Telegraph.

When Mrs. Peebles entered the libra-
ry, the soldier stood looking at a pic-

ture of her husband that hung over the
mantel.

A sudden fear seized her. Was it
Morgan's men whom the Federal had
expected and had a skirmish already
occurred?

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "do you
bring me news from my husband?"

He was an elderly man, and as he
turned and saw the white face, with its
pleading eyes searching his own, he
pressed her gently into a large rocker
whose arm she had clasped for support
and said rather to himself than to her:

"Ah, these women of ours! They suf-
fer at home more than we do in the
field." Then to her: "No, I have no
news from your husband. Our division
is made up entirely of northern men.
With whom is your husband?"

"You mistook my meaning," she ex-
claimed, the color creeping back to her
face and the old fire awakening within
her eyes. "He is not a Union soldier.
He is with Morgan's men, but I
thought perhaps there had been an en-
gagement and you had come to me,
even as he would go to an anxious
northern wife. Have you heard from
Morgan's men, captain? It is so long
since we had any news from outside
the town."

The pleading in her voice touched
him, for he turned to the window and
stood looking out into the gathering
darkness. When he turned toward her,
a tear glistened in his eye.

"And so you are a rebel," he said. "It
is a pity! A pity, indeed! War is a ter-
rible thing, and we must all suffer
while it lasts. I could not even relieve
you with an answer about Morgan's men
if I knew ever so much about them.
Martial law would avail little if we
gave away its secrets."

Once more Mrs. Peebles' eyes flashed,
for he had not spoken as if the pity of
the war lay upon the shoulders of the
southerners. She straightened herself
in her chair and said coldly:

"You wished to speak to me about a
matter of business, I believe. May I
hear it?"

He was a soldier now.

"Certainly, madam. It becomes nec-
essary for us to quarter our men upon
the citizens for a day, and I must ask
you to provide for one company, giving
you the noonday meal tomorrow."—

She opened her lips, but as if he di-
vinced that she was about to ask a hard
question he continued, "I can only ex-
plain that the men are detailed for spe-
cial duty, and the food must be pre-
pared for them."

"But how can I supply food for so
many men?" she exclaimed. "You for-
get that we have been under martial
law for weeks, and I have scarcely
food for my own family. Besides, why
should I cook for men who would shoot
down my husband but for the opportunity?"

The officer spoke calmly:

"I respect your fidelity to your cause,
madam, but my men must have food.
Our commissary is stationed two doors
north of here. Present this order and
prepare the food by noon tomorrow.
Good night."

He was gone, and she, knowing
enough of the power of an occupying
army to rebel no further, went to the
kitchen to give the necessary orders.

At noon on the morrow great platters
stood heaped with juicy slices of boiled
ham, kettles and buckets steamed with
beans and rice, baskets were ready,
filled with delicious southern biscuit,
and in the oven the last pan of corn
bread was taking on a delicate brown.
But no soldiers appeared, and in the
distance the popping of rifles and the
boom of cannon could be heard. Plainly
the Confederates had come up and a
battle was on. In every house women
were busy tearing old linens and
cotton into lints and bandages. The
firing drew nearer, and presently a
southern cavalry officer rode by, fol-
lowed by a bunch of soldiers. Mor-
gan's brigade had come up, with all of its
fearless enthusiasm. Expected from
one point, it had made a detour, divid-
ed and entered from three unprotected
points. Mrs. Peebles hurried her chil-
dren and servants to the cellar, and there,
with throbbing hearts, they waited.

"Where is the boy?" asked the call-
er.

"Cleared out," was Scott's short re-
sponse as he turned to light his pipe and
rummaged about for another for his
friend.

"How long have you been in town?"

Scott asked instead of answering Wil-
loughby's question.

"Got here at 8 o'clock. I had to stop
at Washington yesterday to make a re-
port and come over this morning. I
tell you it's good to get back even for
30 days. The fun of soldiering in Cuba
is all over. There is nothing but man-
ual labor to do there now." Then he
added after a moment's hesitation, "I
wouldn't have left, though, on any other
errand than the one that brought me."

"Official, I suppose?"

"No," replied Willoughby; "on the
contrary, quite the reverse."

Scott mumbled something and looked
so absurdly unhappy that the young
soldier laughed outright.

"What is the trouble, old man? Has
some one bothered you with a retailer?
You say Harrison has cleared out.
What is it all about? Don't sit there
looking at me in that lugubrious fash-
ion. Out with it!"

"The boy and I haven't quarreled,"
Scott answered after a few futile puns
at his pipe. "I jawed him a bit for
leaving me with these confounded
rooms on my hands, but there was no
row. He has changed his plans—living
over in Jersey somewhere—Cranford, I
believe."

"Cranford," was the lieutenant's
observation, seemingly to himself, as
he recalled that the object of his er-
rangement was the "next stop." "And
that's what makes you so glum, is it?"

"Not exactly," Scott spoke now with
the tone of a man who has formed a
resolution to perform hateful duty.
"If you will find a seat somewhere and
light that pipe, I'll tell you about it.
Fact is, my boy, you are in this story
in a way."

Willoughby's expression was a com-
posite of mystification and uneasiness,
but he only waved his hand as a signal
that his friend should proceed. This
was just what he did not seem ready
to do.

"For heaven's sake, if you have any-
thing to say," Willoughby finally re-
marked rather peevishly, "say it!"

"Harrison is going to marry Miss
Mead," Scott said suddenly, being care-
ful, however, not to look at his listener.
When he had imparted this information,
he seemed to be able to go ahead
without any further delay. "I'll tell
you how it happened—the engagement,
I mean. The boy has known her a
long time; ever since he came to New
York. First girl he ever met, and he
was in love with her from the moment

THE FOUNT OF YOUTH.

The fount of youth has oft been sought
Since days of long ago,
And oft in fancy we have seen
The fount of youth in a stream
Through desert, swamp and wilderness.
The search has been pursued
To find it by the magic fount
Youth's charms might be renewed.

But men have turned from that vain quest,
Their hopes forever crushed,
For though they searched through all the world
No magic fountain gushed,
And men resigned themselves to age
That robbed them of their grace,
That tapped their strength and thickly spread
Time's wrinkles on the face.

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A recent speech of Signor Guicciardini in the Italian Parliament has thrown considerable light on the tangled situation created by the troubles in Macedonia. Speaking in his character of reporter of the Budget Committee he said that the situation there was critical, that an outbreak might occur at any moment, and that in the event of a surprise Italy would not play the part of a puppet to any Power whether of the first or second rank. She could not accept another Bizerta at Aviona or Durazzo. This allusion to the Albanian ports opposite the Italian Adriatic harbors of Brindisi and Bari must have grated harshly on the ears of the Foreign Office at Vienna, where the diplomacy of the last thirty years has been directed to the securing of a footing for Austria all the way down the east coast of the Adriatic. It seems now that a general rising against the rule of the Sultan in Macedonia would be the signal for an Italian occupation of the two points named, Aviona and Durazzo, which are but a few hours distant from the Italian coast opposite. In other words, Italy means to dominate the entrance to the Adriatic from the Mediterranean and convert it into an Italian lake. In allowing such a declaration to be made, the Italian Government has thrown down the glove to Austria on the one hand, and to the minor Balkan States on the other, for nothing is more certain than that neither they nor Austria will permit territorial acquisitions by Italy on the eastern shore of the Adriatic if they can prevent it. The difficulty for them, however, is just there, for should the Italian Government resolve on such a step it is in a position to carry it into effect unless its navy should prove as ineffectual as it did at Lissa in 1866.

Long before and ever since the Berlin Congress of 1878, the Austrian and Italian Governments have been endeavoring by every means in their power to acquire a predominant position in Albania, and of the two the Italian has probably been the more successful owing to the family connection of prominent Italian statesmen and politicians, Crispi among others, with the clans of upper and central Albania. Then the Miridites, the most numerous of the Albanian tribes, are Catholics, and in direct relations with Rome. Generally speaking, none of the Albanian tribes, north or south, entertain any desire for Austrian rule, while such political aspirations as they have are in the direction of autonomy under the sovereignty of the Sultan. This, however, is for many reasons impracticable. When the final settlement is made in the western part of the Balkan peninsula, Albania with Macedonia will necessarily pass under that of Austria-Hungary without a struggle, is now evident not only from the declaration of Signor Guicciardini in the Italian Parliament but from the military conventions recently passed between Russia and Bulgaria and Servia, to which no doubt Montenegro is also a party. The obvious intent of these conventions is to bar the advance of an Austrian army to the south and to provide for regular and combined action in Macedonia and Albania whenever the contingency arises against which they provide.

The attitude of Greece and Roumania has probably been defined during the interview between their Kings at Abbazia in the Adriatic. For Greece there is not much compensation left on the mainland of European Turkey, but there still remains something among the islands, notably Crete, while Roumania's adhesion to Russian plans could be purchased by the annexation of the Roumanian districts of Hungary with their three and a half millions of Daco-Roumanians who are only waiting the opportunity to join their independent countrymen. The situation so suddenly developed may be traced without much difficulty back to the visit of the Italian fleet to Toulon. Italy's hands have been freed for action in dealing with what the Italian Government deems its interests in the Adriatic and Mediterranean, and as in the former they come in direct conflict with those of Austria, the Triple Alliance is palpably weakened. The question that remains is as to how far Russia, with its allied Balkan States, is prepared to countenance and further Italian aims on the east coast of the Adriatic, and to what extent the population of southern Albania, which has close affinities with Greece could be relied on to sympathize with the Italian policy. There is very little doubt but that the Italian Government intended taking very drastic steps at Preveza the other day over the matter of the Italian postal officials but for the prompt intervention made by the Turkish Government. It is apparent, therefore, that though there is a seeming intent, the materials for what Count Guchowski, at Vienna, and Signor Guicciardini at Rome called a surprise are only waiting the moment to break into action.

FAR NORTHERN LAPPLAND

A TOURIST'S SKETCH WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

An Almost Entirely Forest Country—Most Wonderful Falls In Europe.

The extreme north of Europe is mostly forest-Lappland is entirely so. You must journey eternally through pines, firs and silver larches; a lovely combination—monotonous, perhaps, but with the ever-changing monotony of the sea. The forest air is unequalled purity and clearness; the sky of the softest and most kindly blue; the sunsets and twilight—the nights of June, July and early August know only twilight—Incomparably. A fine night in Lappland is not to be forgotten—a sky shot with colors from blue and green to red, and the trees and hills outlined against it in black—chiseled and polished.

A curious feature of Lappland, to a summer traveller in the valleys, is that there are so few Lapps. Some are employed on the farms of the Swedish settlers who form the scanty population of the country, but the rest are herding their reindeer in nomadic camps far up in the mountains. Those who are left are generally elders, who cannot bear the wandering life. They are strangely clad in a long coat and leggings of reindeer skin, with boots turning up into a point at the toe, and bound at the ankle with cloth bands. A high-peaked hat of cloth completes the picture, and man and woman are dressed alike, save that the difference is marked by the color of the boot-bands. A widow, however, assumes those of her dead husband.

The farmers (who are all Swedes) must confess all their farm work into the short summer. This makes it somewhat difficult for the tourist to get men to act as drivers or boatmen, though the natives are bound by the Government to provide carriages or boats, and books are kept at the various stations in which the traveller must enter his name and the number of horses or rowers that he employs. This also explains the reason for the apparent inhospitality of the inhabitants; they never come out to welcome a guest, or seem anxious to keep him, yet their kindness and attention when their interest is won are unsurpassed. The accommodation at the smaller stations is scanty, and a party of three is the greatest number that can be conveniently accommodated in the houses.

Jokkmokk is the metropolis of the valley, and stands above a beautiful double fall of the river. Not far below this is a division, and it is up the lesser branch that we are now making our way. The other is practically uninhabited, but it contains the mighty Har-spring or Njonnem-saska, said to be the

FINNST FALLS IN ALL EUROPE, which may only be approached by a party fully accoutred for camping. Jokkmokk is an unkempt village (as most Lappland up-country towns are) in a forest-clearing. It has, however, quite a pretentious gastrivagard or inn, two churches, and a prison! The new and larger church is a supremely hideous expanse of light yellow wood and ground glass, and is regarded by the natives much as we regard Westminster Abbey. In the midst of the town one is confronted by a high blank wooden wall enclosing a tiny space, and resembling nothing so much as an unused advertisement boarding. This, we are given to understand, conceals the prison—a space about twenty yards square!

ADAPTED TO THE MARKET.

Fruits and Vegetables Must Be "Good Shippers."

Those who raise fruits and vegetables for the market find it to their advantage to develop varieties which will best stand shipment. This does not necessarily mean those which are best in flavor. A tomato, no matter how delicious, that becomes "mushy" under a few hours' shipping in a freight-car is unprofitable, except for local markets. The railroads have made the range of supplies for every region so wide that the first requisite of any perishable articles is that it shall be a "good shipper."

Scientific agriculturists are now bending their energies toward securing by cross-breeding, a combination of delicacy of flavor and of good travelling quality. They have already accomplished much. Every year some new fruit or vegetable enters the general markets, and better varieties of the old are introduced.

In these times not only the palate but the eye must be satisfied. Celery must be white, strawberries must be red, and an apple attractive in color. Any new variety, however excellent, that does not come up to these standards cannot expect a wide market.

Then nature puts "trade-marks" upon certain varieties, and so greatly aids their commercial success. The "navel" is one of several kinds of seedless oranges, but it is so distinctly marked as to have acquired almost a monopoly of the field.

EXPOSURE OF COAL.

If a load of coal is left out of doors exposed to the weather—say, a month—it loses one-third of its heating quality. If a ton of coal is placed on the ground and left there, and another ton is placed under it, the latter loses about 25 per cent. of its heating power. The former about 47 per cent. Hence it is a great saving of coal to have it in a dry place, covered over, and on all sides. The softer the coal the more heating power it loses because the volatile and combustible constituents undergo slow combustion.

THRIFTY SCHOLARS.

To encourage thrift in pupils the London School Board runs in connection with the Post Office a number of penny banks. The amount deposited last year was £13,300, about £4,000 more than in 1899. At the end of the year the sum of £28,145 remained to the credit of the youthful depositors.

—this last of the consistency of India rubber, and quite undesirable. Fowls are seldom if ever kept. All about the houses, and up to the very doors, are corn fields. When the corn is cut the sheaves are spiked on tall poles set in the ground, giving a very curious appearance. On one occasion we were forced to rouse the good people of Bjorkholm from their beds, for we arrived at half past eight in the evening, and received the usual half-hearted welcome in the great kitchen, where a fire was kindled for us on the open hearth, while the doors of what appeared to be huge cupboards ranged round the walls opened and sleepy men, women and children looked out, revealing the fact that these were beds, built in tiers like the berths on a steamer. Only the married people and children thus share the main room—the rest, old men, young men and maidens, sleep apart, each class in their own outhouse. Our welcome was kind in every respect but that of cordiality. Soon we and our boatmen were drinking coffee, the prelude to a larger meal, while the guest rooms (in another house) were hastily prepared, and we left the people to their early slumbers, after warning them that we required rowers in the morning.

A curious habit they have is that of putting sugar in their mouths and drinking the coffee as it were, through the sugar. The Lapps even put their dried meat into the bottom of the cup, drink the coffee, and then eat the meat.

EXPENDITURES FOR WAR.

Conflicts of the Nineteenth Century Cost \$20,000,000,000.

A writer estimated the cost of wars of the nineteenth century to nearly reach the enormous sum of \$20,000,000,000. Just how much is a billion? he asks. It is one thousand millions; but that is not expressive. There are only 3,155,673,600 seconds in a century. If we take Archbishop Usher's chronology, and consider the world to be 5,904 years old, we find that the nations have spent on war during the nineteenth century at the rate of six dollars a minute since the creation.

The most costly building in the world is the Church of San Pietro in Vaticano, known to us as St. Peter's Rome. It has cost not less than \$70,000,000 since its foundation stone was laid, yet nearly 300 other churches of equal cost could be built out of what the world has spent on wars during the nineteenth century. The costliest building on this continent is the Philadelphia public building, which represents nearly \$30,000,000; yet nearly 700 copies of this great pile could be erected out of the money spent on wars during the last hundred years. The world spends upward of \$530,000,000 a year on education. If it spent 37 times as much it would not equal the war expenses of the past century. The population of the world is estimated at 1,500,000,000; the money spent on war between 1801 and 1900 would give to each man, woman and child alive to-day more than \$18 as pocket money.

If a man counted 200 a minute for 10 hours a day, six days a week, he would have counted one million in eight days 3 hours and 20 minutes. At the same rate he would need 8,388 days, 3 hours and 20 minutes, not counting Sundays. To count twenty billions would take 582 years 150 days, 6 hours and 40 minutes.

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PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes About Some of the World's Great People.

No other Sovereign in the world has so many physicians as the Czar. They number twenty-seven, and are all selected from the medical celebrities of Russia.

Amongst the Royal personages who are now possessed of a motor-carriage are: King Edward VII,

the Czar, the German Emperor, the King of the Belgians, Victor Emmanuel III, the Shah and the Heir-Apparent of Belgium.

The Little King of Spain is guarded every night by a body of picked men, who are natives of Espinosa, and have served with distinction in the army.

It is by them the gates are locked at midnight, and with

ceremonious solemnity re-opened at seven o'clock in the morning.

Should one of this guard prove false to the person of his Sovereign, Spanish faith in Loyalty would

die, as if by lightning stroke, and

something very dreadful would happen to the traitor.

It is a curious custom of very ancient tradition, which the Queen Regent has not been

much able to maintain.

An amusing story of the Pope's good-natured humor is being told in Rome just now. His Holiness is

much sought after as a sitter by

painters whose powers are not always equal to their ambitions.

Amongst recently one of these painters, having finished his portrait, begged the Pope to honour him by inscribing upon it some Scriptural text, with his autograph. Pope Leo looked dubiously at the picture. It was

mediocre enough and little like himself; but he reflected a moment and then, adapting the familiar line in

St. Matthew to the peculiar circumstances, he wrote as follows: "Be not afraid; it is I—Leo XIII."

Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., has just

celebrated his seventieth birthday.

Sir Walter was one of a family of six

sons and six daughters, and when he

and his brother Alfred first went in

to business as W. and A. Gilbey

they made their start in a couple of

underground rooms in Berwick Street,

Soho, just after the Crimean War.

The brothers Walter and Alfred were

all the partners and all the staff too.

To-day the firm employs many thou-

sands of hands, and pays every year

over a million sterling to the

Revenue. Apart from his baronetcy,

one of the greatest honors which

have beenfallen Sir Walter Gilbey is

the presentation to him by the

Prince of Wales, in 1891, on behalf

of a large body of subscribers, of

portraits of himself and his wife, in

recognition of his services in the re-

vival of horse-breeding."

Forty-two years ago Admiral Sir

Francis Leopold McClintock, now

a veteran of eighty-two years, made

the first discovery of the relics of

Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition

which had sailed for the Arctic re-

gions on May 19th, 1845, and had

last been seen in July of that year.

Sir Francis, who was then unti-

ed, and a captain, started on June 30,

1857, in command of the Fox, a ves-

sel of only 177 tons, which had been

purchased at the cost of Lady Fran-

kin and her friends.

For two winters the vessel had been

in a higher station in life would not

be able to see the first minister at all.

Seddon's government stands

merely for the approval of the work-

ingman. Without his popularity

among the laboring classes Seddon

could not retain power. I know this

for a fact and Seddon will cheerfully

admit the same thing. So supreme

is labor in New Zealand that an em-

ployer engaging two men and

finding one to suit him, discharges

the other, will find perhaps that la-

bor will step in and make him dis-

charge the man whom he finds useful

and take on again the employee whom

he discharged for unsatisfactory

work. A most peculiar condition of

affairs certainly exists in New Zea-

land. This climate, however, is

delightful, and the fertility of the soil

most extraordinary. Crops can be

grown steadily for many years

without the aid of manure. Some-

times the wheat goes as high as one

hundred and twenty and one hun-

and forty bushels to the acre.

"In some respects," he said, "the

most peculiar place I visited was

New Zealand. There the laborer is

supreme. So supreme is he that he

can have an audience with the Pre-

acher, 'Dick' Seddon, at any hour of

the night. This when, perhaps, one

in a higher station in life would not

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MARKETS FOR POULTRY.

WHERE SHALL THE CANADIAN FARMER SHIP.

London the Highest-Priced — Manchester or Liverpool Safest — To Whom to Ship.

It has occurred to me that much trouble and loss to the Canadian farmer might be avoided if the particulars of this subject were better understood, and as I have thoroughly investigated the matter on the spot, the information I give is probably more recent and correct than anything at present written.

It is useless in shipping poultry to think of shipping anything under a car load, that is ten tons, for less than that cannot possibly be expected to pay. The expense of shipping insurance, etc., will more than eat up the profits. To make this clear I may state, what anyone who has shipped anything knows to be the case, namely, that the more you send the less the expense in proportion. Therefore it is practically impossible to make any single flight to export chickens. If, however, a number of farmers wish to co-operate and try their luck, good or bad, this is my advice. First decide where you will ship, then to whom, and then how.

In this article I wish to speak of the first of these, namely, what port? Now let me take the largest and wealthiest in the world,

LONDON.

First here you will get the best price for really first grade poultry in prime condition, done up exactly as the market wants, but the consumer and merchants are a cranky lot, and hard to please, with many senseless fads and prejudices on trifling points so that some slight variation in the packing of your poultry may turn them entirely against you and bring you a bad price. But above all London is the worst market in the world to reach. It has two ports—Tilbury and the Royal Albert docks both of them many miles from London markets, and at either of them your shipment may be dumped on the wharf and remain there from one to ten days for its turn to go up to London, by which time it will be well thawed, and fit for pigs only. Such was the actual experience of thousands of pounds of Australian rabbits this year. When its turn comes it usually goes up to London by barges, which are filthy and are floated up with the tide, which take days in the journey; this will finish anything not already spoilt. You can avoid this by paying \$3.00 per ton to have it sent up by train, but that means a good slice off your profit. In fact, your goods must be met by some one especially interested in them, such as a special agent or your buyer, who will see that they are rushed up to London without delay. London can also be reached by shipping to Southampton, Liverpool or Manchester, and thence by rail, but from Liverpool or Manchester to London the freight is \$6 to \$14 per ton according to quantity, which is

STRAIGHT ROBBERY.

Unfortunately, also, all the railways are careless and slow, greatly adding to risk of total loss by delay, our own experience of a shipment taking four days from Manchester to London, a distance of 225 miles, being

DOCTORS BAFFLED

BY THE CASE OF MRS. HARRISON, OF ORANGEVILLE.

She Was Completely Run Down—Racked With Pains in the Back, Head and Limbs—Again Rejoicing in Good Health.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

Many cases are constantly being brought to light of persons being cured by that wonderful remedy—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—after doctors have failed to be of benefit. Among them may be noted the case of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, a well known lady who resides in the near vicinity of Orangeville, Ont. A reporter of the Sun hearing of Mrs. Harrison's wonderful cure called at her home to inquire into the facts of the case. Mrs. Harrison said she was pleased to be able to testify to the great curative powers of these pills. She said: "For some years I have been a constant sufferer. Just that to me my disease I do not know, even the doctors were unable to diagnose it. I was completely run down. I had recurring pains in my head, back and limbs. I was unable to secure sound sleep, and on arising in the morning would feel as tired as before going to bed. My stomach was in a bad condition and the least movement caused my heart to palpitate violently. Doctors' treatment failed to be of benefit to me and I was in a very disengaged state when a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thinking that they might relieve me a little I procured a supply and began taking them according to directions. From the first I could see that they were helping me along by the time I had had half a dozen boxes I was free from the ailments that had made my life miserable. It is now several years since I took the pills and not the least sign of my old trouble has since shown itself. I would strongly urge the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for any person who has a weak or run down system and I am sure they will not fail to be beneficial."

To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be a blessing, curing when all other medicines fail and restoring those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA GREEN OR BLACK. A WISE HOUSEWIFE

looks out for the family health and the family pocketbook. If she uses Ceylon and India Machine-Made Tea she gets the purest and most economical tea to be had.

SALADA

Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Flax, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

STANDARD TIME.

Table of the Hour Reckonings of All Nations.

The difficulty of appreciating the difference in time that prevails between different countries is very general, and the following list is printed for the purpose of a ready reference guide by which to calculate the time of any occurrence in another country. All nations, except Spain, Portugal and Russia, calculate their time from the meridian of Greenwich, accepting as standard some even hour meridian, east or west of Greenwich. For instance:—

Western European time, or that of the meridian of Greenwich, is legal in England, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg.

Central European time, or one hour east of Greenwich, is legal in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Congo Free State, Denmark, Italy, Servia, Sweden, Norway and Switzerland.

Eastern European time, or two hours east of Greenwich, is adopted by Bulgaria, Roumania, Natal and Turkey in Europe.

Eight hours east of Greenwich applies to the Philippines.

Nine hours east of Greenwich is adopted by Central Australia and Japan.

Ten hours east of Greenwich is official in Victoria, Queensland, and Tasmania.

Eleven and a half hours east has been adopted by New Zealand.

The United States, Canada and Mexico have adopted the fifth, sixth seventh and eighth hours west of Greenwich.

The Hawaiian Islands adopt the meridian of ten and a half hours west.

In Spain, the meridian of Madrid, fourteen minutes, forty-five seconds west of Greenwich, is legal; in Portugal, that of Lisbon, or thirty-six minutes, thirty-nine seconds west, and in Russia that of St. Petersburg or two hours, one minute and thirteen seconds east of Greenwich.

A STRAIGHT CASE AGAIN THIS TIME.

Two Letters Which Prove the Permanency of Cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Sam Derrochers Cured of Diabetes in 1898—Had it for over five years—His Recent Letter Proves that His Cure Still Holds Good.

Quebec, June 24.—(Special)—Sam Derrochers, of the Fortress City was cured of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills in 1898. His case is well known here, it having been published in the papers at the time, and a great deal of attention was drawn to Dodd's Kidney Pills on its account.

Gibetes, however, is known to be an incurable disease, and many of the more sceptical of Quebec citizens expressed doubt as to the permanency of the cure. These doubts may now be set at rest. Mr. Derrochers himself attests that in three years he has had no sign of Diabetes' return.

In May 28, 1898, Mr. Sam Derrochers published the following in the Quebec papers: "I have been a victim to Diabetes for over five years with terrible pains around my kidneys. My feet were always cold, and my thirst could not be quenched, no matter what I drank. I tried remedy after remedy but received no help. I purchased one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and found immediate relief. I have now finished five boxes, and can say I am perfectly cured."

Now to clear away all possible doubt that Mr. Derrochers was not cured to show beyond question that Dodd's Kidney Pills did not merely relieve him for the time, but actually cured him of Diabetes, and cured him to stay cured, we publish his letter of April 4th, 1901.

"Dear Sirs—My cure of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills has been permanent. I have not been troubled with a sign of Diabetes since my cure three years ago."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all diseases of the kidneys, and the troubles arising from weak action of the kidneys. They are used throughout the world.

WHERE WAS HE AT.

She—There are some people I like and some I don't like.

He—What about me?

She—Oh, present company is always accepted.

Victoria, Australia, has 1,051,246 acres of gold-bearing land.

You say, pursued the chairman of the investigating committee, that he resorted to no bribery whatever during the election, so far as you are aware? Yes, sir, replied the witness, that's what I said. Did he not circulate several boxes of cigars? Yes, sir, but the cigars wasn't sent. Here's one of them. You can try it.

DR. ALFRED BOULTBEE.

There are 40,000 ill and bedridden paupers in English workhouses.

An iron ship's hull is 40 per cent lighter than one of the same size built of wood, and a steel ship 15 per cent lighter than one of iron.

SCHOLARLY SERVANTS.

Resort to Domestic Employment to Gain a Living.

In many of the smaller hotels of the Latin Quarter in Paris it is no uncommon occurrence for guests to be waited upon by young men who are actually graduates of the French Universities, and who resort to such domestic employment in order to gain a living. Unlike our own 'Varsity students, French undergraduates are often the sons of exceedingly poor people, who deny themselves the necessities of life that their sons may enjoy a University training. The extraordinary spectacle is often witnessed therefore of a classical scholar cleaning boots and scrubbing floors.

Some years ago the writer chanced to be travelling in Normandy, and encountered at a small inn in that province a young "factotum" who entered into an elaborate conversation with him concerning the relative merits of Greek and Latin poetry. Further chat proved that the servant in question had taken high honors at the University of France, and that he was endeavoring to save sufficient money from his "tips" and salary to complete his education and become a barrister.

A Russian servant engaged in a large private house in Moscow recently composed a Greek ode after the style of Anacreon. The verses celebrated the dignities and virtues of the family by whom he was employed, and was said, to be a masterpiece of style, composition, and grace.

Sozodent

A Perfect Liquid Dentifrice for the Teeth and Breath

25¢

Sozodent Tooth Powder

Both forms of Sozodent at the Stores or by Mail; price, 25¢ each; Large Sizes, together, 75¢
HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

ARE YOU A SUN WORSHIPPER?

We wind a watch and turn a screw from left to right, and we think we do it because it is the only right and proper way. We read from left to right, and when we sit down to indite an epistle to our friends our pen goes in the same direction. We open a book and a fold of 100 paper at the left side. That is because we read in the same direction as the sun moves, and, of course, we must write in the corresponding way, for the custom of doing everything from left to right is a relic of the practices of some ancient religion of our worship. On many farms there is a popular notion that if that clump be turned only once from right to left all the work previously done in the manufacturer will be nullified, and the butter be no nearer than it was at the beginning.

Since the year 1000 England has suffered, from 57 famines, Ireland from 34. Scotland has had 12, France 10, and Italy 36.

Beware of Gintments for Catarrh that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when once introduced into the system. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will inflict to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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WALL PAPERS



We are sorting up our stock and offering Reductions of 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. on Wall Papers.

These are not remnants but new stock.

Prices count—and our papers are the finest in the country.

Newest, up-to-date designs, made by the best makers.

Our Bargains in really Fine Papers are wonders.

You Can Make \$1 Buy \$2.00 worth of Paper by buying now

..PAINTS..

Every Can Guaranteed.

Newest Colors,
Best Wearing,
Hardest Drying,
Lowest Prices.

FOR MOTHs.

English LAVENDER FLOWERS, in bags., reduced to 5c.
MOTH BALLS—Camphor.

GILLETTS LYD, 10c. NEW SOAPS & PERFUMES

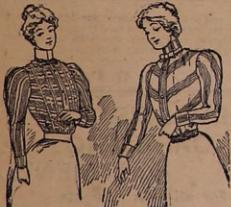
CHAS. E. PARKER,
DRUG AND BOOK STORE.



Your Wants for July Weather
Can Be Supplied Better and Cheaper at
THE FRED.T. WARD CO'S. STORE
THAN ELSEWHERE IN TOWN.

Our lines of SUMMER DRESS GOODS—Organies, Dimities, Muslins, Percales, Piques, Ginghams, etc. are the essence of quality and cheapness.

No two prices, one price to all and best value for all.



TOOKE'S Shirt Waists.

We are having a greater demand for them than ever. The Ladies find the fit unequalled, latest style and quality the best. Call before your size is gone. 69c., 75c. and \$1.25.

Embroideries, Laces, Veilings, Belts, Belt Buckles, Cuff Links and a great variety of Fancy Goods we are Clearing Out at fancy low prices.

The Fred T. Ward Co.

Obituary.

Died on the 29th of June, 1901, Mr. Charles Wright, of the 8th line of Rawdon township. He came with his parents from England to Canada when a boy about 12 years of age, and had been a resident of Rawdon about 60 years. About 50 years ago he bought a farm, on which he resided ever since. Like all the early settlers, by patience, perseverance, and industry, he made a home for himself and family. He was eighty years of age, and leaves a wife and seven children to mourn his loss. Dr. Wright, of Berlin, Ont., is his only surviving brother. The funeral took place from his late residence on July 1st. His remains were taken to St. Thomas Church, where the funeral service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Nimmo, of Rawdon parish. A very appropriate sermon was preached for the benefit of the living, that all might be ready at the Master's call. The interment took place in the little cemetery adjoining the church. He was laid by the side of his daughter, who preceded him some years ago.—Com.

Prize Competition.

The competition for the prize offered by Mr. Boldrick, for the best rendering of the beautiful poem of "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard," created quite an interest, and was held in the High School, after the Entrance Examinations were over, on Friday, 28th June. A large number of scholars and young people were present. Six competitors entered for it and while some were defective in expression, and nearly all were well memorized; and to those who did not secure the prize we would say, you are well repaid for the trouble taken by having stored in your memory such fine expressions of thought, applicable to all stages of life, as no sentiment can be so well expressed in prose as in poetry. The principal contest was between Miss Lefia Johnson and Miss Vita Bailey. Both renderings were excellent, but the judges thought Miss Johnston the more perfect of the two, and she was awarded the prize. The little lady recites well for one so young. Very honourable mention was made by the Chairman, Mr. Boldrick, of Miss Bailey, but as the awarding was quite out of his hand he could only rest on the decision of the judges. Rev. Mr. Burns kindly asked permission to award a prize to Miss Bailey, which he did, and Dr. Faulkner promised a third one. Short addresses were made by the Chairman, Rev's. Johnston and Burns and Dr. Faulkner, which brought the proceedings to a close. We regret

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale the East Half of Lot No. 17 in the 3rd Concession of Thurlow, consisting of 100 acres

metres of land. On the premises is a frame house and barn, and is situated near a good Chestnut and Butter Brook. Convenient to Church and School, is well watered and well fenced, has a good Orchard and is only five and a half miles from Belleville, and sell on Easy Terms.

Apply to Archie Grier on James Boldrick's place in the 5th Con. of Thurlow, or address by letter

ARCHIE GRIER,
Corbyville.

Where others fall, there Dr. Petty's Pills prove their power to cure.

PARKER BROTHERS
BANKERS,
STIRLING - ONTARIO.

A General Banking Business transacted.

4 per cent. allowed on Deposits.

Drafts bought and sold on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain.

Money to let on Mortgages at low Interest.

Office hours from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

F. B. PARKER. R. PARKER, M.D.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be given the following:

To Register Advertising—Three lines and under, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains at Stirling station as follows:

GOING WEST. GOING EAST.

Mail & Ex. 8:27 a.m. Accom. 10:35 a.m. Accom. 8:45 p.m. Mail & Ex. 3:45 p.m.

Buyers present, Bird, Barr, Bailey, Kerr, Russell and Whitton.

All sold as follows:

Bird got 7 and 17 at 8c.

Barr, 8, 10, 11, 14, and 18 at 8 1/2c.

Bailey, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 12, 15, and 16 at 8 1/2c. and 1 at 8c.

Board will meet again on Wednesday, July 10th, at 4 o'clock, p.m.

WEDDING BELLS.

The marriage of Miss Minnie Maude Green, eldest daughter of Lewis Green, Rawdon, and James R. Russell, took place at the bride's home on the evening of June 27, in the presence of about sixty invited guests, Rev. C. E. Pineo presiding the nuptial knot.

The bride was tastefully attired in cream cashmere. The bridesmaid, Miss Hilda Green, was dressed in white muslin, and the maid of honor, little Miss Leta Green, looked very dainty in a gown of cream cashmere and carried a bouquet of roses. The groom was supported by his brother, Miss Stiles presided at the organ. After the ceremony and congratulations the wedding party repaired to the dining room where a sumptuous supper was served. The presents were numerous and beautiful, and attested the esteem in which the bride is held by her friends. The happy couple left on a wedding trip to Prince Edward and other places, followed by the good wishes of their numerous friends.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. W. H. Campbell, of Belleville, is the guest of Mrs. J. Barlow.

Miss Alberta White returned home on Tuesday after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. D. W. Terrell, at Lindsay.

Mr. E. T. Williams, of Marmora, is here

as presiding examiner at the Departmental Examinations now being held in the High School.

Miss Ethel Anderson, granddaughter of Mrs. Judd of this village, recently graduated as a trained nurse from Woodstock Hospital.

Miss M. K. Lambly, teacher in the third department of the Public School, left for her home at Belleville on Monday to spend the vacation.

Mrs. M. Lewis, teacher of the first department of the Public School left for Peterborough on Saturday to spend the vacation with friends there.

PROF. J. H. De Silberg, Optical Specialist, will be at the Stirling House parlors, on Thursday, July 4th, and remain until Saturday afternoon, July 6th.

Rev. W. D. P. Wilson left here for his new charge Canfield this morning. His successor on the Rawdon circuit, Rev. R. Ducker, will arrive here to-day.

Mrs. Lem. McConnell, of Holbrook, Mich., who has been visiting her relatives and friends in this vicinity for the past month left for home on Tuesday last.

Posters have been issued announcing the monster celebration to be held at Spring Brook on Friday, July 12th. The Orangemen of Districts Nos. 1, 3 and 4, Central Hastings, will be present, as also Lodges from Frankford, Campbellford, Blairton, Foxboro and other places. In all 20 Orange Lodges, 8 Lodges of True Blues, and one Prentice Lodge are expected to be present. The committee are putting forth every exertion to make the gathering a success. Dinner will be provided by the ladies in connection with the Church of England. The proceeds to be devoted to the erection of a parsonage at Spring Brook. Frankford and Campbellford Brass Bands will furnish music for the occasion.

Snaps in odd sizes of colored shirts, \$1.25 for 75c., 75c. for 55c. See if we have your size at Fred Ward.

The volunteers arrived home from camp on Saturday even'g, well bronzed, and looking more like veterans from the tented field than when they took their departure twelve days before. They were met at the station by the "Home Guard," and a large number of citizens, who escorted them to the centre of the town, and bid them "welcome home."

IRIS HOSKINS.

In Stirling, on Thursday last, a pocket book, containing a sum of money. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this notice.

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THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1901.

Vol. XXII, No. 44.

The Most Convincing Salesman We
Have Is = = =

HEAR HIM TALK
SHIRTS,
TOOKE'S MAKE,

Price. 
25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. If you would know their values put them along side Shirts that cost half as much again. In grasping for excellence we caught economy as well, and bigness of the lot brings littleness of price, and the benefit is yours.

Straw Hats. Any old Straw Hat is good enough for some men. It is vastly different in a case like yours, as you want one of the latest style and up-to-date, at a price that the maker would smile at, 50c. to \$1.50.

We are here to push business. Give us a shove.

FRED. T. WARD,
YOUR TAILOR & MEN'S OUTFITTER.

= FOR GROCERIES =
GO WHERE YOU GET

25 lbs. Brown Sugar for \$1.00. 2 bottles Pickles for 25c.
20 lbs. Redpath Granulated, \$1.00. 4 boxes Laundry Starch, 25c.
9 lbs. Oatmeal - 25c. Oranges and Lemons, 20c. doz.
3 lbs. Mixed Cakes, - 25c. Lard, pure - 12½c. lb.

Our 25c. JAPAN TEA, try it, you will always buy the same.

We are paying 20c. for Butter and 10c. doz. for Eggs.

DRY GOODS.

Flannelette Sheets, 75c. and 90c. pair. Prints, fast colors, 6c. yd.
Dress Sateens, 38 in. wide, very fine, 12½c. yard.
Mercerized Sateens, some remnants, to be cleared at 15c., regular 25c. yd.
A job lot of Dress Muslins, prices from 8c. to 15c. yard.
Ladies' Vests, 5c. to 25c. each. Children's Vests, half-sleeve, 6c. each.
Ladies, come here to buy light Tweed Skirts, from 20c. yd.
Men's Cotton Socks, 4 pairs for 25c. Men's Colored Shirts, 50c. each.
A job lot Ladies' Sailor must be cleared out at half-price.

C. F. STICKLE.

Seasonable Goods.

**Belt Buckles, Belting, Stick Pins,
Enamelled Brooches, Hair Ornaments.**

See our 25c. BELT BUCKLES, best value in town.

A few PULLEY BELTS left—yours at 25c. each.

W. H. CALDER,
JEWELER & OPTICIAN.

The Mutual Life of Canada

Formerly
THE ONTARIO
MUTUAL LIFE

A Company
OF POLICYHOLDERS
BY POLICYHOLDERS,
FOR POLICYHOLDERS.

AMOUNT OF NEW BUSINESS
Paid for (taken) in 1900.
\$4,671,712.00, being the largest volume
secured in the Dominion by any Canadian Life Company for the year ending
Dec. 31st, 1901.

Beginning the New Century by LEADING ALL ITS COMPETITORS, old and young, among native Life Companies in NEW BUSINESS for the past year, is a record of which any Company might feel honestly proud.

S. BURROWS',
General Agent THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA.

UNEQUAL EYES.

OPPOSITION

—IS THE—

Life of Trade

—IS THE—

COME AND SEE THE
NEW DRUG STORE
CRAIGE BLOCK.

TRY DR. HAMMOND HALL'S

ENGLISH TEETHING SYRUP
for Children. Guaranteed to contain
no opiates.

DR. HAMMOND HALL'S

Baby Laxative Tablets.

TAIT'S WORM CANDY.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

N.B.—This is quite independent of any
other house in the village.

J. PARKER,

DRUGGIST.

Hundreds have testified to the
good Petty's Pills have done them.

ALEX. RAY,
334 Front St., Belleville.

TREES! TREES!

—AT THE—

Belleville Nurseries

I wish to notify my patrons and all

others wanting Fruit and Ornamental

Trees, Small Fruits, Hedge Plants, Roses,

Evergreens, Flowering Shrubs, Climbing

Wines, etc., that I have a good stock of the

best kinds selected and guaranteed to

name, and there has never been any San

Jose scale in my nursery. Stock is right,

prices right. It will pay you to come and

see stock and get prices at the Nursery,

before placing your orders.

W. C. REID,

Aug. 17, 1900. BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Petty's Pills are small — mere

mites — but one is a dose, and

every dose counts. There are no

blanks.

Success in Life.

General Wheeler's Advice to Young Men.

"Fighting Joe Wheeler," a hero of both the Civil and the Spanish-American wars, recently delivered an address in New York before a Church Temperance Society, in the course of which the following striking paragraphs occur:

"During all my life I have had requests from young men for letters which would help them to get situations. I always say to them: 'Go to the place of business where you want to get work and tell the proprietor that you have come to make your fortune and are willing to work hard for it, and that if he will give you a trial, you will come without pay for a month. After you have got a place, be always ready to work. To do that, you must go to bed early and get up early, so as to be at your place of business five minutes before you have to. Then, when you are told to do something, do it, and come back so quickly that they don't know you've been gone. In a year you will be dictating salaries, and not they.' In the last few years business conditions have undergone a great change. These big combinations have been created, and while some people believe they have done a great deal of harm, my advice to young men is to adapt themselves to conditions as they find them, and not try to change them, because they can't do it. I meet every night a man who nineteen years ago had no better chance than any man in this hall. He had a place at six dollars a week in the Homestead Iron Works. There he did his duty to the best of his power, and every time a man was wanted for a place a little better than the one he held, he seemed to be the man selected. In that nineteen years he has climbed up, till now he controls a corporation with a capital of \$1,100,000.00, a sum as great as our country spent in the first forty years of its existence. I learned from this man, Mr. Schwab, that he has never used any tobacco or liquor in his life. The other night I said to him: 'I've been told that in these big corporations, all other things being equal, a man is preferred for promotion, who neither drinks nor smokes.' That is my invariable rule with the 200,000 or 300,000 men I employ," said he. "I find that when two men are equal otherwise, the one who doesn't drink or smoke is the more valuable." There never was an instance on earth of a man working himself to death. It's the most harmless dissipation a man can go into." General Wheeler went on to say that many a man killed himself by whiskey and tobacco whose death was assigned by the doctors to overwork. "No man can succeed," he earnestly declared, in following frivolity instead of duty."

Some Decorative Mottoes.

Having been frequently requested to furnish suitable quotations for various rooms we are pleased to present a few of the many which the Upholsterer has gone to the trouble of collecting, hoping that in the autumn refurnishing they may find place in library, bedroom or kitchen:

The kitchen kills more than the sword. Lips, however rosy, must be fed. Better is a good dinner than a fine coat.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast.

People must eat if every tree were a gallows.

A frying-pan will not wait for the King of Cordova.

Kinder is the looking-glass than the wine glass, for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only, but the latter to our friends.

That is not in the looking-glass that is seen in the looking-glass.

A picture is a silent poem, and a poem is a speaking picture.

Do not budge if you sit at ease.

Lost time never returns.

Take time by the forelock.

Time is money.

Sublime tobacco! which, from East to West, cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest.

Night is the mother of thought.

Our pillow shall be our counsellor.

The evening crowns the day.

Let not the sun look down and say "Inglorious here he lies."

The morning hour has gold in its mouth.

Rest is sweet after strife.

Rest is sweet sauce for labor.

O sleep, it is a gentle thing, beloved from pole to pole.

Sleep is a sovereign physic.

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

A good book is the best of friends.

A library is a repository of medicine for the mind.

Judge not a book by its cover.

A book that remains shut is but a block.

Jest not in earnest.

All that is said in the parlor should not be heard in the hall.

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.

Enough is great riches.

A small fire that warms you is better than a large one that burns you.

The fire is welcome when icicles hang without.

All players cannot win.

In all games it is good to leave off a winner.

There is no better gambling than not to gamble.

A hearth of your own is worth gold. Home is the rainbow of life. A sooty chimney costs many a beef-steak.

A door must be open or shut. Secure the three things, virtue, wealth and happiness; they will serve as a staff in old age.

Youth is a garland of roses.

Anson News.

Mr. E. D. McConnell, is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Chambers, of Ottawa, are spending their holidays at the home of their mother, Mrs. McConnell.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Wood and Miss B. Cabe, of Picton; Mr. and Mrs. T. Cabe, of Wellman's, were the guests of Mrs. N. McConnell, on Saturday last.

Spring Brook.

From Our Correspondent.

Mr. Jno. Morgan met with a very serious accident last Thursday, while working the veneering machine, by which he had the ends of three fingers of the left hand cut off.

The Sabbath School here held the annual picnic on Dominion Day in a grove near the village.

Spring Brook expects a big time on the "glorious twelfth."

Farmers are now busy with their hay. The crop is a good one in this vicinity.

Chatterton Chips.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Miss Nancy Fargey of West Huntingdon, is spending a few days with Mrs. R. Read.

Mrs. Martin Hough and daughter, Ethel, are spending a week with friends at Odessa.

Miss Maud Eggleton, who has been visiting her uncle, Mr. M. Hough, leaves on Thursday for California.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Palmer have been visiting Mr. Finkle, of Stoco.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Reid spent Sunday at Springbrook.

Sine Happenings.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. M. H. Sine, of Toronto, who has been visiting friends in this vicinity, returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. Thomas Fox spent Sunday in Belleville.

Mr. Chas. Green left on Wednesday for New York, where he has accepted a position.

Mr. Soloman Denike is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Telford, Thurso, Que.

The man who got kicked by a cow recently, we are glad to say is able to be around again.

Quite a few intend taking in the 12th at Springbrook.

Madoc Junction Items.

(From our Correspondent.)

Miss Minchin, teacher at Beulah, spent a few days last week visiting friends in our midst.

Rev. N. Harris, the new minister at West Huntingdon delivered an eloquent discourse in the Eggleton church on Sunday last from the words found in Isa. LX: 1.

Miss Pearl Bennett is spending her holidays visiting friends in Madoc.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Eggleton, of Madoc spent Sunday visiting at Mr. A. W. Andrews.

Master Armour Bennett of Kingston, is spending the summer with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bennett.

Miss Katie Barlow of Stirling, and Mr. F. A. Clarke of Port Hope, have been visiting at Mr. Geo. Clarke's.

Mrs. Jas. Palmer and children spent a few days last week visiting friends in this vicinity.

Miss Maud Eggleton has been visiting her sister, Mrs. A. W. Andrews.

Mr. Philip Hamilton has been spending a few days visiting friends in this neighborhood.

Mr. Jacob of Montreal, is in our midst again.

Our teacher, Miss E. M. Hendricks, is spending her holidays at her home in Trenton.

Mrs. A. Seeley of Stirling spent Friday visiting her mother, Mrs. Jas. R. Clarke.

Master Herman Bennett spent Sunday on the Ridge Road.

Miss Nora Carr has been visiting her sister, Mrs. F. Stapley.

Notes of Interest.

Belfast now ranks as the richest and most populous city in Ireland.

Sixty years ago but 150,000 children were enrolled in the East Indian schools.

There are 4,000,000 pupils now.

A recent hotel census of Paris shows that the city has 11,700 hotels.

There are 28,894 juvenile temperance societies in the British Islands, with a membership of 3,536,000.

The mines of West Australia produced in the first quarter of 1901 \$7,635,000 gold, against \$7,365,000 in the same period of 1900.

England's rainfall is equal to 8,000 tons on the acre each year.

The population of the United Kingdom passed that of France for the first time in 1895.

The public houses of London, if set side by side, would reach a distance of something like seventy-six miles.

Thoughts for Every Day.

Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy! It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on.—Shakespeare.

A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose on the grindstone.—Franklin.

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.—Burke.

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About the House.

HEALTH RULES FOR SUMMER.

In any valuable advice about the treatment of oneself in summer, the "don'ts" must largely prevail. During the heat with the gospel of abstinence should be most strenuously and continuously taught and accepted, or illness is the result, writes Dr. J. Livingston.

First, don't entirely shut out the sunlight because it makes the room somewhat warmer or fades the carpet. Life is more than a little extra discomfort or the brightness of carpets; and, when you shut out the sun you shut out the great sterilizer and germ destroyer. You need not, of course, have the sun streaming in all day, but let it come in freely for an hour or two in the morning.

Use as little gas as possible for lighting purposes. It is estimated that one gas jet consumes as much oxygen as six people and adds to the heat. A lamp makes far less heat, but much more than an electric light which uses none of the room's oxygen. Luckily, the hours of summer daylight are so long that one usually has all the time he needs to work or read, before the darkness comes, and requires little artificial light.

Don't neglect your sleeping room. This is a most important don't. Be sure that, during the hour when the sunlight is being admitted the bedclothes have been removed and are spread out so that they, as well as the bed, will become thoroughly aired. Do not sleep in a draught.

But although you should not sleep in a draught, the air should circulate freely through the room. Many people close their windows at night, because they are "afraid of the night air." Night air cannot be the absence of the sun, as is bializing as day air, but it is a thousand times less dangerous than the air which, in a closed room, becomes heavy and poisonous from the exhalations from both body and lungs.

Don't drink too much ice water. This is a dangerous practice. Ice water allays thirst for a few minutes without quenching it. For this reason one who is addicted to ice water usually drinks enough to cause a full and bloated feeling, and to stop digestion by unduly cooling the stomach. Lemonade, made from clear, cool—not ice cold—water, is the most refreshing and satisfying drink for summer.

Let your heartiest meal be at night, or whenever your work for the day is over. Fruit, toast, soft-boiled eggs and oatmeal make a good breakfast. Where the intermission between hours of labor is short, no heavy food should be taken into the stomach. Hundreds of people who eat heartily and return to work almost immediately afterwards have dyspepsia.

WRITING A LETTER.

The most striking thing about an ideal letter is its flavor of the personality of the writer. A letter should convey, as nearly as possible, the same effect as would a talk between the writer and her correspondent. What is a good letter to your mother or sister perhaps would be worthless to anyone else. Always remember to whom you are writing, and write to and for that one person.

General descriptions and observations will be out of place in 99 cases out of 100. Make your letter an index of your mind on the subjects you believe to be interesting to the one to whom you are writing. Put your own individuality into even your observations on the weather. Avoid long excuses for not writing earlier or more frequently. Like apologies for not returning visits of calls, those of the lagging letter writer only emphasize the neglect. Make up for previous shortcomings by writing fully, sympathetically and vivaciously, so that the pleasure of reading your letter will outweigh any disappointment you may have given, or cause it to be forgotten.

CHEESE STRAWS.

To half a cup of sifted flour add a pinch of cayenne, three ounces of grated cheese and a little salt; mix all together and moisten with the yolk of an egg and enough water to make a stiff dough. Knead to a smooth dough. Roll out into a very thin sheet, not more than an eighth of an inch thick; cut out a piece five inches wide, place on a baking sheet or tin and bake in a moderately hot oven for ten minutes. Do not let them brown. Cheese fingers are made from pun paste cut into strips five inches long and a width of an inch wide, a little grated cheese spread in center of a strip and another placed on top. These are baked in a quick oven until done and a light brown. Ends of pun crust may be similarly used with the addition of the grated cheese and cayenne pepper. Either American cheese or Parmesan is good for this use. Cheese straws are delicious with sausages.

NEW WAYS TO COOK CORN.

Corn Oysters: Grate one ear of corn in a pan add a pinch of salt and a little pepper, drop in spoonfuls into a well-greased skillet, and as soon as brown, turn over like griddle cakes. They should be the size of large oysters. Excellent breakfast dish.

Corn Fritters: Cut the corn from 5 or 6 ears, corn break an egg in it and add salt and pepper to suit the taste. Drop from a large spoon into a frying pan with hot butter in it, and fry on both sides to a rich brown.

Fried Green Corn: Cut the corn from the cob, and put it in a skillet that has hot butter and lard mixed. Season with pepper and salt, stir often to keep from burning, and cook it with a cover over it. Corn cooked on the cob, if any is left from the meal, may be cooked in this way and put in the oven and browned.

Corn Custard: Cut corn from the

cob, mix it, not too thinly, with milk, add two or three beaten eggs, pepper and salt to taste, and bake half an hour. To be served as a vegetable.

ASKING THE DOCTOR.

Don't be afraid to ask too much of your doctor; you pay him for his visits, and they should be more than mere social calls. Some doctors rush into a room, repeat a stale joke or two to make the patient laugh, or pay her a flattering compliment; then feel her pulse, and look wondrous wise; then write a prescription for the dear knows what—but we doubt very much if the doctor does; then rush out again without giving anyone a chance to ask him a question, or tell him what had happened in his absence. His bill is \$2, but for what? Ply him with questions about things that have been in his absence. If you cannot remember them all, put them down on a sheet of paper, as they occur to you, and refer to this when he next calls.

LAUNDERING SILK EMBROIDERY.

To launder embroidered linen make a suds with fine soap and warm water. Do not soak, rub or wring the piece, but squeeze the suds through and through until it is clean. Rinse in clear water and dry between towels. It is well not to expose embroidery to the air while it is wet, and it should never be dried in the sun, nor should it be folded or rolled while it is damp. Before it is entirely dry iron it on a piece of thick flannel on a soft, padded board. Lay the embroidered side down, cover it with a dry cloth, and press with a moderately hot iron. Instead of folding it roll it on a large, round wooden stick.

MENDING CHINA.

A clever housekeeper mends her broken china with a home-made cement. Make a thick solution of gum-arabic in water, then stir in plaster of paris until a paste is formed. Apply to the broken parts with a brush and set away to harden.

DOGS OF WAR.

Exhibitions of Their Practical Utility.

Some clever dogs—an Irish wolfhound and some collies—have been for more than three months most carefully and patiently trained by Major Haughtonville Richardson in all the varied duties of dogs attached to a regiment in war time, says a London letter.

They are trained to guard baggage, guard ammunition, carry messages from one part of the field to another and await a reply, give the alarm on the approach of the enemy by running into camp without barking, and to do ambulance duty by seeking the wounded in cover or carrying first aid appliances.

Major Richardson has for some time been in Germany investigating the method of training there, and is now giving daily exhibitions in the grounds of the Crystal Palace in connection with the ambulance section of the Naval and Military Exhibition of the practical uses of dogs attached to regiments in war time.

The performance opens with an attack by the enemy, who are repulsed. When firing ceases the dogs begin their work of carrying first aid to the wounded and seeking those who are wounded in cover.

Attached to the collar of each ambulance dog is a small bottle of brandy. On either side of his saddle cloth, on which the red cross is conspicuous, are pockets, one containing bandages and the other necessities for "first aid" the other a ration of biscuit for the dog himself. Strapped across the back of each is a waterproof sheet for the dog to lie on when guarding baggage or on sentry duty.

The messenger dogs have a waterproof envelope attached to their collars for the conveyance and protection of written messages and despatches.

It is wonderful to watch the dog seeking for the supposed wounded men in the shrubberies and rhododendron thickets of the Crystal Palace grounds, and to note their sagacity and the keen interest they take in their task.

In Germany Great Danes are employed in carrying ammunition; but Major Richardson has trained his own Irish wolfhound to this purpose. The ammunition is carried in two leather pockets strapped across the dog's back. It was strange, indeed, to eyes accustomed to see handsome and gentle Knight of Kerry in the show ring to look upon him as a dog of war. He is a wheaten colored hound and a famous stud dog.

Leno, one of the larger of the other dogs, is a cross between a St. Bernard and a collie, and probably it is some strain of the former breed which makes him so keen in seeking for the wounded and carrying despatches.

One of the Glasgow volunteer regiments is in treaty for the purchase of three dogs.

A LEANING TOWER IN ENGLAND.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa has a rival in the Temple Tower of Bristol in England. It is a square tower of early Gothic architecture. All its parts still preserve their normal relative positions without cracks or fissures. The tower, which is about 115 feet high, is 5 feet out of perpendicular at the summit. There are no records to show whether the inclination was part of the architect's design, or whether it is the result of an earthquake or of slow changes in the inclination of the soil. For many years there has been no change in the slope of the tower.

RUINED BY THEIR HOBBIES

AMUSEMENTS THAT WRECKED GREAT FORTUNES.

Passion for Golf Ruined Kenneth Price—Spent Three Fortunes in Horses.

Without counting betting as a hobby—which it is not—170 wealthy people have been driven to bankruptcy, and in many cases to death as well, by a violent passion for one particular amusement. This ranges over anything between deer-stalking and collecting stamps, says London Answer.

Kenneth Price, who died six months after his bankruptcy last year, owed his disaster to golf, his one mastering passion. His fame as a golfer was universal; but he was the son of Gordon Price, the wealthy Scotch ironmaster, who left him the business. Kenneth started

PLAYING THE ROYAL GAME

as a boy, and for twenty-five years he lived solely for golf, playing day and night—literally, for he had his well-known links at Alderley lit by electric arc-lights, at a cost of over \$35,000.

At St. Andrews and all the great golfing centres he spent thousands, staying at the most costly hotels, and finally living on the links. He did the thing well, certainly, for he held five amateur championships, and paid his private "caddie," John Macleod, \$1,500 a year. But an ironmaster's business needs looking after; and as golfing took up all his time, save about ten days a year, which he devoted to business, the Price profits dwindled. And when he found himself insolvent early last year the reason of his bankruptcy was "over-expenditure on golf." He died six months later, at Edinburgh.

It was the downfall of Elliot Reid, owner of the famous "Myrtie."

He owned altogether 153 boats in his career, and for ten years he claimed to have never been out of sight of one of his costly craft. His love of yachting amounted almost to mania, and though his income was given as \$30,000 a year, it could not keep pace with this expenditure on his hobby. Yet he spent hardly a penny apart from his yachts, for he lived on board his favorite craft—the "Olney"—having no dwelling ashore; and when she was "laid up" in the mud for the winter, he

STILL LIVED ON HER.

He had an example of every new style of racing-yacht built for him when it appeared, and he bought and sold big yachts almost weekly, giving any price the seller chose to ask; but never getting much for them when he sold them. He talked and dreamed of nothing but yachting, and was a splendid hand at it, commanding all his own boats; and he had every kind of yacht conceivable, except a steam-launch, which was a thing he abhorred.

However, even \$30,000 a year would not stand such a strain long, and at his bankruptcy his yachting expenses were given—truly enough—as the reason for his failure. The yachts were his only assets, every penny of his capital being spent, and they were sold by official order.

Elliot Reid committed suicide at Dartmouth a few weeks later, dying absolutely penniless.

No man ever loved horses better, or knew more about them, than Whyte Morley, and they were his ruin, as a hobby. Not by gambling, for he never made a solitary bet in his life; but he spent three separate fortunes.

EACH OVER \$75,000.

in breeding and training horses. He raced to a moderate extent, never gambling, and was very successful, and at Three Elms, his home in Leicestershire, he kept always between forty and fifty thoroughbreds tending them like babies and paying all his men well. As his income could never have been more than \$5,000 a year, it is easy to see how he came a cropper.

His luck, in one way, was so good that, after he had spent all his money, he received a legacy of \$50,000, and before that was quite gone, another windfall of the same amount; but he lived and slept with his horses, spending anything up to \$15,000 for a famous racehorse, and Pontifex alone cost him \$10,000.

He was liked by everyone, and always said that he was perfectly willing to ruin himself for the sake of horses. His expensive pets brought him to the Bankruptcy Court at the close of '99, and though he was just able to pay his creditors in full, he was left practically penniless.

HE ENLISTED

in the Yeomanry, and died a hero, and died only a few months ago.

The splendid Lennox collection of old chin and pictures that came under the hammer a little while ago.

He was liked by everyone, and always said that he was perfectly willing to ruin himself for the sake of horses. His expensive pets brought him to the Bankruptcy Court at the close of '99, and though he was just able to pay his creditors in full, he was left practically penniless.

HE DIED

not want to interrupt your discourse on woman's fears of mice, and I knew that nothing was to be feared from a little blackbeetle. It is a small, weak little thing, and—

"Oh, of course—just so!" snarled Mr. Darley, as he walked off in a Huff, without waiting for his wife to finish her sentence.

"What inconsistent creatures men are," soliloquized Mrs. Darley, as she watched her husband's form disappear round the corner.

a hopeless case, and a year afterwards, he died, in extreme poverty, being, as the attending doctor certified,

PRACTICALLY STARVED

to death. On his sister's death the collection was sold, but did not fetch the tithes of what he had spent on it.

What Arthur Griffiths, the famous dog-fancier did not know about dogs was not worth knowing; and though he was wealthy, they landed him in the net of insolvency at last. Considering that he never had less than a couple of hundred at a time, and never sold any, though he often gave them away, this is not surprising, especially as he seldom had one worth less than \$50. The prices he paid for specially-bred dogs were limited only by the sums the vendors were inclined to ask, and he several times gave \$500 for one. The famous Muskie collie cost him \$1,000.

His kennels at Sutton and Reigate were marvels of luxury and costliness, and the weekly bills for food alone used to run into \$50 for each establishment. He bought, on an average a couple of new dogs every year, sometimes making presents of entire batches to his friends. There are not many dog-lovers who do not know of Arthur Griffiths; and as his expensive hobby brought him nothing in return—he frequently said he would as soon think of selling his own brother as of taking money for a dog at the weight. He broke the bank, and brought his family into insolvency. He showed that he had given over \$35,000 for the dogs he then had in hand, to say nothing of the hundreds he had parted with; but when the kennels were sold at the famous Astley sale, they did not fetch \$2,000. Griffiths died in the States, at eighteen months ago.

TROUBLE AT DARLEY'S.

It all Arose over a Little Mouse and a Black Beetle.

"Oh, dear," gasped Mrs. Darley, as she rushed out of the house and sank into a garden-seat by the side of her husband.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Darley, as soon as he could remove, with great deliberation, the cigar from his mouth.

"It was a mouse. It ran just across the floor of the dressing-room."

"Did it attack you fiercely, dear, and did you escape only after a terrible hand-to-hand combat?"

"Now, you are making fun of me, Frank," the little woman pouted, "and I think it is unkind of you."

"I don't intend to be unkind, dear, but you must own your fear of mice is very foolish. Of course, I know that it is a very general fear of your sex, but that is no reason why individuals should not try to rid themselves of the habit of getting frightened into fits every time a mouse makes its appearance. It is a small weak little thing, and—

Mr. Darley interrupted himself to insert the fourth finger of his right hand between his collar and his neck and to wriggle with his shoulders, while he said:—

"What on earth has got down my back?"

"It's only a blackbeetle, dear," replied Mrs. Darley. "I saw it crawling over your collar."

Darley jumped up and began thrashing wildly about with his hands and exclaiming:—

"Take it off, Nellie! take it off! Oh, the nasty thing will kill me. Push your hand right down! Oh, dear, I can feel it getting down into the small of my back. Oh, oh! But this is torture! Can't you do anything to help a fellow, instead of standing staring like that?"

"If you don't stand still, dear, I—"

"Stand still! How can I stand still with a venomous thing like that parading up and down my spinal column?"

With this Mr. Darley threw himself upon the ground and rolled over on his back, while his faithful wife hovered over him, anxiously trying to be of some use. A neighbor, who had called, thought that Mr. Darley was writhing in the throes of an epileptic fit, and, with rare presence of mind, rushed for water, having obtained which he threw it all over Mr. Darley before Mrs. Darley could stop him. The water must have drowned the blackbeetle for Mr. Darley arose, and was about to expostulate with the man who had "brought him to," but his wife stepped between the two men and stopped what might have been a quarrel.

"You had better go to your room and change your clothes, dear," she said to her husband.

After he had gone she explained the cause of the trouble to the neighbor, and the latter departed. After Mr. Darley had put on dry clothes he came downstairs and said:—

"Did I understand you to say that you saw a blackbeetle crawling over my collar, and never said a word about it?"

"Why, dear," replied she, "I did not want to interrupt your discourse on woman's fears of mice, and I knew that nothing was to be feared from a little blackbeetle. It is a small, weak little thing, and—

"Oh, of course—just so!" snarled Mr. Darley, as he walked off in a Huff, without waiting for his wife to finish her sentence.

"What inconsistent creatures men are," soliloquized Mrs. Darley, as she watched her husband's form disappear round the corner.

SLAVES IN BRITISH TERRITORY.

Theoretically there are no slaves in Hong Kong, as it is British territory, but in reality the city is full of them," according to a current historian. They are the maid-servants and nurses of the Chinese. Every small-footed lady needs slaves to help her about, and in the houses of the rich, where there are many daughters, it is not uncommon to find from twenty to thirty slaves in a single family.

FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

GOOD CATTLE.

We wish we could impress upon every owner of cattle the importance of the best animals of their kind over the inferior ones to be found in greater or less number in so many herds among the common farmers. Good animals of their kind are not accidents—they are the result of breeding such animals as reproduce their own desirable characteristics.

Hence all inferior animals are the result of improper breeding. We remarked last fall the unevenness or lack of uniformity of the herds of grade cattle seen at the fairs. One animal would represent one characteristic, and another something widely different. There was no point to the herd, no purpose shown in the breeding, no desire to improve the number. Looking at the herd one would be at a loss to know what the owner was keeping cattle for. This is just the condition of far too many herds as found on many farms all over the country. This all comes from an indifference on the part of the owner as to the value of the best animals over the inferior. There is not an owner to be found but realises the superior value to him of some individuals of his herd over others he is keeping. Yet he fails to put forth the required effort to make his herd of only those made up for the work he has in hand. This is more especially marked in the breeding of animals than in the selection by purchase.

While a well-bred steer will make twice as rapid growth as another, and when he is grown is so made up as to be of greater value per pound, and one cow will give twice the milk of another on the same feed, yet owners of these animals do not seem to put forth great effort to breed those of the best. We once heard a noted breeder of fine cattle say that he never saw a superior bull in any man's hands, but if he really felt that he ought to have him to use in his own herd he could find some way to get him. If every owner of cattle felt like that and would give corresponding attention to the quality of the animals he is breeding there would be far less inferior animals kept than is now the case.

Every owner keeps cattle for a purpose. That purpose should be manifested in every animal bred or kept on the farm. With studied attention given to the matter there would not be the wide difference in the merits of animals now seen.

The best, the ideals, are worth to the owner several times the value of the inferior. The points of excellence desired should be held in view, and the owner should at every step be working to that standard. There is profit in good cattle.

THE SWINEHERD.

The first 100 pounds of a pig may be the cheapest as far as feed is concerned, but they are much the dearest if we take into account pains and labor of looking after their earthly existence.

If the young porker thrives well in making the first 100 pounds, nine chances out of ten he will make a thrifty, large and vigorous hog. The troubles that may overtake the little pigs are numerous. A few of the most common are scours, thumps, constipation, mange, or skin diseases, and last, but not least, worms.

If a dam is not in good condition at farrowing time, pigs will not come easily, or they may be the squeaky kind which scarcely ever live more than a couple of days. To avoid this feed in winter when there is no grass will make of wheat shorts and oilmeal twice daily, before grain, dry oats in the morning, and dry corn at night. This rich swill may not be necessary all winter, but it is absolutely necessary from two to three weeks before farrowing. Oil meal must be fed very lightly in the beginning, but can be increased to a handful at a time. Brood sows, fed in this way, will bring forth strong, active pigs, and forceps will not be necessary.

Pigs should be picked up as fast as they come and placed in a box, provided with a warm stone and dry straw in the bottom and a blanket over the top. Do not cover too tight or you might smother them.

If the sow is quiet, you may place them with her as soon as they all get dry; if not it is safer to keep them in a box a day or two, letting them suck every three hours. Provide with fresh lard or bacon daily, to avoid losing tails or contracting skin diseases. After ten or twelve hours the dam will require a very thick swill slightly warmed. The second day a little grain may be fed with the swill, start with a handful and increase each feed. By the end of the week you can have her back to a liberal ration.

Watch the little fellows closely. If they look hungry, give them a little more feed; if fat and contented, they are getting enough. No two can be fed alike; use a little common sense and you will get along O.K.

Always provide for plenty of pasture; it is the best and cheapest feed. If they are doing very well and look as robust and plump as dollar signs, they are likely to get thumps. Here plenty of exercise is all the medicine they require. Get after them with the buggy whip, and run them until they are all tired out. Do this twice daily until a little of the fat is worked off.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1901.

The War Nearing Its Close.

Late despatches state that there is no longer any talk of reinforcing the British Army in South Africa. Gen. Kitchener does not ask for more troops, but is contented with the situation, and with the steady progress made in clearing the country. The Boer force ranges between 7,000 and 10,000 men.

The last incident officially reported is the burning of a railway station 50 miles from Johannesburg on the Natal Railway, with a final repulse of the raiders. It was even more insignificant than the wrecking of a train on the Pietersburg line. The largest Boer force which has been raiding or skirmishing during recent weeks does not exceed 400 men. The captures of stock and supplies are constantly reported by Gen. Kitchener, and the Boers are surrendering by scores or hundreds every week. It is evident that the Boer guerrilla warfare becomes more by month less vexatious, and that Gen. Kitchener is gradually wearing down by processes of attrition the Dutch resources for resistance, marvelously efficient as these have proved. The bands of raiders have been reduced in strength, and their capacity for inflicting injury has been impaired. The loss of horses would be an insuperable obstacle to a continuance of guerrilla warfare if the fighting Boer when reduced to hard straits were not enabled to conceal his gun and masquerade as a refugee farmer. The difficulty of ending the war has been increased by the readiness with which the Boers without uniforms have been transformed into neutrals and British sympathizers at a moment's notice, and also by the systematic arrangements for feeding and protecting the women and children.

Strike Settlement Probable.

A Montreal despatch of Tuesday says: The indications to-day point to a settlement of the trackmen's strike on the C. P. R. within a week. Both sides are evidently tired of the struggle. If a disinterested party influential enough to open negotiations comes forward, the difficulty can be speedily settled. The settlement will, it is hinted, be arranged on the basis of recognition by the company of the men as an organized body, with reasonable conditions, concessions in respect to conditions of employment and wages. This information is gleaned from good sources on both sides.

The Review of Reviews says that if Mr. Carnegie live for thirteen years more and die at the age of eighty, leaving behind him a fortune of \$25,000,000, he will still have to dispose of from \$50,000,000 to \$55,000,000 before his death. That is he will have to dispose of £40,000,000, say \$20,000,000, a year, till 1914. If he were to give a £5 note a minute day and night throughout the year, he would have disposed of only £2,500,000. He will have to distribute his money at the rate of £5 a minute day in and day out, making no reduction in time for savings on Sundays. At this rate he will still have £25,000,000 intact at the age of eighty. Yet compared with the wealth accumulated by stock gambling in Wall Street, the money made by Carnegie in making steel is honourably and honestly earned. No wonder Mr. Carnegie says he has just begun to give.

A contemporary says that at one time the valley of the River Thames, between London and Chatham, was covered with magnificent black walnut trees, which in the early days were of no commercial value, but now would be a big fortune for each owner of a farm. These trees were cut down and burned so as to clear the land for the pioneer's crops. "A man in North Carolina, the other day was selling standing timber—walnut trees. The buyer offered \$50 for one fine tree. The owner sent for experts, and as the result got \$1,500 for it (curled walnut). The buyer realized \$3,000 for it on the cars. It was shipped to New York and was cut into veneers from one-sixth to half an inch, and the sales watched. The tree brought \$60,000." The judicious planting of trees is profitable not only to the individual but to the community. The pioneer destroyed trees which for him were obstructions to farming, and for which he could obtain no market; but there is no such excuse to-day.—Globe.

A movement is on foot in Addington County to invite Hon. George Foster to run for the House of Commons in that riding, taking the place of the late J. W. Bell.

Rev. Dr. Sanders, of Campbellford, has been appointed a delegate to the International Epworth League Convention, which meets in San Francisco. He will be absent about five weeks.

Mr. D. A. Carrrike, of Campbellford, has a peach tree four years old, which is now beginning to bear fruit, and has this season one peach upon it.

Mr. A. M. Shields, B.A., late principal of the Campbellford High School, was recently presented with a gold-headed cane and an address by a number of his friends in Campbellford.

Mr. F. E. Gaudrie, of Campbellford, has offered a reward of \$100 to any person who will give positive information as to the person or persons who started the report that he was drowned in Crow Bay on July 1st.

Dr. Third, attacked by creeping paralysis a few years ago, and whose death was awaited for days, is now fast recovering his muscular powers.

He was able last week to perform a critical operation at his home in Campbellford. He will be able to resume his practice in Kingston next month.

Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner.

Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, and to warn men against its noxious properties. The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam was not also left its mark is not known, but as only one piece seems to be missing, its loss is ascribed to the woman.

An Assisted Proposal.

"You know Bagsley? Yes. Then you know how bashful he is. Eh, you don't know? Well, I'll give you an example. He's been courting Grace Billingsly for a long, long time, and Grace was getting a little desperate. The night of the Fourth he came up as usual and sat on the Billingsly's porch, alone with Grace, and seemed as fast off as ever from the momentous question. Pretty soon Grace saw the small boy next door sneak out in the road with a cannon cracker, and light the fuse and run away. And then, just as the thing went off with a frightful roar, Grace dropped her head on Bagsley's shoulder and murmured, 'Oh George, this is so sudden!' Well, Bagsley isn't such a fool as he might be, and his arm went round her waist in no time. 'I—I was afraid,' he slightly stammered, 'that you didn't hear me!' Grace looked up. 'Why, mercy, dear, I was afraid all the neighbors would hear you!' And George, who hadn't said a word, was wise enough to say nothing."

The Duke of Cornwall's collection of stamps is said to be worth £100,000.

More than 4,000 persons are said to have been drowned by recent floods in China.

The Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, daughter of Queen Victoria, is growing weaker.

The body of eight-year-old Arthur Hunter, missing since last Thursday, has been found in the harbor at Belleville.

It is officially stated that there are now 251,000 British troops in South Africa, of which number 4,000 are on the sick list.

The British revenue returns for the first quarter of the current year show an increase of \$15,000,000 over the corresponding quarter last year.

The manufacturers of Toronto propose to expend \$10,000 as their contribution towards the decoration of Toronto on the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

The success of the recent colonization excursion is shown by the fact that 40,000 acres of land have been taken up by incoming settlers in Temiscaming since the date of the excursion.

A Detroit despatch dated Saturday says:—A special from Houghton, Michigan, says:—Snow fell here and at Calumet this morning. The Quincy hills were white with it early, but it soon melted away.

Spurred by the success of the British liquor trade in founding a chain of brewing at Birmingham University, English temperance leaders are endeavoring to endow lectureships devoted to the gospel of total abstinence.

Mr. Ems, a prominent resident of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, has received word from Russia that the Molokames, or Milk people, are coming to Canada. They number 32,000, and will settle along North Branch, between Rosthern and Battleford.

Premier Roblin of Manitoba, estimates the yield of wheat in that Province at nearly thirty bushels per acre, and thinks 20,000 additional men will be required to harvest the crop. The above estimate of yield would give a crop of 60,000,000 bushels.

There was wisdom in the decision of that New York girl who braved her engagement to marry a man of the same city because she saw him cruelly abuse a horse. The lady in this case probably saved herself a few weeks after the wedding, for the man who is cruel to the dumb animal is generally not very gentle with the kind that talks.

We may love our homes ever so dearly, and count them the most precious places on earth, but now and then we want to take to the road. Home will be all the sweeter by and by, and we the better able to attend to our duties there, if we have an occasional outing.—July Ladies' Home Journal.

It is far better to dine after one's day's work is over, when one can rest and digest the food, than to eat and then immediately hurry to work. People who go to bed very early should take dinner in the middle of the day and then take an hour's "nooning" as it were.—July Ladies' Home Journal.

Official preparations are already being made, the expected route is through the same trifurcations as at Queen Victoria's coronation in June, 1838. Offers running up to several hundred pounds are already being made for seats on the route. It is evident that King Edward's coronation will eclipse in magnificence that of any previous Sovereign.

Ask your druggist for Petty's Pills. If he hasn't got them write us, enclosing the price, 50 cents, and we will supply you.

Does your head ache? Take a Petty. Does your back ache? Take a Petty. Does your side ache? Take a Petty. And do not take any other.

THE AREA OF CANADA

COMPARED WITH THE STATES OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

Great Heritage of Canadians—Their Country Is Second to None on the Face of the Globe—European Comparisons Give Us an Even Better Idea of Our Great Size—Possibilities of the Country.

Canadians have the greatest and richest country in possibilities upon this continent. How great and vast these interests are can be gathered in a manner from the following statistics selected after diligent research from various sources of information.

Ontario, with an area of 220,000 square miles is larger than all the following States of the Union: New York, 49,170 square miles; Massachusetts, 8,315; Connecticut, 4,990; New Jersey, 7,815; Maine, 33,040; Pennsylvania, 45,215; Maryland, 12,210; Indiana, 36,350; Vermont, 9,565 square miles, making a total of 206,670 square miles, and in which we can comfortably include the following additional states, viz.: Delaware, 2,050 square miles; District of Columbia, 170 square miles; Rhode Island, 1,250 square miles; or a total of 210,140 square miles.

After including the above, we can still afford to be generous, and leave room for another state as large as New Jersey, with 7,815 square miles, and still have some 4,000 square miles to toss off if closely cornered. Quebec is nearly 9,000 square miles larger than the Province of Ontario, measuring 228,900 square miles. The two Provinces named, with British Columbia, possessing an area of 383,300 square miles, total \$34,200 square miles, and is as large as all of the following Western States, viz.: Colorado, 103,925 square miles; Idaho, 48,800 square miles; Illinois, 56,025 square miles; Iowa, 56,025 square miles; Kansas, 80,080 square miles; Michigan, 58,915 square miles; Minnesota, 83,365 square miles; Ohio, 40,060 square miles; Oregon, 96,030 square miles; North Dakota, 70,795 square miles; Utah, 84,970 square miles; leaving 15,000 square miles to spare. Our Northwest Territory alone comprises 96,000 square miles; this area added to the three provinces already named, gives a total of 1,740,200 square miles by the way of still further comparison, an extent of territory larger than Alaska, by 577,390 square miles. But a larger part of Canada still remains to be considered, viz.: Manitoba, 73,956 square miles; Assiniboin, 89,535 square miles; Saskatchewan, 107,092 square miles; Keewatin, 282,000 square miles; Alberta, 106,000 square miles; Athabasca, 104,500 square miles; territory east of Keewatin and south of Hudson Bay, 196,800 square miles; territory of Hudson's Bay, 353,000 square miles; islands north and northwest, not enumerated in above, 300,000 square miles; Great Lakes and River St. Lawrence, not included in above, 47,400 square miles; Prince Edward Island, 2,000 square miles; New Brunswick, 28,200 square miles; Nova Scotia, 20,600 square miles.

Students of the Canadian situation can best understand the magnitude of the heritage the British in the past have been so careless about, and are now at this day growing so solicitous for, by comparing the Canadian areas with those of the United Kingdom itself and the European nations. All Britain and Ireland, for example, contain 120,930 square miles; England and Wales, 58,311; Scotland, 29,785; Ireland, 32,532, and the islands, 302. This entire area, if it could be set down in Ontario, would leave not very far from half the Province still untouched—plenty of room, at any rate, for another England, Wales and Ireland. The whole of the United Kingdom and Ireland, if they could be dumped into British Columbia, would take up less than a third of that Province, leaving an unoccupied area big enough to accommodate the same twice over, with a trifl of 20,000 square miles to spare.

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Ontario, alone, 219,650 square miles, is bigger than France, 210,000 square miles; Germany, 212,000 square miles; Italy, 114,000 square miles; Spain, 182,758 square miles.

Ontario and Quebec alone, 447,150 square miles, are bigger than Austria-Hungary, 236,311 square miles; Sweden and Norway, 288,771 square miles, and all the smaller States of Europe put together, added to either of the above. The biggest State in Europe is Russia, containing about 2,041,809 square miles. Our Northwest Territories, 906,000 square miles, Manitoba and Northwest districts, enumerated above, 1,617,783 square miles, total 2,523,783 square miles, are big enough to swallow all Russia in Europe, and leave 481,974 miles to spare, an unused area greater than all France and Germany put together.

In summing up, one must overlook the immense possibilities in commerce in connection with this vast territory. We must not forget the valuable wealth in our forests, in gold, silver and other minerals, our extensive fisheries, and huge areas of fertile wheat lands. One can scarcely comprehend in a newspaper article what an enormous heritage Canadians possess, much of it yet to be peoples and developed.

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Annual Remnant Sale.

Our Summer Sale of Remnants of last season's stock is now on in every department. Hundreds of ends of PRINTS, MUSLINS, GINGHAM, SHIRTINGS, LINENS, SHEETINGS, TICKINGS, etc., are being offered at greatly reduced prices.

We specify a few of the many bargains:—

TRIMMED MILLINERY at HALF-PRICE. All of our handsome Colored Trimmed Millinery reduced HALF-PRICE.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

25 per cent. off all Mantles and Costumes. 75c. Colored Blouses for 49c.

1700 yds. Fancy Dress Muslins.

A late shipment of Muslins. We bought them at far below their actual value. This is just the season a Muslin Dress is most appreciated.

SPECIAL OFFER—10 yd. Dress Length for \$1.25. This is one of our many Special Bargains in the Wash Goods Department.

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This store will be closed Wednesday afternoons during July and August.

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E. W. Brooks has secured the noted Yorkshire Coach Horse, AMBASSADOR, No. 1601, imported by F. Row, Belmont, Ont.

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For further particulars and terms see bills.

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TO JAN. 1, 1902, 40c.

Where others fail, these Dr. Petty's Pills prove their power to cure.

We are spending thousands to make Petty's Pills known. Our money proves our faith. A trial will secure yours.

For a clear complexion, take Petty's Pills. They never fail to clear the skin.

Thousands of ladies swear by them.

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Subscription Department,

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It is pages are filled by a brilliant array of writers and artists. Its authoritative and independent reviews of Books, Plays, Music and Art, its clever stories, strong special articles, humor and verse, with fine illustrations, make it a necessity in every intelligent home. The very low subscription price—\$1.00 per year—bids it within the reach of all. Reliable agents wanted in every town. Extraordinary inducements. Write for particulars.

A TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION WILL PROVE IT.

It is a splendid portrait of Bob McCready, one of the best football players in Canada. He is a member of the Ottawa University team, and has been in all of its championship matches. He is a splendid specimen of robust Canadian manhood, but, strong as he is, he is known what it is to suffer from dyspepsia. So seriously afflicted was he at the opening of the past (1899) season, that he was not able to go out with this. Fails in the back and sides, intermittent headache, and the awful pang he suffered after eating, the result of an impaired digestion, warned him that he was in no condition to play football, the hardest of all games. Besides, he lacked the energy to carry him through a campaign. He consulted his physician, but that gentleman gave him no relief. "At this stage," he writes, "I was advised to try Dr. Petty's Pills. The new remedy that one of my friends assured me was wonderful in its effects. I was skeptical, but he sounded their praises so persistently that I was at length induced to try them. The very first dose drove the pain away, and at the end of a week I rejoined my team, and have come through each one of the hardest seasons since. He is the best form that I have ever been in. Dr. Petty's Pills are alone to thank for my condition. They are the best medicine I have ever taken. They make one so strong and so full of life that I shall not envy others any others when I feel in need of a strengthener." Such is the recommendation of this well-known athlete, and such will be the experience of every one who tries this wonderful remedy.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HALLIWELL & BOLDRICK,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES,
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EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
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TRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY, will visit Stirling professionally, the second and last Friday in each month, and further notice.

The Dental English, Wireless, Air, Gas, and all the modern improvements known to Dentistry, will be used for the painless extraction and preservation of the natural teeth.

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES AND Justice of the Peace for County Hastings.

A. E. TWEEDIE, V. S., Stirling.

Office—Opposite the Grist Mill.

All calls promptly attended day and night.

Her Funniest Experience.

Says Mary C. Williams in The Montreal Witness: I met two ladies one moonlight evening. Each of them had a basket of green corn. As they looked very much excited, I asked them what was the matter, but got no answer from them at the moment. They sat down on an old log and took off their sun hats and began to fan themselves. At last they recovered their breath and began to laugh, and told me that our neighbor gave them leave to go to his field and pick some corn. To take a short cut home they came across the fields, and they heard something following them. They ran for it, they were worth being too much frightened to look around to see what it was until they came to the next field. Then they found out, was an old mare, which wanted some of their corn. Now what these ladies imagined to be following them leave to others to judge, as I questioned them about it but got no answer. I may say that shortly before this little event a man committed suicide in the field they had crossed.

A Dreadful Disappointment.

"My dear," said Mr. Wagge, "as I was to Mrs. Gazzam, the house just now I saw Mrs. Gazzam in the park kissing some one who was not—was not M. Gazzam."

"Oh, Henry!" gasped Mrs. Wagge. "Are you sure? Well, did you ever, oh, my! But I've always suspected Mrs. Gazzam. She's much too saucy, timorous, you know. Kissing—why I must call up Mrs. Jorkins on the telephone and tell her all about it. Kissing a—I don't suppose you could see who it was, Henry?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wagge, "I could quite distinctly."

"You could? Oh, Henry, who was it? Anybody we know?"

"Oh, yes. It was Mrs. Gazzam's mother."

"You—brute!"

Bad Company.

Ex-Speaker Leblanc, advocate for Constable Plouffe, we are told, made a strong appeal for clemency for his client, who, he declared, "had been an honest man until he joined the police force." There he found a school of immorality, and he fell. The severity of Mr. Leblanc's criticism will be better appreciated when it is remembered that Plouffe was once an official of the Quebec Legislature. He passed not through that deal unscathed, but the Montreal police force was too much for him. Montreal Star.

A Curious Canadian Case.

The paragraphs are diverting themselves with the case of a Canadian who traded his wife for a dog, traded the dog for a shotgun, traded the shotgun for a log of wood, drank brandy, drank the apples, and died of delirium tremens. It is a curious case of suicide. New York World.

Diplomacy.

"How do you do 'diplomacy'?" asked the student. "Diplomacy," answered the man, "is the art of conducting a quarrel without seeming angry."

Dr. Petty's Pills.

Dr. Petty's Pills never fail to give relief, and they cure if given an honest trial.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

We are very slightly changed From the semiaples who ranged India's prehistoric clay.
Who'd dream'd that now
Hath thy brother down, you know,
As we run man down today,
"Dowd," in the fact of all his race,
Met the semiaples face to face
On the lake or in the cave,
Stole the steadiest canoe,
At the quarry others slew,
Died—and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer bone,
Some one made the sketch his own,
Fetched it from the artist; then,
Even in those early days,
Won a simple victory's praise
Through the toll of other men.

Here they hewed the sphinx vase,
Favoritism governed kissage,
Even as it does in this age.

Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheop's pyramid
Was that the contractor did
Cheop on a several millions
Or that he's hidden rise
To manipulate of supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On King Pharaoh's smart civilians?

Thus the artless songs I sing
Do not sing with anything
Now or never said before,
As it was in the beginning,
Is today official singing
And shall be forevermore.

—Rudyard Kipling.

THE LOSS of THE HUAFA

By M. Quad.

Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.

It is now 20 years since the marine tragedy at Valdivia, a port in Chile, and the mystery surrounding the affair is not much clearer than it was the day it occurred. At midnight one dark and rainy night a Spanish man-of-war named the Huafa and carrying a crew of 400 men entered the bay at slow speed, intending to anchor within half a mile of the wharfs. Of a sudden she was almost lifted out of the waters and canted over on her beam ends, and something was felt to scrape along her whole side and keel. There was instant alarm throughout the whole ship, but before a single man of the watch below could reach the deck the Huafa turned turtle and went down in 60 feet of water. The suction carried down all who were on deck, and of that whole crew only 14 men escaped with their lives, and among them was not one single officer. They were all agreed that the bows of the ship were suddenly lifted to an angle of 45 degrees and that after a few seconds she was twisted to port, and they heard the snapping and crashing of wood and iron.

It was at first believed that the Huafa had struck and run upon a submerged wreck, but after a vain search for

Curious to relate, not a yard of tapestry was ever woven by a member of the Gobelin family. Immortality came to them from the fact that in the middle of the fifteenth century the founder of the family established a dyehouse which became famous and brought the proprietors fortune. Descendants shrewdly transported skilled tapestry weavers from Flanders, whose work they directed and marketed until tapestry and Gobelin became then, as now, synonymous throughout the world. Donahe's.

No Chance in History.

Mazzini said that he did not believe that chance existed in history. "A cause must necessarily underlie every event, although for the moment it may appear as the result of apparently accidental circumstances. An Alexander, a Caesar, a Napoleon, are not the results of accident, but the inevitable product of the time and nation from which they spring. It was not Caesar who destroyed the Roman republic. The republic was dead before Caesar came. Sulla, Marius, Catiline, preceeded and foreshadowed Caesar, but he, gifted with keener insight and greater genius, snatched the power from them and concentrated it in his own hands."

"For there was no doubt that he was fitter to rule than all the others put together. At the same time, supposing he had appeared 150 years earlier, he would not have succeeded in destroying the republic. When he came the life had already gone out of it, and even Caesar's death could not restore that."

Cured Her Sore Throat.

A lady who was visiting at the house of a friend when attacked thus describes the unique manner in which she relieved a serious case of sore throat: "I awoke one morning with my throat so sore and swelled internally that I could scarcely swallow. I did not like to trouble any one, yet felt that I must do something for it. I had read that the fumes from burning sulphur were good for diphtheria, and a similar remedy flashed across my mind. I lit a match and inhaled the first sulphurous smoke from it. Of course it made me cough, but it relieved the smarting in my throat instantly. While dressing I tried two others and went down to breakfast hour, but the soreness was gone."

Sleep and Dreams.

A German physician says: "The fact is women require a larger amount of sleep than men. The nervous excitability of the female constitution is generally greater than is the case with the stronger sex, and a woman's sleep is consequently lighter. Her dreams are more vivid and leave a more lasting impression on the memory. Women addicted to dreams usually sleep an hour longer than those who do not dream, for dreams induce weariness. Any one who sleeps without dreaming on the morrow refreshed from his couch, which is otherwise not to account for her disappearance, however. The current had bumped her

IS CANADA IN DANGER?

Money and Me. Needed and Americans furnish both—What a British Writer hints may happen.

Mr. J. Emerson-Neilly, in an article "Links of Empire," which appeared in The Pall Mall Gazette, says: "Will our investing public at home ever consider Canada? It may be too late soon for them to do so. The country is craving capital to help it develop, and most of the money sent in originally comes from across the American border. Why is so? Is Canada still popularly supposed to be a waste of snow and ice, with a sprinkling of white people surrounded by bears and Red Indians? We are generous enough in supporting foreign banks that burst and railways that play queer tricks, while we turn our backs upon our own territory where capital may be sunk to splendid account. Here you have millions of acres of wheat bearing land fit to grow all the grain we want at home. It lies waste, and the Dominion Government has to beg those on emigration bent to come out and take up 160-acre farms free!

"There is more in this particular matter than meets the eye. The scare of war often makes us ask, 'Will the Russian and American grain supplies be cut off?' If they were, we should be in bad case. It would be good policy if we grew our own grain on our own land. Then our supplies would be certain in peace and war, and while dealing with the Canadians, we would be giving our money to our cousins and brethren, and making this great link of empire greater and more prosperous: The Canadian Government has for many years been down on its knees begging for home emigrants, with but small success. Your Irish emigrants go to America for some reason or another, your English and Scotch seek South Africa and Australia mostly; Canada is neglected; yet one day she will call to the home people no longer.

"American farmers are pouring over the border to take up the land refused by the British, and year by year the stream of American immigrants grows greater and greater. Moreover, American capital is spilling into Canada. Uncle Sam is starting new industries, and supporting and fostering old ones, and in a few years he will have everything in his grip. If those who have money to invest at home played a more patriotic and more sensible game it would be otherwise. We would be richer, and Canada would be richer too.

"Canada is slowly but surely being populated by American people, and run by American money. Will the day come, a quarter of a century hence, when there will be a serious movement to join the Dominion of Canada to the United States of America? I know how splendidly strong is the British Canadian's loyalty, but we must not close our eyes to the fact that the French form a large proportion of the population, and would lend strength to any movement for the union started by the vast mass of American farmers, miners, and others who will have assembled here about the time I name."

Canada Oats Much Admired.

Mr. W. H. Hay, of the Ottawa Central Experimental Farm, has returned from Glasgow, where he has been looking after a portion of Canada's exhibit. Contrary to the reports sent out, all the exhibits at the Glasgow Exposition are not ready to be shown to visitors. The Russians, for instance, have not yet opened their building to the public. Canada's agricultural exhibit is said to be the finest the British public has ever seen. One of the features of the exhibit is an octagonal stand 65 feet in circumference and 35 feet high, covered with Canadian grains. About the bottom of the stand, which is called "Canada's Agricultural Trophy," large sheaves have been arranged. The stand is covered with red cloth, and against this the grain shows to great advantage. The Scotch people, who produce the best oats in the world, were surprised at the excellent Canadian oats displayed, and Mr. Hay says inquiries asked where he could buy 100,000 bushels annually of Banner oats, such as were exhibited in the Canadian section. Canada has 10,000 samples of grain on exhibition. The hybrid grain developed at the Central Experimental Farm attracted great attention. These grains were secured by crossing different kinds of grain, and the result was an improved variety. The Canadian exhibits, Mr. Hay says, get plenty of attention, and are helping the British public to realize what the Dominion can do.

Cumming on Canada.

A recent issue of The Natal Advertiser of Durban contains an interview with Mr. Cumming of Brockville, the Canadian Trade Commissioner to South Africa. After describing the fiscal and economic position of Canada, Mr. Cumming observed: "In addition to the actual goods we have for disposal enormous stocks of healthy vigorous cattle, the I believe would be very useful to restock South Africa with after the war. Good cows can be bought in Canada for £8 to £10. Canadian cattle are being taken to the United States for breeding purposes. I think I may safely say that Canada has the most highly developed cows for milking purposes on the continent of America. On arriving in Durban I found the merchants here handling Canadian cheese and bacon; also Canadian lumber bought in New York and England. That being so, the advantage of buying in Canada will be apparent."

The Governor-General's Salary.

The British North America Act, constituting the Dominion of Canada, provides that "unless altered by the Parliament of Canada, the salary of the Governor-General shall be ten thousand pounds sterling." This amount has been paid yearly since 1867.

A CANCELLED STAMP.

Present Story of an Adventure That Interests Everybody.

Here is the tale of a cancelled stamp.

I'm a stamp—
A postage stamp—
A two-center;
Don't want to brag,
But I never was
Licked
Except once—
By a gentleman, too.
He put me on
To a good thing.
It was an envelope,
Perfumed, pink, square.
I've been stuck on
That envelope
Ever since.
He dropped us—
The envelope and me—
Through a slot into a dark box;
But we were rescued
By a mail-clerk—
More's the pity!
He hit me an awful
Smash with a hammer;
It left my face
Black and blue,
Then I went on a long
Journey
Of two days.
And when we arrived—
The pink envelope and me—
We were presented
To a perfect love
Of a girl
With a stunning pair
Of blue eyes
That ever blinked.
Say, she's a dream!
Well, she mutilated
The pink envelope,
And tore one corner
Of me off
With a hairpin.
Then she read what
Was inside
The pink envelope.
I never saw a girl blush
So beautifully,
Would be stuck
On her—if I could.
Then she placed
The writing back
In the pink envelope;
Then she kissed me.
Oh, you little godlets!
Her lips were ripe—
As cherries
And warm
As the summer sun.
We—
The pink envelope and me—
Are now
Nestling snugly
In her bosom.
We can hear
Her heart throb.
When it goes fastest
She takes us out
And kisses me.
Oh, say,
This is great!
I'm glad I'm a stamp—
A two-center.

The Late Archie Bremner.

The death of Archie Bremner will be sincerely regretted by every newspaper man in Canada who had the privilege of knowing him. Mr. Bremner was one of the cleverest writers and one of the best all-round journalists Canada has produced. His humor was of that "quiet" quality which never grows stale; his general knowledge was wonderfully wide and correct; his descriptive work was racy and entertaining, and at the same time correct; and his heavier articles were of the first order. He was a whole-souled, genial, companionable man, who made friends wherever he went; he was always the life and soul of any company he found himself in, and he was one of those rare conversationalists who never tired those who listened to him. He was generous and his friendship was warm and loyal. He was the enemy of conventionalities, preference, hypocrisy and fraud, and never failed to give these a solid rap when opportunity offered. As a newspaper man he stood in the front rank, and his influence upon the press of Canada will be felt for many years to come. God rest thee, Archie! thy name will miss thee sadly.—Hamilton Spectator.

Wellington's Cook.

Wellington's personal taste and habits like those of most great men, are very simple. He cared not for show or pomp of any kind. Instead of building a counterpart to Blenheim, for which money had been voted, he bought and improved Stratfield Saye, a common country gentleman's house. In his diet he was very abstemious, even to the injury, it appears, of his health. He, of course, kept a first-rate French cook for his guests. The cook, it was said, one day suddenly resigned. The Duke, in astonishment, asked the reason. "Was his salary insufficient?" "No, my salary is very handsome. But I am not appreciated. I cook for your dinner myself, a dinner fit for a King. You say nothing. I go out and leave the under cook to cook your dinner. He gives you a dinner fit for a pig. You say nothing. I am not appreciated. I must go." Goldwin Smith.

Yes, It Did.

A party of youths at an English seaside town had tried all the penny-in-the-slot machines on the pier, until at last they came to one that didn't respond to the penny placed in the slot.

"Look here, my man," said the eldest of the party to the pier attendant, "that machine is to try your weight; the next your height; the next your strength; then, your sight; and now I've put penny in this thing, but I didn't see what it's for."

"That, sir," replied the pierman. "Oh, that one is to try your temper, sir."

"And it did."

Railroad Labor Troubles of '51.

The Railroad—The laborers have returned to their work, having agreed to the contractors' regulations—12 hours and six shillings York per day, says The Toronto Globe of May 17, 1851. At present all is apparently satisfactory. The troops have not been sent from London, and under present circumstances they are not required.

THE HOUSE FLY.

A Study of His Habits and Characteristics
—An Agent of Infection—Power Which
Scents Gives Him Feeding.

The common house fly is an agent of infection. But that is not his claim to consideration here, says The Toronto Mail and Empire. Although no bloodsucker, he has every other piratical characteristic. Like Macbeth, he murders sleep with his buzzing, buzzing or crawling. Upon top of that he is as inquisitive as a whole regiment of gossips, and as determined to know the who, what, where, when and the fullness thereof as the lustiest billion-dollar trust. In excuse or explanation of such acquisitiveness he can plead his eyes. They are like rubies, faceted several thousand times, and forming a perfect image through every one of the facets. Thus Master Fly sees before, behind, around himself at the same time. Naturally, it is confusing to the sense of property and proportion, moral and material, to be thus many visioned. These eyes, out of all proportion to the insect's size, are further so mounted that they can be pushed a little out of socket when occasion arises. They are so big, indeed, and take up so much of the head, one may well wonder where a fly packs away his very keen and decided sense of smell.

Flies are quickly drawn by scents imperceptible to human nostrils. Still they do not feed wholly by scent. Their feeding is throughout a curious process, often involving something which looks like reasoning power. If a fly lights upon something moist and high flavored he at once begins to suck it. But if in crawling or flying he finds something dry, which he yet fancies, he stops stock still, sets his bill down upon it, and forces through the bill a drop of liquid, something like saliva. After a little, when the liquid has moistened what it fell on, he begins feeding. It is the marks left by this manner of feeding which constitute a large part of the flyspecks good housekeepers so loathe.

A fly has an air pump in each foot, with a hollow running down the leg to it, through which air goes in or out. Thus he walks as he listeth, overhead or down. He has no voice proper—his buzzing and droning are wholly matters of wings. By setting the wings rapidly in motion and forcing out air underneath, he makes the familiar sounds.

The house fly has cousins (German), scarcely to be told from himself, who are among the most virulent and bloody-minded of all winged pests. They haunt pastures from June to October, tormenting especially horses, mules and cattle. Indeed, in stock-raising regions it is sometimes unsafe to drive spirited horses after 10 o'clock in the morning, unless they are protected with nets. The name of these stock flies is literally legion; more, they are winged appetites, pitiless and sharp of beak as hawks or vultures. They settle in clouds all over an animal, clustering thickest and biting hardest either side of the backbone just behind the shoulders, where it is well-nigh impossible for the poor beast to reach and dislodge them with either head or tail. Cattle thus bitten break wildly for thick scrub, and tear through it until their tormentors are brushed off. Afterward they either hunt water—water deep enough to come half way up their sides—and stand in it all day, or else bury themselves in the thickest, shadiest undergrowth, the thicker and shadier the better. There they stand all day with drooping heads, waiting until sundown before they go out to graze. But for the fact that flies grow sluggish, almost torpid, as soon as the sun is down, and do not get fully alive again until it shines warm next day, grazing beasts would be in danger of starving before fly-time ended. Horses loose at grass lie down and roll every few minutes, thus killing many of their persecutors. But, in harness, they may be driven to run away from the unbearable pain of the stings and sucking.

Big, lumbering horseflies, two inches across the spread of the wings, though they suck voraciously and bite hard, are not to be named in the same breath with the swarming stock flies. It is rare to see a dozen true horseflies at once. Given opportunity they bite anything that has blood, but are shy of attacking human beings. They have beaks as big as darning needles, and make wounds that sometimes bleed after they have been driven away or killed. They have further the stock fly's malicious knack of setting and sucking in the most inaccessible spots. But since they offer fair targets for an expert with the whip, it is the part of wisdom, very well followed, to kill them with a swish of the lash as they hover buzzing about.

Both stock and horse flies breed best in stable refuse. By keeping it well composted their numbers are greatly diminished. But where there is much pasturing such prevention is impossible. The pests must have a strong bump of locality, a drive of a few miles, or a sunless sunless roads little used one may cross three or four fly-infested belts, with as many changes in between. But if there is much travel along such roads the flies become general. They are carried from one belt forward, and either fly off or are driven off, stay where they find themselves, breed quickly, and thus set up new colonies of torment.

His Invariable Experience.

Mr. Citty—I should think you would raise mushrooms—they are very expensive.

Mr. Isolate (of Lonelyville, mournfully)—Everything is expensive by the time I have raised it!

He Had Been Told.

Teacher—Doan' yo' know why we send misnaries to preach to de heathen in foreign lan'?

THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.
While Lady Fielden had been talking to Dolores he had drawn the two girls into the broad bay-window and, under cover of great admiration of art, had done his utmost to persuade them that he was the proper person to show them the real beauties of Florence.

When Lord and Lady Fielden had driven away, a certain sense of isolation came over the three ladies. After all there was nothing like their country-people, they all agreed. Lady Fielden stood quite alone, for her kindness and goodness. Dolores and Kathleen had much to say in praise of Harry, but Gertrude sat in perfect silence when his name was mentioned.

As time passed on, Lord and Lady Fielden seemed almost to live at the Villa Baira. Harry had his wish, and took the young girls, with his mother as chaperon, to see all the beauties of Florence. And very happy days they were, save in one respect. Gertrude appeared so frequently to be preoccupied. She was longing to begin what she had grown to consider the work of her life.

A month passed, and letters arrived re-calling the young nobleman to England; business affairs on his estate required his attention and presence.

They were all together in the vine-walk when Lord Fielden told them this. Dolores looked sad; she did not like the idea of losing the friends with whom she had been so happy. There was a short silence broken only by the murmur of the river and the songs of the birds.

"Dear, mamma," Gertrude began.

"I ought to beg your pardon for taking what Lord Fielden calls the floor of the house; but I want to say something to you, and I wish also to say it before our best friends. I want you, mamma, dearest, and I ask the favor in presence of Lady Fielden—to let me go back to England with her." Harry would have cried out, but prudence restrained him—"and begin the work to which I intend devoting my life. She will help me; and something tells me that I shall succeed. Do not say I am too young. Mamma, dearest, youth has wisdom sometimes. Lord Fielden"—and here Gertrude's eyes rested upon the young nobleman with a softened light that stirred every pulse in his strong frame—"will help me. He is the son of our best friend my dear father must have known him when he was a boy. He is strong and patient; and no man could do a more noble work than clear away the shadow that rests on the fair name of a gentleman. Mamma," she continued, even more earnestly, "will you come home to Scarsdale and help me?"

Dolores shook her head.

"Do not ask me, my dear. I could not bear it," she replied hastily.

"Will you let me go?" she pleaded.

"Yes, if you really wish it, Gertrude."

"I do indeed; and, mamma, you shall remain here, if you will, until you receive a message from me saying, 'The mystery is solved.' You will come then?"

A quick flush rose to Dolores' face a troubled light shone in her eyes.

"If ever you can send me that message, Gertrude, and it incants that—that he is cleared from guilt, I will come; but, if it means simply that you have found him, do not ask me—let me stay here until I die."

It was a touching sight to see the fair young daughter kneeling at the feet of her mother as she said in clear, firm tones—

"It shall be so, mamma. When—

"mind, I do not say 'if'—when I can prove my father's innocence, I shall write to you and ask you to come."

It was arranged that Gertrude should go back to England with Lady Fielden.

Dolores had parted with her beloved daughter; she had kissed her and blessed her, and sent her out to do her life's work. No persuasion could move Dolores. She would keep ever to her one promise. She would return to England if all were well; if it were not, she would remain in Florence until death called her.

Kathleen declared that she would not leave her. Lady Fielden had noticed that a handsome Neapolitan Prince, a cousin of the Countess, showed a marked preference for the fair English heiress, and she wondered if that influenced Kathleen in her decision; but she kept a discreet silence on the subject. Kathleen's gentle voice had been full of tears when she said—

"I must stay with mamma."

Which daughter did Dolores love best—the one who had gone out alone to do battle with the world and clear her father's name, or the one that remained with her because she loved her so well?

CHAPTER XXX.

English life and scenery were quite a new experience for Gertrude. The sea-washed shores, the tall white cliffs, the clover meadows and green lawns, the woods, streams, and valleys, were nameless charm, for her. She even went so far as to declare that she had seen gray mists and fogs, the cold winds, the keen frost. The fair-scenery and coloring of little Italy were nothing to her; she could not see the beauties of her own home. Her poetical emotional nature was awakened, and there were times when Lady Fielden was afraid that the girl's intense feeling would endanger her health. But it did not. The brave young heart was roused to its work.

Gertrude took one day to rest, and on the next Lord and Lady Fielden drove her to Scarsdale. It was touching to see the girl's face as she roamed over the old house. Now and again faint gleams of memory came over her, and she would stand quite still, struggling with her tears. It was then that Harry had some difficulty to restrain himself from tak-

ing her in his arms and comforting her.

Mrs. Pickering, the old housekeeper, went for joy.

"You are welcome, indeed, Miss Allamore!" she cried. "I had never even hoped to see any of the family here again."

Gertrude's eyes opened widely at the sound of her name; but Lady Fielden made a gesture for silence. One or two of the old servants who had been there at the time of Sir Karl's disappearance were equally delighted to see their master's daughter. Gertrude would have taken up her residence at Scarsdale, for she longed to be alone; but Lady Fielden would not hear of such a thing.

Fielden Manor House was a fine mansion, the gray walls of which were covered with clustering ivy. It had large windows, wide hearths, carved mantel-pieces of priceless value, wide staircases and corridors. There was a large entrance-hall, with richly-stained windows, which was, in its way, a museum of art. The costly pictures and statues which adorned it had been the collection of many generations.

Together the Manor House presented a combination of comfort and luxury, and Lord Fielden was justly proud of his beautiful home. The grounds were well and tastefully laid out and famous for their fine old trees and a sheet of water called the More. The park was extensive with herds of deer; while better hunting, shooting, and fishing, were not to be found in the county. Gertrude conceived a great admiration for the Manor, and she was very happy with her host and hostess.

A faint rumor had spread through the county that Sir Karl's daughter had returned to the old home because she was not satisfied with regard to her father's fate. Everyone pitied her. People had long believed Sir Karl's fate sealed and settled; he had left the country with Miss de Ferras sixteen years before, and his name was almost forgotten. Now there came suddenly among them a beautiful, fair-haired girl, with the bloom of childhood on her face and a heart all on fire to clear her father's name, protesting his innocence, proclaiming aloud that there had been some mystery with regard to his fate, and asking bravely and boldly for help from everyone.

Gertrude spent day after day in the old home at Scarsdale, questioning the housekeeper until she knew every detail connected with Sir Karl's disappearance far better even than her mother; she spent hours in the rooms that had been her father's trying to imagine from his surroundings what he had been like. She made friends with the old groom James, who never wearied of repeating all that he knew in connection with his master's disappearance.

Of Lord Rhyworth, who was still unmarried, Gertrude had made a complete conquest. He teased her by calling her "Donna Quixote;" but he owned to himself that, if it were possible for any one to succeed in throwing light on Sir Karl's fate it would be his devoted daughter, who would accomplish that end.

One day Gertrude sat down with her three friends to hold their first deliberation together. The consultation took place in Lady Fielden's boudoir.

"It seems a puzzle to me," said Lord Rhyworth. "To put our task into plain English, we want to know the best plan for finding a lost man—one man lost in this great wide world. Now, as a matter of course, the first question is, how shall we proceed?"

"Send for one or two detectives to help us; those men always think of things that never occur to any one else," said Lord Fielden.

"I agree with you; it would be a very wise thing to do," said Gertrude.

Then Lady Fielden objected—

"A detective was employed at the time, but he could make nothing out of the case."

"Perhaps we may obtain the services of one with more brains," said Lord Rhyworth, "in any case we can try. Detectives have every facility for communicating with each other and of obtaining information. Should not the man we employ do no more than make suggestions, they may lead to something."

So it was agreed that the first thing to be done was to send to Scotland Yard for one of the ablest men in the police force. Gertrude gave a sigh of relief. To her sanguine mind it was a great deal to have made a start.

"After all," she said to her friends, "the world is but a small place. When I think how soon we can go round it, to look for one man lost in it cannot be so hopeless. I have been told that no matter where a person goes, he is sure to meet some one he knows. If that be true, surely to find the one being one loves cannot be so very difficult a task."

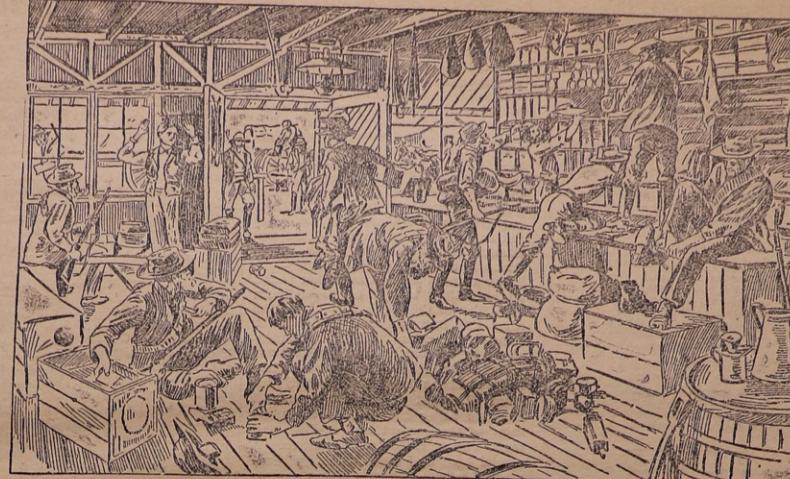
"We shall have difficulties enough, but we must not let that discourage us," said Lord Fielden. "I demand my idea is that nothing in life is worth doing unless there are plenty of obstacles to be overcome. I like meeting them as if they were many enemies and conquering them one after another."

He was rewarded by a grateful look from Gertrude's blue eyes. After a few more words, the council for that day ended.

It met in more solemn conference, four days afterward; and Mr. Shaw, the detective, was at the head of it. He listened attentively while Lord Rhyworth gave him the particulars of the Baronet's disappearance.

"Now, read these letters," said Gertrude, "and see what you gather from them."

The letters that her mother had held so long were placed in his hands and he seemed to weigh every word as he read them. Then he was silent



THE WAR THAT NEVER ENDS: BOERS LOOTING A GENERAL STORE IN THE FREE STATE

for some few minutes, after which the oracle spoke.

"My opinion is that it all rests with the lady," he said slowly.

"With the lady!" was re-echoed in different accents of wonder, and incredulity.

"Yes, with the lady," he repeated.

"Indeed, I should not be surprised to find that the gentleman did not accompany the lady at all."

The interest of the listeners increased.

"Take this first letter," continued the detective, "written by Mr. Shaw to Sir Karl. She does not write as though he cared for her—not in any way.

"She wants him to do her a favor, and does not wish his wife to know about it. He evidently—from all you tell me, Miss Allamore—dislikes it yet he goes, and is never seen again. The supposition of every one is that the lady persuaded him to elope with her. There can have been no previous arrangement—that is quite clear from the tone of the writer's letters. Now consider this second letter, which every one seems to have taken as proof conclusive. I do not believe that Sir Karl was with the person who wrote it. It reads to me as though it were intended to suggest that idea, but that is all. She does not write, 'Sir Karl is with me,' perhaps she dared not—she writes, 'You will never see Sir Karl again. I have had my revenge.' Who knows what her revenge was? She may have murdered him. She may have induced others to murder him, and have hidden his body. She may have had him kidnapped and locked up in a lunatic asylum. She may have done anything and everything except the one thing which I am quite sure she did not do—persuade him to run away with her. Who can tell what shape or form her vengeance took? I should say myself that the quickest and best way of learning the gentleman's fate is to search for the lady."

"To search for the lady," they repeated.

"Yes," answered Lord Fielden.

"doubtly that amount, if it be needed, if the news be worth it. Why, I would almost give the last farthing I had for the purpose."

And the beautiful eyes thanked Harry with one of those glances he loved so well.

It was agreed that the advertisement should be sent to all the leading Continental journals and English newspapers. It could hardly fail to find a good result. If Lola de Ferras were living and any one knew something of it. We can take action so far. Let us advertise in the French and English papers that any one who can give proof of the death of Mademoiselle Lola de Ferras shall receive one hundred pounds reward."

"One hundred pounds," cried Mr. Shaw.

"Yes," answered Lord Fielden.

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CHANGING HIS NAME

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA, GREEN OR BLACK.

Its Virtues are Many ; Its Faults None.

That's saying a good deal, but it is a true statement. You can verify it yourself. A trial will prove the truth or falsity of the above statement.

SALADA

Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

Deborah Hancock was busily engaged in decorating her birthday cake. She sighed as she placed the last candle, one more than the previous year. How fast those little waxen milestones seemed to multiply!

Several years before, when the whole surface of the cake was so thickly studded that she could find no place for the new taper, Miss Hancock paused to ponder.

Was not 35 a good age at which to lose count?

The temptation was great. But all false pretenses were abhorrent to the sturdy Hancock nature. Prevarication even to one's self was not to be tolerated. And what folly could equal in silliness that of attempting to conceal one's age?

The tapers were red, white and blue.

A light tap sounded at the door. Deborah carefully locked her pantry door before admitting her visitor.

Mother wants to know if you won't go over to the picnic with us tomorrow?"

"Come in and think it over."

With a blush and a giggle the girl cast a backward glance over her shoulder. "I can't come in to-night. But you be ready and we will stop for you in the morning."

Miss Deborah followed the girl's glance and smiled as she caught sight of a dark figure lurking in the shadow of the lilacs by the fence.

"Oh, it's Joel," she said.

Ellen Ann giggled.

Perhaps it was the remembrance of her own unfinished romance which made her heart particularly tender toward all lovers. Be that as it may she was the village confidante. Many awkward youths and shy maidens sought her for the kindly way in which she sped their wooing.

The next morning, when Ellen Ann's brother with a flourish brought his hay wagon to stand before Miss Deborah's door, he found her waiting, lunch basket beside her.

The exercises were opened by a long and fervent prayer by Parson Elihu Griffin. Then Square Cooper rose, and made some remarks, but detecting signs of restlessness among the younger people, he brought his remarks down to the pith of his address.

"Fellow Townspeople: I have a surprise in store for you. Hearing that this day was to be of special interest to the inhabitants of his birthplace, one of our sons who has made a name for himself in the political world, yet has still retained

HEART TROUBLE

BROUGHT ON BY EXPOSURE
AND WORRY.

Capt. Geo. Crandell, of Lindsay, Tells How He Secured Recovery From This Dangerous Malady.

From the Watchman, Lindsay, Ont. In the town of Lindsay and surrounding country no man is better known or more highly respected than Capt. Geo. Crandell. Forty-seven years ago he was owner and captain of the first steamer that navigated the Scugog. Since that time success has crowned his life both on land and water. For forty-nine years he was a member of the Lindsay town council. He is now 73 years of age and enjoys the best of health, but it has not always been thus. Some years ago the exposure and worry incident to his calling began to tell upon his health, and his heart showed signs of weakness. His sufferings and complete restoration through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are best told by himself. To a reporter the captain gave the following story:

"Several years ago my heart began to bother me. At first I took little notice of it, but the trouble gradually grew worse until I had to seek medical aid. I suffered much pain at that time was attacked by smothering spells which caused me great distress. Frequently these spells attacked me during the night and it was with difficulty that I managed to breathe at all. I consulted several doctors, but their medicine failed to benefit me. I then tried a much advertised remedy but this also failed to help me. I had always been fond of smoking, but I was in such poor health that a few puffs from a cigar would distress me so much that I had to give it up altogether. I grew worse day by day and began to think my end was near and that I would die from the trouble. Some time ago I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking one box I noted an improvement in my condition and so I continued their use. I kept on improving till now I am as well and strong as I ever was in my life before and have not been bothered with the least sign of my former malady for months. I am now able to enjoy a smoke as I used to without feeling the least distress. All this I owe to the greatest of all remedies, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Rich, red blood and strong nerves are the keystone to health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the most widely known and praised of medicines because for first down to last they make new life giving body to the worn out and shattered nerves bringing new health and strength to hitherto despondent sufferers. Do not take any substitutes—do not take anything that does not bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." On the wrapper around the box is the following:

"Sold by all dealers or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

INSIDE OF CIRCUS LIFE.

KEEP BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE MOVING CITY.

Troubles of the Routine Life—Something About the Table Service.

Few understand or can realize the routine life of circus riders—their troubles on the road, or the trials and tribulations during the performances in some large city. Whenever they stop there is a parade every day at 9 o'clock, a move at two o'clock, and another at eight in the evening. Evacues must go in the parade and sometimes it means a long ride under the broiling sun over eight or ten miles of street.

The average out-of-the-circus woman would faint and fall from her horse before she had ridden a mile.

As soon as the pageant reaches the show grounds, after having made its tour of the streets, there is a rush for the dressing rooms, for perhaps it is past noon. Parade dresses are doffed, street clothes are donned and then to dinner. The women in the circus live well. They have a cool airy dining tent with well set tables and competent waiters, and the food is of the best. The table service corresponds with that of the average city hotel, where a rate of say, \$3 a day is charged. There are several kinds of meat, three or four kinds of dessert, with coffee, tea or milk. Fruits are added in season and no one ever goes to a country hotel

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

a perfect liquid dentifrice for the

Teeth and Mouth

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, 25c

LARGE LIQUID and POWDER, 75c

At all Stores, or by Mail for the price.

HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

when the dinner tent is up and running, for it is better by far than any of them. Dinner over, there is another

RUSH FOR DRESSING ROOMS.

The crowd is going in and the grand entry is about to begin. All are expected to appear in this pageant, as in the out of door parade, in the morning. This means another entire change of dress to the respondent costumes worn in the grand entry. That finished there is a scurrying for the trunks and make-up boxes, dresses disappear and tights are donned; every article of the wardrobe must be neat and clean and of the very best, therefore cannot be thrown here and there carelessly. The performance has commenced and there is a continuation of ceaseless hurry that would distract any ordinary woman. Circus women, however, are used to it, and work with the precision that perfect system demands. Some of the women perform in two or three acts, each necessitating a change of costume, tights and all.

JUST LIKE OTHER WOMEN.

At 4.30 the afternoon show is over and then comes supper, which is really a substantial meal. Now comes an hour and a half of rest. Gathered about in groups in shady corners, the women of the circus come together, bring out their embroidery and fancy work, chat, gossip, and talk of everything except their business, which is rigidly tabooed. Seven o'clock sees them again in the dressing rooms and for the balance of the evening the rush goes on never seeming to end.

At 10.30 o'clock the show is out and the performers go to the sleeping cars, and it is then that the women of the circus are at home. The sleepers are arranged exactly like Pullman cars with swinging upper berths, and are clean, well ventilated and attractive. As a rule each married couple has another married couple for chums. Their sections usually are opposite, and their natural desire for neatness, from force of habit, if from no other cause enables them to decorate their berth with little articles of fancy work, slippers, cases, a tiny pair of silk curtains at the windows, a little cabinet with a lock upon the door, toilet articles in racks upon the bulkheads, snowy counterpanes—every thing, in fact, found in a well appointed sleeping apartment in a house.

OVER THEIR HEADS.

She—I suppose your French helped you a great deal when you were in Paris?

He—Er—no; you see, all those I had occasion to speak to were tradespeople and all that, you know. They don't understand elegant French.

Mrs. Faddy—I suffer dreadfully from noise in the head, doctor. Doctor (who lives next door, I suppose) I believe it is.

Richman—I was told you didn't like it.

Richman—I don't, but the architect says he's quite satisfied with it.

—

FORGETTING TIME.

I've had to learn so much this year. The schoolboy says, you bet I'm glad vacation time is near. So I can just forget.

—

THE MAIN THING.

Ascum—Now that your new house is finished, is it entirely satisfactory?

Richman—I believe it is.

Ascum—I was told you didn't like it.

Richman—I don't, but the architect says he's quite satisfied with it.

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DOMINION LINE STREAMERS

Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Via Queen-

pool. Large and Fast Steamers. Superior accommodations for all classes.

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Large and Fast Steam

THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE;
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1901.

Vol. XXII, No. 45.

The Most Convincing Salesman We
Have Is - -

HEAR HIM TALK
SHIRTS,
TOOKE'S MAKE,

25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00. If you would know their values put them along side Shirts that cost half as much again. In grasping for excellence we caught economy as well, and bigness of the lot brings littleness of price, and the benefit is yours.

Straw Hats.== Any old Straw Hat is good enough for some men. It is vastly different in a case like yours, as you want one of the latest style and up-to-date, at a price that the maker would smile at, 50c. to \$1.50.

We are here to push business. Give us a shove.

FRED. T. WARD,
YOUR TAILOR & MEN'S OUTFITTER.

= FOR GROCERIES =
GO WHERE YOU GET

25 lbs. Brown Sugar for \$1.00. 2 bottles Pickles for 25c.
20 lbs. Redpath Granulated, \$1.00. 4 boxes Laundry Starch, 25c.
9 lbs. Oatmeal 25c. Oranges and Lemons, 20c. doz.
3 lbs. Mixed Cakes, 25c. Lard, pure 12½c. lb.

Our 25c. JAPAN TEA, try it, you will always buy the same.

We are paying 20c. for Butter and 10c. doz. for Eggs.

DRY GOODS.

Flannelette Sheets, 75c. and 90c. pair. Prints, fast colors, 6c. yd.
Dress Sateens, 38 in. wide, very fine, 12½c. yard.
Mercerized Sateens; some remnants, to be cleared at 15c., regular 25c. yd.
A job lot of Dress Muslins, prices from 8c. to 15c. yard.
Ladies' Vests, 5c. to 25c. each. Children's Vests, half-sleeve, 6c. each.
Ladies, come here to buy light Tweed Skirts, from 20c. yd.
Men's Cotton Socks, 4 pairs for 25c. Men's Colored Shirts, 50c. each.
A job lot Ladies' Sailors must be cleared out at half-price.

C. F. STICKLE.

Seasonable Goods.

**Belt Buckles, Belting, Stick Pins,
Enamelled Brooches, Hair Ornaments.**

See our 25c. BELT BUCKLES, best value in town.

A few PULLEY BELTS left—yours at 25c. each.

W. H. CALDER,
JEWELER & OPTICIAN.

The Mutual Life of Canada

Formerly
THE ONTARIO
MUTUAL LIFE

A Company
OF POLICYHOLDERS
BY POLICYHOLDERS,
FOR POLICYHOLDERS.

AMOUNT OF NEW BUSINESS
Paid for (taken) in 1900.
\$4,671,712.00, being the largest volume
secured in the Dominion by any Cana-
dian Life Company for the year ending
Dec. 31st, 1901.

Beginning the New Century by LEADING ALL ITS COMPETITORS, old and
young, among native Life Companies in NEW BUSINESS for the past year, is a
record of which any Company might feel honestly proud.

S. BURROWS',
General Agent THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA.

UNEQUAL EYES.

OPPOSITION

— IS THE —

Life of Trade

— IS THE —

COME AND SEE THE
NEW DRUG STORE
CRAIGE BLOCK.

TRY DR. HAMMOND HALL'S
ENGLISH TEETHING SYRUP
for Children. Guaranteed to contain
no opiates.

DR. HAMMOND HALL'S
Baby Laxative Tablets.

TAIT'S WORM CANDY.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

N.B.—This is quite independent of any
other house in the village.

J. PARKER,
DRUGGIST.

Hundreds have testified to the
good Petty's Pills have done them.

TREES! TREES!

— AT THE —

Belleville Nurseries

I wish to notify my patrons and all
others wanting Fruit and Ornamental
Trees, Small Fruits, Herbs, Plants, Roses,
Evergreens, Flowering Shrubs, Climbing
Vines, etc., that I have a good stock of the
best hardy varieties, guaranteed true to
name, and there has never been any San
José scale in my nursery. Stock is right,
prices right. It will pay you to come and
see stock and get prices at the Nursery,
before placing your orders.

W. C. REID,
Aug. 17, 1900. BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Petty's Pills are small — mere
mites — but one is a dose, and
every dose counts. There are no
blanks.

North Hastings Entrance Ex- aminations.

The following are the names of the
successful candidates. These are not
arranged in order of merit. Certificates
will be issued to the successful candi-
dates in a few weeks.

Those who have succeeded should go
to a High School or continue in attend-
ance at their own schools as members of a
Fifth Class. No child's education
should stop at the Fourth class. A
good education is the best legacy for a
child, better than lands and money.

Caldwell, Wm., Queensboro, Miss Breakell.
Craig, Arnold, 17 Madoc, Miss Broadborth.

Dale, John, Model School, T. C. Tice.

Edgar, Lindsay, 17 Madoc, Miss A. Stephenson.

Fleming, E. 12 Huntin', Miss Minchin.

Harvey, Francis, 10 Hanlin', W. Bristol.

Jones, John S., Marmora, E. T. Williams.

McConnell, Howard, Model School, T. C. Tice.

Phelps, Arthur, Model School, T. C. Tice.

Shaw, Harry, Queensboro, Miss Breakell.

Thorn, Simeon, 4 Madoc, Miss Whytock.

Todd, Archie, Model School, T. C. Tice.

West, James, 2 Madoc, Miss McDonald.

Watson, Muriel L., Bridgewater, Miss Allen.

West, Frank, Model School, T. C. Tice.

West, James, 6 Madoc, Miss S. Anderson.

Caskay, Annie, Model School, T. C. Tice.

Doyle, Wm., 12 Madoc, Miss McMurry.

Fleming, Estella, 10 Huntingdon, W. Bristol.

Gray, Roxey, Bridgewater, Miss Allen.

Hannan, Atha, 6 Madoc, Miss S. Anderson.

Henderson, S. J., 8 Wollaston, Miss McLean.

Jones, Muriel, Marmora, E. T. Williams.

Lammis, Lavalla, 5 Tudor, Miss E. Presley.

MacKenzie, Georgia, Marmora, E. T. Williams.

(ams.)

McDonald, Carrie, Model School, T. C. Tice.

McMechan, Jennie, 3 Madoc, Miss Bristol.

Mitchell, Sarah, Marmora, E. T. Williams.

Moore, Agnes, 7 Madoc, Miss A. Stephenson.

Nicolson, Mabel, Model School, T. C. Tice.

Oppen, Anna, 10 Hanlin', R. Elliott.

Speck, Jessie, 10 Hanlin', R. Elliott.

Stewart, Emily, Model School, T. C. Tice.

Sullivan, Rose, 7 Marmora, Leo Kelley.

West, Frank, Model School, T. C. Tice.

Ashley, Harold, West Huntin', R. Elliott.

Denike, John, 10 Hanlin', R. Elliott.

Doyle, Wm. N., 10 Rawdon, G. E. Simmons.

Fleisch, Egbert, 11 Rawdon, Miss Stewart.

Tanner, James E., 11 Rawdon, Miss Harrison.

Wellman, Lorne A., 8 Rawdon, R. McMillan.

Bailey, Vita, 3 Rawdon, Miss E. Tonkin.

Bennett, Pearl, 21 Sidney, Miss Hendricks.

Bull, Delia, Stirling, F. C. Bird.

Calder, Lelah, " " "

Demill, Ethel, 1 Marmora, Miss E. Simmons.

Fleisch, Egbert, 11 Rawdon, Miss Stewart.

Tanner, James E., 11 Rawdon, Miss Harrison.

Wellman, Lorne A., 8 Rawdon, R. McMillan.

Bailey, Vita, 3 Rawdon, Miss E. Tonkin.

Morris, Ethel, 10 Hanlin', R. Elliott.

Doyle, Kitchie E., 1 Marmora, Miss E. Tonkin.

Fleisch, Lillie V., 6 Rawdon, C. A. Bailey.

Good, Flossie, 1 Rawdon, G. Minchin.

Hawkins, Lizzie, 7 Stirling, F. C. Bird.

Hubble, Ella, 8 Rawdon, Miss E. Tonkin.

Johnston, Lesa, Stirling, F. C. Bird.

Lagrow, Lena, Stirling, F. C. Bird.

Livingston, Frank, 10 Hanlin', Miss E. Tonkin.

McGillivray, West Huntin', R. J. Elliott.

McCUTCHEON, May, Stirling, F. C. Bird.

Morrow, Ethel, 10 Sidney, Miss Janet Smith.

Salsbury, Estella, Moira, J. G. Mills.

Seelye, Anetta, 1 Rawdon, G. Minchin.

Shea, Mary Agnes, Stirling, F. C. Bird.

Bartlett, Emma, 2 Montague, Miss Chambers.

Fair, Nellie, Bancroft, W. J. Watson.

Golden, Frances A., Maynooth, Miss Tooley.

Kerr, Lizzie, 3 Dunnangton, Miss Potter.

Stables, Lizzie, 2 McClure, W. J. Bennett.

Wellman's Corners.

From Our Special Correspondent.

The Orangemen from this vicinity turned out in full force to celebrate the "glorious twelfth." We counted over six hundred in the street parade, representing twenty-one lodges. The Stirring Lodge and the Wellman's Lodge bore away the palm for numbers, marching and appearance. Judging by the turnout, our lodge is the peer of any in the county as regards numbers and personnel. The day was financially a grand success, over seven hundred dollars being cleared at the booths and money well applied to the building of a parsonage.

Rev. Mr. Duke has entered upon his pastorate on this circuit under the most favorable auspices. A new minister expects at first a little kindly criticism. We are pleased to say that the consensus of opinion among prominent church members pronounces him an earnest, scholarly, and able minister, eminently practical, as he has already attested. Mr. Duke's manner is quiet; he resorts to no vulgar devices, such as desk-pounding and shouting, to win the attention of his congregation. He preaches to predict an increase of earnest spirituality in all the churches under Mr. Duke's charge.

Harold News.

From our Correspondent.

A sad accident befall Mr. Thos. Cooke of this place on Saturday morning. He went to the stable to see his horses, and on entering the stable one horse kicked him very viciously in the stomach. Drs. Wales and Zwick had small hopes of his recovery, but give more encouragement at present. We hope to hear soon that he is out of danger.

Sine Happenings.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. Murney McCann, of Norham, is visiting friends in this section.

Miss Cora Smith, of Belleville, spent a few days at Mr. David Fox's.

Mr. Wm. Caverley, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fanning, returned to Cordova town on Monday.

Mr. Chas. Badgley, of Sidney, spent Sunday in Rawdon.

Hot weather seems to be the order of the day, and night as well.

Oak Hill Gleanings.

From Our Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell spent the twelfth at Mr. and Mrs. B. Sarles.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Dafoe, Mr. and Mrs. J. Marshall, and Mr. and Mrs. B. Windsor were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. Sarles and Miss E. Searies on Sunday.

Several of the Oak Hill youth enjoyed the twelfth in Springfield.

Miss L. Park is spending this week with friends in Belleville.

Miss Mary Goldsmith of Belleville, was the guest of her cousin, Miss E. Bird, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Loomis and two children from Mt. Pleasant, Mich., are spending their holidays with Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Bird.

Mrs. G. Hamblin is visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. Hamblin.

Miss E. Sarles spent last Thursday at Mr. and Mrs. S. Smith's.

The drive around the lake seems to be a great attraction to the young people of Chatterton and Stirling.

Ivanhoe.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. Albert Timmon spent a few days in our town last week.

Mrs. George McCullum, of Tweed, is visiting Mrs. W. D. Timmerman.

S. and W. Shaw started for the huckleberry rocks on Monday evening.

Miss Annie Phillips, of West Huntingdon, was visiting friends in this vicinity on Sunday.

Mr. Chas. Benson, who has been suffering from ill health, returned home from Toronto last week.

Mr. Robt. Stout lost a valuable horse one night last week.

A number from our town took in the celebration at Springfield on July 12, and all report an enjoyable time.

Mr. Holcomb, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. G. R. Mills, left on Monday for his home in Havelock.

Mrs. Susan Gowells is laid up from the effect of a badly sprained ankle.

Mrs. Roblin of Picton is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Arthur Demorest.

Miss Ada Harris, of Stirling, has been the guest of her cousin, Miss Annie Demorest.

Mrs. Perry and two grandchildren, of Brooklyn, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Benedict.

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HOUSEHOLD.

HOT SHORTCAKES.

If members of the family come to their meals at irregular times, make individual shortcakes for them, instead of large cakes. Make the cakes and set in the ice chest. Have the berries mashed and sweetened. Bake at intervals and the last one served will have a fresh hot shortcake instead of a soggy square on the end of a juice-stained platter. Cut the individual shortcakes to suit the appetites but a small pail is about right; do not make them too thick. To save the table cloth serve shortcake to little children in a soup-plate, which is much better than a plate or saucer.

Where rugs are used all over one story of a house paint or stain all the borders or floor and the thresholds with one color. This is a better way than to try to match the borders with the rugs and gives a less "patchy" effect when all the rooms are open. Match the color of a well-oiled yellow pine floor as much as possible. Some kinds of paint labelled light brown or about right, while others need a little yellow to warm the color. Avoid the common yellow floor paint. The color of a well-oiled floor harmonizes with all rugs and furnishings. For rooms not in constant use varnish is a decided improvement, but for dining rooms or common sitting room washing the floor with skim milk or cold water will keep the floor bright. Never use hot suds or "washing water" on a painted floor. To repair worn places keep a little paint covered with cold water and a brush also in cold water. Put on a little at night when the paint is off and it will dry in the morning.

Just now the housekeeper's life is a warfare against bugs—buffalo bugs, currant worms, caterpillars, rose bugs, slugs and lice, green fly, etc., and she must go armed with a powder gun, sprayer or like implement most of the time.

THE BABY IN SUMMER.

Nursing babies should be weighed every week. If they do not gain an average of about four ounces a week during the first six months, and slightly less during the second six months, it may be inferred that they are not receiving sufficient nourishment of the proper quality. If on investigation it is deemed that the nourishment is insufficient, it will be easy to provide supplementary feeding, writes Dr. S. M. Howard.

I have known many a crying and restless baby to be perfectly quiet and easy to take care of when to the insufficient mother's milk was added a feeding or two daily of properly prepared cow's milk from the bottle. The poor child was undergoing slow starvation, and its chronic condition of hunger made it irritable and peevish.

No mother should nurse her child if she is suffering from any acute disease, like a fever or an abscess, or from any chronic disease, like consumption, scrofula, malaria or marked debility.

If weaning becomes necessary, no matter at what age, it is usually well to do the work gradually. In place of one of the nursings give the bottle containing the proper substitute for a child of the given age. The feedings of the milk mixture can be increased gradually until all the nursings are replaced by artificial feeding.

As the child grows older the baby's diet should be varied by giving it a soft boiled egg, an occasional cracker, a little beef broth, and when the child is a year old, a bit of orange juice, or baked apple, or stewed prunes strained through a sieve, will often help to overcome the too frequent condition of constipation.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

How many of our readers know that pieplant makes splendid shortcakes? Make just like any other only use stewed pieplant for filling and for the top instead of fruit and milk, as so many do.

This is the time to guard against permanent injury to the table linen from fruit stains. Boiling water poured through the fabric will almost invariably remove such discolorations if done before they are put in the wash. Cream of tartar, moistened and rubbed in, will remove grass stains.

The southern housekeeper declares that to put oxalic acid in the water with which you prepare to scrub your kitchen table, shelves, breadboard, or anything you desire to have nice and white, will make the scrubbing easy and the boards very white. But don't use the soap on the breadboard. The acid is poison.

Wash'st waist are among the woman's most comfortable summer wear. White ones are however not to turn yellow after washing. To prevent this to as great an extent as possible, wash them in tepid water, using some good white soap—which should never be rubbed directly on the fabric—and press while still damp with a cool cloth.

Some not much will fade some delicate tints. Therefore iron your pretty shirtwaists with a moderately cool one. Of course you must have a hot one for the cuffs and collar.

KEEP THE HOUSE COOL.

Often one finds country houses closer and hotter than city homes. The trouble is, folk don't know what to do about it and keep it out. Nearly every country house is up soon after sunrise. Enjoy all the cool air you can coax into the house until the sun grows hot, then close every shutter and window. You may be nearly in darkness, but don't let the cool night air get out and the hot air in. The kitchen of course has to be an exception. After the early breakfast is eaten, hurry

through all the cooking which has to be done, leaving dish-washing and other work to be finished while the fire is dying. Keep all the doors which lead from the kitchen into the house tightly closed and open those that lead outdoors. Every kitchen ought to have a piazza which is cool and shady during the forenoon hours. Do all the work there which can possibly be carried away from the sink or the table. Never aggravate the misery of summer heat by eating in a hot kitchen. Have a dining room if you can't have a parlor, or still better, if yours is an old-fashioned house where the wide hall runs from front door to the back, eat there and let every breeze that blows through the house make pleasant the meal hour. At sunset, open the windows, throw wide the shutters, look up curtains and welcome the cool night air. Open the beds for the breeze to cool. You will sleep well and dream lightly. Save your eyes in the summertime. Don't open your eyes in the summertime. More than weather headaches are due to tired, sun-burned eyes than to anything else. Rest them a score of times a day. You would be surprised how many bits of work you can do with your eyes shut as well as open. When you rest your body, rest your eyes. Bathe them with hot water, then in cold water, into which a little witch hazel has been poured. Afterward lie down flat on your back in a cool, darkened room and over your eyes spread a rag wet in hot water and sprinkled with rosewater. You will get up as fresh as a daisy.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Coffee Cake.—One and one-half cups of sugar; one-half cup of butter; three eggs, well beaten; one cup of strong coffee; two teaspoonsful cinnamon and one of ginger, one grated nutmeg; two teaspoonsful cream of tartar, one of soda, and three and one-half cups of flour.

Strawberry Charlotte.—Line a dish with sponge cake or lady finger, then put in a layer of sliced strawberries, another layer of cake and more berries. Cover with whipped cream flavored with vanilla and serve very cold. Delicious.

SECOND MARRIAGES.

Husbands Who Re-Marry Their Wives After Separation.

Among the records of St. Mary's church, Bermondsey, England, is a singular document agent the remembrance of one Ralph Goodchild and his wife Elizabeth. The couple after their first union seem to have drifted apart and each to have formed other nuptial relations.

Years went by, and once again the two met. The old love was renewed, and before the altar of St. Mary's church, after having professed ample contrition for the laxity of their past conduct, they swore fidelity for the future. The entry in the register concludes with this announcement:—

"Ralph Goodchild of the parish of Barking, and Elizabeth his wife were agreed to live together and therewith gave their hands one to another, making either of them a solemn vow so to do in presence of us—William Stere, parson; Edward Coker and Richard Eyres, clerks."

A gentleman well known in the diplomatic world was many years ago married to an American lady. Their married life, however, did not run altogether smoothly, and relations at last became so strained that the lady obtained a divorce, and with her three children returned to her father's house. Fifteen years later she met her former husband in Germany, with the result that the old love was awakened, and a few months later the couple renewed their vows.

AT THE ALTAR.

Mr. Ernest Annesley, of Chicago, has been thrice married to, and divorced from the same wife. He married her first in 1884, and six years later was divorced by Judge Heney.

Not long afterwards the couple came together again, and, differences having been adjusted, a second marriage was celebrated at Milwaukee. But their hymrical bliss proved to be of short duration, and in 1893 Mr. Annesley's hasty temper once again drove his wife to obtain a divorce. Yet with singular persistency this strange pair resolved for the third time to essay life together. Their marriage, which took place a few months after the second divorce, however, culminated in a peer, however impious that peer happened to be.

"Hugh," she whispered, "dey are gone out."

"Really," thought Beaussaris, who was not prejudiced by being in love, "this is the most interesting feature of the affair. The Baroness Steinheiser, I presume?" he said, aloud.

"Ah, no," she replied, sadly. "Madame Panier. Don't speak above a whisper, or we may be heard. No one knows I have come here. I want to help you if I can."

"Of course you can, if you will," he said, eagerly; "you have the key of the cellar! But tell me first why your gang has played this trick upon me."

"I dare not—dare not tell you," she whispered, wildly. "I am running vast danger—dey would kill me if I were here. But I saw your beautiful face when dey carried you, and—oh! I want to save you from dem!"

"Nothing is more easy," he replied. "Give me the key."

"Ah, no," she smiled sadly at him. "Dere is Charles-de man who let you in. He would not let you go, although he has no heart in dis ceir barbarous scheme."

"Do you imagine they can keep me here any length of time?" he asked, scornfully. "By midnight I shall be missed, by to-morrow half London will be looking out for me, and then they will be caught."

She shook her head slowly.

"Dey do not make plans like dat," she said. "You are in peril—peril such as you cannot imagine. Oh, think of some way I can save you while dey are away!"

"Let me out of this; I'll undertake to settle with Charles if he's the only one between me and the street."

"You do not understand. But—"

"You stopped, and an expression of relief lit up her beautiful face, "we might buy Charles. He is only in dis wickedness for money."

"What would he do? I haven't ten—no, not five pounds on me."

She looked disappointed.

"Would he take my watch—it's worth fifty pounds?"

"No, it might betray him. Can you make money—make a cheqao—so much?"

"Of course I could, if I had paper and ink. But would he accept that?"

"I'll dry him, and if he will—oh, he must, he shall. Oh, my beautiful gentleman, I will save you!"

She seized his hand and pressed it tenderly between hers.

"Women of my race love quickly," she said, with flashing eyes, "but dey love no less well!"

Swiftly she left the cellar, closing and locking the door after her.

Beaussaris heard the key grate in the lock as she withdrew it.

A Difficult Signature...

"And may I inquire the reason for which you have drawn me here by means of a forged letter?" he asked, sternly, looking the man up and down angrily.

"From what we have in view," said the baron. "I may add that the object is one which—now that you are safely here—cannot fail to prove to you that all your elaborate precautions to guard your jewels and immense wealth are inadequate to protect you against men of our iniquity. It has long been the desire of my friends and myself that you should have a nasty fall; you have declared a kind of war between yourself and those who desire to acquire parts of that fortune you can never spend, and—I flatter myself I may regard your fall as having taken place."

The insolence of this speech quite staggered Beaussaris. He stared at the man in amazement.

"And, now I am here, what do you intend to do with me—assuming you can do what you like?" he asked, after a pause.

"Do you really wish to know?" inquired the fair man, speaking for the first time.

"Paul! Paul!" exclaimed the baron. "The knowledge will cause his lordship sufficient pain when he learns for himself. Spare him until then."

Beaussaris, who had only asked the question to gain time in which to consider his situation, took two long strides up to them and, with the skill for which he had been famed at college, knocked the baron's head against the wall and sent M. Panier sprawling over the back of an armchair. He rushed to the door, but, finding it locked on the outside, and before he could wrench the lock, the baron and Panier collected themselves and grappled him.

It was a brief struggle, and ended in Beaussaris's being rendered insensible by a heavy fall.

"Here's a pickle!" murmured his lordship, as he awoke to consciousness some time later. "Good—!" He glanced round in astonishment at finding himself in a whitewashed cellar. "This comes of falling in love with the daughter of a man who has to let his house to help defray the cost of an expensive visit to Monte Carlo." He laughed lightly to himself. "Marston's wine-cellar, of all unhappy places! . . . They are a pretty set, upon my word; but if daring will do what they want, they'll succeed without a doubt. I wonder what on earth they're up to?"

He rose and examined every nook and corner of the cellar by the light of the lamp hanging upon one of the walls. In one corner stood a small camp-bed, and beside it a wash-stool.

"I'm evidently invited for the night," he said reflectively. "Hang it, they might have given me a jug with a handle. I wonder how the excellent baron got the references old Marston would, of course, expect. Probably in the same way he obtained the letter I had from Charles. Beastly scoundrels! It just shows the risk of letting one's house in this way. What on earth is there to prevent these people going off—with that water-jug, for instance? . . . I've got a racking headache." He looked at his watch. "Six o'clock. I must have been here, then, over two hours."

Hearing a slight sound in the direction of the door he turned and beheld a woman, who was softly closing the door, the key of which she held in her hand. She was tall, young, elegantly dressed, and unquestionably beautiful.

"Hush," she whispered, "dey are gone out."

"Really," thought Beaussaris, who was not prejudiced by being in love, "this is the most interesting feature of the affair. The Baroness Steinheiser, I presume?" he said, aloud.

"Ah, no," she replied, sadly. "Madame Panier. Don't speak above a whisper, or we may be heard. No one knows I have come here. I want to help you if I can."

"Of course you can, if you will," he said, eagerly; "you have the key of the cellar! But tell me first why your gang has played this trick upon me."

"I dare not—dare not tell you," she whispered, wildly. "I am running vast danger—dey would kill me if I were here. But I saw your beautiful face when dey carried you, and—oh! I want to save you from dem!"

"Nothing is more easy," he replied. "Give me the key."

"Ah, no," she smiled sadly at him. "Dere is Charles-de man who let you in. He would not let you go, although he has no heart in dis ceir barbarous scheme."

"Do you imagine they can keep me here any length of time?" he asked, scornfully. "By midnight I shall be missed, by to-morrow half London will be looking out for me, and then they will be caught."

She shook her head slowly.

"Dey do not make plans like dat," she said. "You are in peril—peril such as you cannot imagine. Oh, think of some way I can save you while dey are away!"

"Let me out of this; I'll undertake to settle with Charles if he's the only one between me and the street."

"You do not understand. But—"

"You stopped, and an expression of relief lit up her beautiful face, "we might buy Charles. He is only in dis wickedness for money."

"What would he do? I haven't ten—no, not five pounds on me."

She looked disappointed.

"Would he take my watch—it's worth fifty pounds?"

"No, it might betray him. Can you make money—make a cheqao—so much?"

"Of course I could, if I had paper and ink. But would he accept that?"

"I'll dry him, and if he will—oh, he must, he shall. Oh, my beautiful gentleman, I will save you!"

She seized his hand and pressed it tenderly between hers.

"Women of my race love quickly," she said, with flashing eyes, "but dey love no less well!"

Swiftly she left the cellar, closing and locking the door after her.

Beaussaris heard the key grate in the lock as she withdrew it.

He stared at the door in silence, pondering. He was trying to get some tangible idea out of the extraordinary affair to conceive the object for which he had been tricked and trapped. He was not altogether satisfied that the passion he had inspired in Madame Panier's heart was as genuine as it was sudden, as he was conscious that he possessed an unusually attractive personality.

In a few minutes Madame Panier returned. She brought pen, ink, and a single sheet of paper.

"Out!" she exclaimed, darting in to the cellar. "He is willing. Quick, for we may have some small time."

"But supposing your husband and the baron return before I get away, what then?"

"Don't waste time!" she replied. "With Charles on our side, we can succeed."

"How much does he want?" he asked, trying the point of the pen upon his thumb-nail. It was a broad rib, such as he generally used.

"Five hundred pounds only. Quiet I dare not be caught here."

Beaussaris sat down on the end of the bed and, laying the sheet of paper upon the washstand, carefully wrote out a cheque upon his bank for £500. He signed it, and with the utmost apparent indifference dropped it in the "i" in Beaussaris.

Madame Panier snatched it up the moment it was complete and flew out of the cellar. But she was met at the door by the baron and her husband. The latter took from her the cheque and went up the stairs, laughing lightly.

The baron and Panier entered the cellar and bowed to Beaussaris, who had started up from the bed and stood gazing after Madame Panier.

"My lord," said the baron, with a mocking chuckle, "Charles is quite sensible of your generosity. Five hundred pounds to a man in his position is a fortune, and with the aid of my talented friend, Panier, we shall be able to make it more than £10,000. When you make your signature so peculiar that even a man like Panier dared not attempt to copy it, did it strike you that you would ever be induced to give a genuine signature to anyone who could make a large fortune by it?"

"We have gone to all this expense and trouble to get an actual signature from you, my lord." The baron seemed amused by his prisoner's astonishment.

"It is to-morrow all the world over that you will be induced to give a genuine signature, will have obliterated by chemicals, and a demand for your beautiful jewels will have taken its place. There will be no difficulty; it is only your signature which is uncopyable. Panier, in the disguise of your secretary, Mr. Brix-Hayes, will deliver that demand at the bank, and the manager seeing it is signed by you, will hand over your jewels to him. At the same hour two key-saws will be pushed under this door by Charles—here is a handle for them, and while you are engaged in cutting the locks and bolts to get out of here we, your grateful and obedient servants, will be shaking the dust of England off our heels."

"So—," began Beaussaris, rising wrathfully.

"Two saws will be supplied," the baron continued, "lest you break one. We do not wish you to remain a prisoner here until Lord Marston's return. And I warn you not to put too great a strain upon the saws, lest they both break. Go slowly, my lord. You ought to get through the job in about three hours."

With a short laugh he swung round, hurried out of the cellar, and banged the door to. Beaussaris listened and heard him lock the door and shoot five bolts. Those bolts occupied his lordship from twelve noon next day until past three, when Beaussaris was able, though weak from want of food and his unusual labor, to leave the house and hurry to Scotland Yard.

About the same time that Beaussaris began his task or sawing through the locks and bolts of Lord Marston's cellar-door a clerk in a Piccadilly bank entered the bank-manager's office.

"Lord Beaussaris's secretary has called with this, sir," said the clerk. "He is waiting."

"Show him in," returned the manager, tearing open the letter.

"Good morning," he said, as the secretary entered. "Lord Beaussaris wants his large jewel-case, I see."

"Yes."

"But there's a slight error in the demand," the manager continued, "and I hardly know that I am justified in handing the jewel-case over, as it's really contrary to his lordship's instructions. Of course, I see the demand is genuine—but—or perhaps it would be as well to send a clerk round."

"His lordship is out—" said the secretary, with some uneasiness.

"Well, I really can't accept this demand. Lord Beaussaris expressly instructed me never to accept his signature when the 'i' was dotted as this is. The mistake may be his—or else he is laying a trap for me."

The manager laughed at his idea.

"Give me the demand," said the secretary. "I'll see his lordship about it, though I fear he'll be extremely annoyed."

"Mr. Boxham!" called the manager. "Accompany this gentleman to Lord Beaussaris's and ask him about this demand. Good-morning, Mr. Hayes; I'm sorry this should have arisen—but—"

The secretary had gone. Followed by Mr. Boxham he left the bank and got into a hansom.

"I'll speak to the clerk," and see if his lordship is there."

He stopped at the Piccadilly entrance to the restaurant and walked through to the Regent Street exit, where he got into a cab.

Mr. Boxham waited in his hansom for nearly half an hour, and then returned to the bank.

Albeit none of the gang were caught, there is reason to believe they have written down Lord Beaussaris as "quite hopeless."—London Tit-Bits.

HAVE WEAK EYES.

Soldiers Cannot See Well Enough to Shoot Straight.

Dr. W. D. Black, fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, has created quite a sensation by the plain statement that civilized peoples must improve their eyesight if they would meet successfully uncivilized peoples in the wars of the future.

He foresees the possibility of grave conflicts between the civilization and barbarism before the former flies its standard the world over. He urges that "soldiers of light" be given every advantage in preparation for the fray. Dr. Black served in two campaigns at the Cape and during both campaigns he gave special attention to the visual handicaps of the British troops as compared with their enemies.

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LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, July 16.—Wheat—The market is dull and easy. Local exporters quote 60¢ for red and white middle freights, and holders are asking 62¢. No. 2 gross wheat sold at 60¢ east. No. 1 spring is dull at 68¢ east. Manitoba wheat is lower at 75¢ for No. 1 hard, 76¢ for No. 2 hard and 71¢ to 72¢ for No. 3 hard grinding in transit.

Flour—is lower. The best bid by cable to-day would not permit local exporters to offer \$2.50 for ordinary 40¢ per cent patents in their bags of middle freights, and that was all they were bidding. Holders asked for more and some higher. Choice brands were held 15¢ to 20¢ higher. Manitoban flour is quiet at \$4 for Hungarian patents and \$3.70 for strong bakers' in car lots on the track Toronto, bags included.

Millfeed—is in better demand and the market is steadier at \$13 for shorts and \$11 for bran in car lots west.

Barley—is dull and lower. No. 2 is quoted at 41¢ east and 40¢ middle freights, and No. 3 extra's quoted at 39¢ middle freights.

Corn—The market is firmer at 41¢ for Canada yellow and 40¢ to 41¢ for mixed west. Canada yellow is nominal at 46¢ on the track Toronto.

Oats—are steady at 31¢ for No. 1 white east. No. 2 white are 30¢ north and west, and sold at 30¢ middle freights.

Oatmeal—is steady at \$3.75 for ears of barrels and \$3.65 for bags in car lots on the track here, and 20¢ more for smaller lots.

Peas—are scarce and firm at 69¢ to 70¢ middle freights.

PROVISIONS.

The market is firm and active, with no change in quotations. All lines of hog product are moving well, and the present range of prices is inducing some buyers to make rather heavy purchases in anticipation of an advance.

Pork—Canada short cut, \$21; heavy mess, \$19 to \$19.50.

Smoked and Dry Salts Meats—Long clear, cans and cases, 11¢, and small lots at 11¢; hams; breakfast bacon, 14¢ to 15¢; hams; for small and medium, 13¢; rolls, 11¢ to 12¢; shoulders, 11¢; backs, 14¢ to 15¢; green meats out of pickle are quoted at 1¢ less than smoked.

Lard—Tieres, 10¢, tubs 11¢ and pails 11¢.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Hot weather butter has been very liberally mixed in with the shipments of dairy tubs, pails and crocks which are now reaching this market. A great many tubs are soft and strong, and dealers here are unable to handle it at a profit to the shipper. Choice lots of that grade is small. Poorer lots are quoted from 15¢ down to 12¢. Some choice butter which came in during the cool part of last month, and which was sent to cold storage, is now being sold and brings 16¢ to 17¢. It is in excellent condition and finds eager buyers. Creamery prints are steady at 20¢ to 21¢ and Eggs—Offerings are large and the solids are selling at 19¢ to 20¢. market is steady. Selected stock are quoted at 11¢ to 11¢ and scarce and sells at 12¢. Fresh gaths seconds are slow at 8¢ to 9¢.

Potatoes—Old are practically out of the market and there is no inquiry for them. Quotations are nominal at 25¢ per bag for car lots on track here and 30¢ to 35¢ out of store. New potatoes are scarce. Canadian stock has not come forward as freely as was expected, and it is reported that frosts have done some damage to the crop. There are no car lots offering and potatoes out of store are selling at \$1.20 to \$1.25 per barrel.

Baled Hay—The market is quiet, with small offerings and an indifferent demand. Quotations are steady at \$0.50 to \$1.00 per ton for car lots on track here.

Baled Straw—Quiet and steady. Car lots on track here are quoted at \$4.75 to \$5 per ton.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Toronto, July 16.—The street market here to-day was very quiet, with small receipts and little or no demand. The attendance of buyers was very light, and the business was confined almost entirely to hay and grain. One hundred bushels of red wheat sold unchanged at 67¢, and 300 bushels of oats 13¢ lower at 36¢. Hay was firmer, 10 loads selling \$1 higher at \$11 to \$13 per ton. No new hay or straw was offered. Other produce was nominally steady.

Wheat, white.....\$.67 \$.00
do red.....67 .00
do goose.....61 1/2 .00
do spring.....67 .00
Barley.....43 44
do.....50 .00
Oats.....36 .00
Hay, old, per ton.....110 13.00
do new.....85.00 9.00
Straw, per ton.....9.00 0.00
Butter, pound round.....14 18
do crocks.....14 15
Eggs.....12 15
Chickens, old, per pr.....90 .75
do spring, per pair.....40 1.00
Ducks, per pair.....1.00 1.25
Turkeys, per lb.....11 12
Asparagus, per doz.....60 .00
Beans, butter, basket.....1.25 1.50
Cabbages, new, doz.....50 .75
Carrots, doz.....20 .00
Cauliflower, doz.....1.00 1.50
Cucumbers, per dozen.....1.00 1.25
do small, doz.....25 .35
Lettuce, doz.....15 .25
Onions, green, doz.....10 .15
Parsley, doz.....15 .20
Peas, green, peck.....25 .30
Potatoes, per bag.....30 .40
do new, per bbl.....3.25 3.50
do per bushel.....1.25 1.40
Radishes, doz.....15 .15
Rhubarb, pr. doz.....25 .00
Tomatoes, per basket.....50 .00
Watercress, per doz.....20 .00
Dressed Hogs.....9.25 9.75

Beef, hindquarters.....8.00 8.75
do forequarters.....4.50 5.50
do carcasses, Boston, 6.50 7.25
do common.....5.50 6.00
Lamb, yearling, per lb.....6.00 .07
do spring, per lb.....11 .12
Mutton, per ewt.....6.00 7.00
Veal calves, light, lb.....65 .06
do choice, per lb.....74 .08

BUFFALO GRAIN MARKETS.

Buffalo, July 16.—Flour quiet and easy. Spring wheat strong but dull; No. 1 northern old, 74¢; do new, 70¢; carloads; No. 1 northern old, 71¢; f. t. 70¢. Winter wheat easy; Eo. 2 red, 73¢; asked; No 1 white would bring 74¢. Corn higher; No. 2 yellow, 51¢; No. 3 do, 51¢; No. 2 corn, 51¢; No. 3 do, 50¢; through billed. Oats quiet; No. 2 white, 35¢; No. 2 mixed, 34¢. Barley, spot offered at 50¢ to 54¢. Rye dull No. 1 55¢ asked on track and in store.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, July 16.—Trade was lively at the Western Cattle Market to-day and all the good cattle were sold in a hurry. There was an excellent demand for all choice to picked cattle and prices for these classes were firm. The offerings were heavy but everything was sold rather early in the day, and in some lines, particularly good butchers', the supply was short. Exporters were active and steady and the best butchers' were scarce and firm. Good to common butchers' and milch cows were steady, but stockers and feeders were dull. Cows and bulls were quiet, with light offerings. Small stuff was unchanged and hogs were steady. The total run was 77 loads, including 1,254 cattle, 1,234 sheep and lambs, 47 calves and 1,000 hogs. We quote:

Export cattle, choice, per cwt.....	4.75	5.25
do medium, per cwt.....	4.40	4.75
do cows, per cwt.....	3.75	4.40
Butchers' cattle, picked lots.....	4.40	4.65
do choice.....	4.00	4.40
do fair.....	3.50	4.00
do cows.....	3.25	3.75
do bulls.....	3.00	3.50
Bulls, export, heavy, per cwt.....	3.75	4.25
do light, per cwt.....	3.50	3.75
Feeders, short-keep	4.25	4.75
do medium	3.50	4.25
do light	3.25	3.50
Stockers, 400 to 600 lbs.....	3.00	3.25
do off-colors.....	2.50	3.00
Milch cows, each.....	30.00	50.00
Sheep, export, ewes, per cwt.....	3.25	3.40
do, bucks, per cwt.....	2.50	2.75
do, do, each.....	2.00	3.00
Lambs, spring, each.....	2.00	4.00
Calves, per head.....	1.00	1.00
Hogs, choice, per cwt.....	7.25	0.00
Hogs, corn-fed, per cwt.....	7.00	0.00
Hogs, light, per cwt.....	6.75	0.00
Hogs, fat, per cwt.....	6.75	0.00
Sows, per cwt.....	4.00	4.50
Stags, per cwt.....	2.00	0.00

EUROPEAN GRAIN MARKETS.

London, July 16.—Opening—Wheat on passage easier and neglected. Corn on passage rather firm. Weather in England fine, in France fine. English country markets quiet, French quiet.

London—Close—Mark Lane—Wheat nothing doing. Corn firm at an average of 3d. Flour, nothing doing. Liverpool—Close—Spot wheat steady; No. 1 standard California, 5s 8d to 5s 9d; Walla, 5s 8d to 5s 6d; No. 1 northern spring, 5s 4d to 5s 5d; futures quiet; September, 5s 4d; December, 5s 5d. Spot corn firm; new, as 2d; futures firm; September 4s 2d, October 4s 3d. Flour, 17s to 18s 3d.

Paris—Opening—Wheat, tone steady; 21f 10c. Flour, tone steady; July 25f 85c, September and December 26f 55c.

Paris—Close—Wheat, tone quiet; July 20f 35c, yesterday 20f 35c; September and December 21f 15c, yesterday 21f 15c. Flour, tone quiet; July 25f 85c, yesterday 25f 80c; September and December 26f 95c, yesterday 26f 90c.

BOERS SHELLED THE TOWN.

Homestead of Hon. Mr. Herholdt Burned Before His Eyes.

A despatch from Cape Town says:—The homestead of the Hon. Mr. Herholdt, near Murray'sburg, was burned by a band of rebels under Commandant Scheepers last Monday. Mr. Herholdt was insulted and threatened. His family was ejected from the house and compelled to witness its destruction. Its valuable contents were looted. Mr. Herholdt arrived at Graaf Reinet on Wednesday.

A Brazilian aeronaut, M. Santos-Dumont, exhibited an airship at Paris on Saturday which he was able to operate against the wind.

Prof. Saunders, professor of classics and Sanscrit at McGill, has resigned to accept a similar position at Binnor College, Finnsor, Illinois.

A commission of American physicians will likely be appointed to enquire into the feasibility of Dr. Caldas' plan of subduing yellow fever by bacillus and serum.

The Chinese Government has just sanctioned the laying of an oil pipe from Baku to Batoum, on the Black Sea, 561 miles.

A gold crucifix, supposed to have been buried with the body of Marquette, was dug up at Frankfort, Mich.

Cloudbursts have wiped out the villages of Corbin, Mon., and Port La Vaca, Texas, but no loss of life is reported.

Two Italians were killed and one was wounded at Erwin, Miss., while asleep, because they were objectionable to their neighbors.

On account of the proposed strike of the engineers and firemen of the Italian railways, Italy may put the railways under martial law.

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In the belief that the crop of peas would be ruined by heavy rains, clergymen of all churches at Cheboygan, Wis., endorsed the plea of a large company that the pickers work on Sunday.

Emperor William has blossomed out as a builder of electric railways, being a partner of the Siemens Halske firm in the construction of a Hamburg-Berlin fast line, from the seaboard to the capital.

REBELS SENTENCED.

One Man Receives 15 Years for Joining Republican Forces.

A despatch from Burghersdorp says:—A man named Pausengroep (7) was sentenced by the treason court to twelve months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of £1,000. The court then closed.

John Adrian Duplessis has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of £2,000 or in default an additional year's imprisonment for having joined the forces of the South African Republic.

Roelf Letagan, a brother of a commandant of that name, has been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for joining the Republican forces in 1899, and for taking part in the fight at Damplaats.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Something of Interest From All Parts of the Globe.

DOMINION.

Mr. I. Regan, President of the Agricultural Loan & Savings Society of London, is dead.

Hamilton's Park Committee will not permit any more games to take place in Dundurn Park.

Building permits to the extent of one million dollars have been issued in Winnipeg this year.

F. H. Clergue has given a contract for a fine steamer to the steel works at Collingwood.

F. W. Morse has been appointed third vice-president and assistant general manager of the Grand Trunk system.

The Governor-General has received a communication from General Baden-Powell highly praising the Canadian contingent of South African police.

Evidence taken at the enquiry into the wreck of the Anchor Line steamer Armenian near St. John, N. B., goes to show that an error of judgment on the part of the captain is to blame.

The Toronto admirers of Burns have decided to erect a statue to the memory of the poet, probably in the Horticultural Gardens. A large number of subscriptions have already been received.

After shooting at a bear cub and wounding it, a Galician named Bubka, near Edmonton, was chased into the house by the mother, and after remaining barricaded all night came out in the morning and shot the bear and two cubs.

FOREIGN.

The plague at Marseilles, it is feared, will spread.

The prisoners at St. Helena are constantly plotting to escape.

Thieves and highway robbers are terrorizing Niagara Falls, N. Y. The late Mr. Pierre Lorillard, of New York, left over \$25,000,000.

A French professor of agriculture has discovered a remedy to cure diseases of plants.

French workmen, in a general meeting, have agreed that it would be well for all miners to strike.

It is proposed by the Boston Chamber of Commerce to use light ships for the wireless telegraphy system.

New Zealand, with its death rate of less than 12 per 1,000 a year, is the most healthy of all the British colonies.

Myles MacDonnell has been acquitted of the murder of George Price in New York city, Dec. 27th last, in a case.

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The Chinese Government has filed a claim for indemnity to the amount of half a million dollars on account of alleged outrageous treatment of Chinese at Butte, Montana.

Mistaking for candy a torpedo made of dynamite and wrapped in pink paper, four-year-old Esther Oliver bit it into, and her head was entirely blown off at Denyer Col.

Prince Chun, younger brother of Emperor Kwang Su, who has been selected formally to apologize at Berlin for the murder of Baron Von Kotteler, has started from Pekin.

Two Italians have been arrested at Marseilles on the charge of having stolen the \$12,000 worth of jewelry from the residence of Mr. John Monroe, the well-known American banker.

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THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1901.

It is not the man who makes the discovery that counts in this world; it is the man who makes use of the discovery after he has it. Lots of old women had watched the steam pour out of the spout of the tea-pot before Watt did. They discovered the power of steam, but they did not know enough to make use of the discovery. Adam probably discovered the law of gravitation when he put his foot down on the soil of the Garden of Eden, and noticed that it didn't fly up in the air again of its own volition, but Adam saw, too, many other beautiful things in the world fresh from the hand of the Creator, and didn't reason it out any further. There is nothing new under the sun. Electricity has been in existence ever since matter was created, but it is only in this generation that men have discovered its uses. In the future, as in the past, the great discoveries will not be of new things, but of new forces in old things, and new ways in which to apply them.

Farmer's Sons.

It is somewhat noteworthy that nearly all the prominent members of the present Ontario Government are farmer's sons, born and reared on the farm, and we understand they are nearly all personal total abstainers from intoxicants. Premier Ross was born and reared on his father's farm in Middlesex county, and made his first venture in life teaching a country school. Attorney General Gibson states that he was also born on a farm. Hon. Mr. Harcourt, of the Education department, we believe was born on a farm and spent years in school teaching. Hon. Mr. Davis, of the Crown lands, was, we believe, also born and reared on a farm, where his father also owned an extensive tannery. Hon. Mr. Dryden, Minister of Agriculture, was born and reared on a farm, and is a farmer still. The present Premier of Manitoba, Mr. Roblin, and the ex-Premier, Mr. Greenway, are both sons of the soil, and know what farm life means. Parents who want to make the most of their sons, and sons who want to make the most of themselves, need not be afraid of the farms. Among the leading lawyers of to-day many of them are farmer's sons, and so it is with the leading men in medicine, and in the pulpit. In most of our towns and many of our cities the most prominent and successful merchants and other business men are farmer's sons. Boys reared on the farm are apt to get strong bodies and good temperate habits of living, and these seem necessary in order to have strong minds and real energy, such as successful men must have.—Napanee Star.

North Hastings Mosquitoes.

(Bancroft Times)

It is a good thing the season for mosquitoes in this district is nearing its end with the arrival of July. If they would stay in the swamps where they belong, and not come where they are not wanted, people would have a more friendly feeling for them. One goes to his bedroom at night, tired after a day's work and expects to rest. He gets into bed and is just dozing off, when the mosquito comes forth from his hiding place and begins his song in one's ears. We hit him a slap, supposing we have killed him, for all is quiet. We are just getting asleep again when he sets up his song for the second time as he flies out from somewhere, and again we are awakened. We kill him again and all is silent. We get asleep, when Mr. Mosquito rises from where he has been on the watch, settles down on our flesh, inserts the point of his hypodermic syringe, like a doctor, into our skin, but instead of injecting in, like the doctor, he works his syringe the other way to fill his own body. A selfish fellow is he, caring only to fill himself by sucking out of others. Persistent blood suckers are they all. It is good that the season for them is nearly over.

But the season for public mosquitoes, who are blood suckers upon the taxes of the country, is never over. The taxpayers of North Hastings will not so easily get rid of them. There are the railway bonus mosquitoes who draw subsidies from Parliament of several thousand dollars a mile, and are very slow in building their railroads through the country; there are the iron smelter mosquitoes, drawing \$3 a ton on pig iron and \$3 a ton on steel from the Dominion Government, besides \$1 a ton from the Ontario Government, \$7 a ton in all, one establishment preparing to turn out 100 tons a day, thus drawing \$700 a day out of the taxes to which the farmers of North Hastings are compelled to contribute, while they have to pay good stiff prices for iron goods; there are the beet sugar factory men, wanting to suck some of the public blood, and those who succeed encourage others who are greedy. All these mosquitoes sing around the ears of whatever government may be in power, flatter the members with promises of support or threaten them with withdrawal of support. Whether Tories or Grits are in power, these greedy corporations and bonus and subsidy hunters are always in power, and they will continue to be in power until there is a protest of votes at the head of power and authority, that

is, at the hands of the electors. Members of Parliament will allow the public mosquitoes to fill themselves and get rich on the life blood of the people as long as the electors who hold the power of votes in their hands will allow their representatives to do so.

Stirling Cheese Board.

At the Board on Wednesday 930 boxes of cheese were boarded, as follows:—

1 Bell	30	Production per capita.
3 Central	100	\$2.23
4 Enterprise	50	3.50
5 Evergreen	50	4.09
6 Harold	65	4.40
8 Marion	100	4.40
9 Maple Leaf	50	5.52
10 Monarch	90	7.32
11 River Side	50	9.33
12 Shamrock	90	
14 Spring Brook	60	
15 Stirling	60	
16 West Hastings	100	
18 Cook's	75	
Burke's	Present	
Bird, Bailey, Kerr, Rus-		
son, Bellings, Whitton.		
Sales—Whitton got 6, 8, 9, 11, 14, at 9t.		
Bailey, 3, 4, 5, 15, at 9t.		
Rollins, 1, 18, at 9.3-10c.		
Kerr, 12, 16, at 9.3-10c.		
Board adjourned till 4 o'clock, p. m., on		
Wednesday next.		

Trenton's tax rate has been fixed at 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ mills on the dollar.

A Presbyterian Church is to be erected at the Cordova mines.

Campbellford's civic holiday is to be on Wednesday, August 14.

United States health officers report that there are 900 cases of leprosy in that country.

The Deseronto car works have completed an order for fifty flat cars for the Central Ontario Railway.

The fall assizes at Belleville, with jury will be held on Sept. 24th, Hon. Justice Robertson presiding.

The Scientific American says safety from lightning is easily secured. Simply put on your rubbers and then stand so your clothes do not touch anything and you are perfectly safe.

A sharper calling himself Alex. Campbell, and professing to represent a Montreal firm, has been getting money from different banks by presenting a forged letter of credit. He was arrested at Trenton.

Madoc Review:—There are, at present, seventeen vacancies for teachers in North Hastings, and not more than four teachers in the inspectorate without situations. In other parts of the province, especially in the west, there is said to be a surplus of teachers.

The kindergarten department of the Campbellford Public School is to be abolished. The Herald says: The kindergarten has been a matter of contention for some years past, the objection to it being that it was too expensive a department for the small attendance of children which was sometimes recorded. About \$400 a year was required for its maintenance.

Oriental advices give details of a terrible destruction of human life which occurred in northern Java last month by a sudden and terrific outburst of the volcano Kloet. For fifty miles around all the coffee plantations and other estates were destroyed by showers of ashes and stones, together with great streams of lava and hot mud. Seven hundred natives and a number of Europeans perished.

Deseronto Tribune:—From a short paragraph in Wednesday's Napanee Star, one would be led to infer that the Deseronto Iron Works had gone out of business, and that no more iron would be smelted here. The fact of the matter is that the works have been closed for necessary repairs. A large gang of men are pushing the work forward so that the fires may be started with as little delay as possible. It is doubtful if any of the men so employed will be able to get off duty on Tuesday to participate in the pleasures of the Gatherin' of the Clans.

Madoc wants the county stone crusher. The county roads there are said to be badly in need of repair. The Review says:—Our little sister village, Marmora, appears to have a tenacious grasp on this county luxury, as it has been working there now since spring, and we are informed this is the third visit it has made to that hub of the rock country since the machine was purchased. We are told that Marmora is using it to crush sidewalk material, and it is even asserted that private individuals have had its use to grade their lawns, while Madoc people are walking in preference to driving on some of the county roads."

Canada is to have two mementoes of the exciting times in China, which but a short time ago riveted the attention of the entire civilized world. These mementoes are a couple of Chinese guns captured from the troops of the Empress-dowager by the British during the advance of the international troops to Pekin to relieve the beleaguered Legations. The captured cannon are not Krupp guns of the latest pattern, but their antique pattern gives them far more interest than if they had just been cast. They are brass 3.25 smooth-bore guns, weighing four hundredweight, and being five feet in length. The weapons are engraved with quaint Chinese inscriptions, and have rings cast on them.

MINING IN CANADA.

The Annual Report Shows That This Country Is Advancing Rapidly.

The annual report on mines and mining in Canada shows that this country is advancing rapidly, although many will be surprised to see how small a place iron still holds in our mineral production. An increase in the production of iron ore may now be looked for. The growth of our mining is shown by this table:

1 Bell	30	Production per capita.
3 Central	100	\$2.23
4 Enterprise	50	3.50
5 Evergreen	50	4.09
6 Harold	65	4.40
8 Marion	100	4.40
9 Maple Leaf	50	5.52
10 Monarch	90	7.32
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14 Spring Brook	60	
15 Stirling	60	
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18 Cook's	75	
Burke's	Present	
Bird, Bailey, Kerr, Rus-		
son, Bellings, Whitton.		
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Rollins, 1, 18, at 9.3-10c.		
Kerr, 12, 16, at 9.3-10c.		
Board adjourned till 4 o'clock, p. m., on		
Wednesday next.		

In 1886 the production per capita of Canada was less than one-third of that of the United States; in 1899 it was about three-fourths. In other words, while the United States was adding 70 per cent. per head to the value of its mineral products the Dominion was adding more than 300 per cent. It might be inferred that this continues our mining industry will soon be as important relatively as that of the United States. It must not be forgotten, however, that the increase is largely due to the placer diggings of the Yukon. The proportionate value of the different mineral products was, in 1899, as follows:

1 Gold	42.88	Per cent.
2 Coal and coke	21.45	
3 Copper	5.36	
4 Bricks (estimated)	4.43	
5 Nickel	4.17	
6 Silver	4.10	
7 Building stone (estimated)	3.03	
8 Petroleum	2.42	
9 Lead	1.97	
10 Lime (estimated)	1.61	
11 Cement	1.28	
12 Asbestos	.98	
13 Natural gas	.78	
14 Gypsum	.52	
15 Salt	.51	
16 Iron Ore	.48	
17 Sundry under 1 p. c.	4.03	

Canadian Iron in Britain.

The London, Eng., Speaker says: "The arrival in the Clyde of 3,500 tons of pig iron from Canada is a development of some significance. Hitherto the iron which has come into this country has been brought from the continent and the United States when production there has been in excess of the demand; and so far from importing from the Dominion we have sent it an average of about 10,000 tons annually. The shipment represents the first effort of the Dominion Iron & Steel Company to cultivate a foreign trade. This concern is of a magnitude equal to some of the largest establishments of Pittsburg; it owes its inception to American brains which were prompt to recognize the iron and steel manufacturing possibilities of the country. Its works are situated at Ayre, Cape Breton, and from the immediate neighborhood it draws inexhaustible supplies of good ore, coal and limestone, at prices which bring the cost of the materials to only about 3s. 8d. per ton, as compared with 18s. at Pittsburg. Being located in Canada, the company pays no duty on such of its products as are consumed in the country, and its position at tide-water gives it a great advantage over American rivals for the purposes of a foreign trade. Moreover it receives a bounty from the Canadian Government, and this suffices to pay freight to and landing charges in England. The whole of the Dominion Company's four furnaces are now in operation, and as an outlet in Canada itself is not likely to be found for the whole of its output of over 200,000 tons per annum, there is every prospect of regular shipments on a big scale to England. In fact Canadian iron threatens to prove a more serious competitor than either American, German or Belgian."

Birds That Sing Tunes.

A News despatch from Chicago last week told of the purchase for \$1,200 by a wealthy man of that city of a canary which had been taught to sing correctly, "Yankee Doodle." It might interest that purchased to know that a good many years ago Mr. Adam Falk, a merchant of Tavistock, Ont., educated not a few of the same class of birds to sing not only "Yankee Doodle," but also "God Save the Queen." His plan was to cover the cage and leave the bird in darkness, thus causing it to attract their attention, and then by constant whistling of the airs mentioned, to gradually educate them into repeating the music. But there is no record that his efforts received the ample reward obtained by the fortunate cobbler.

William Lyon Mackenzie's Press. In connection with a question as to the present location of the printing press of William Lyon Mackenzie, which was at one time deposited in Toronto Bay, Mr. Thomas Shaw of 33 McGill street, Toronto, says as a boy in Stouffville he remembers that Mr. Boyer had a printing press reputed to be the one in question. This was before 1850. Mr. Shaw says the press was sold and passed into the possession of Mr. J. M. Patterson, and later of Mr. Wheeler. Finally, says Mr. Shaw, the new press was purchased by Mr. James Holder of Prince Albert, Ontario County. He thinks this was about 1855.

Was Eve Adam's First Wife?

Adam—Sometimes I notice an odd, almost suspicious, look in your eye, dear. Now, tell me, what's the matter?

Eve—O Addie! From the manner in which you let me have my own way in everything, without a word of remonstrance, I sometimes can't help thinking that I am not your first wife!

To Freshen Oil Paintings.

Poppy oil is recommended by the art stores of Toronto.

RITCHIE'S

Annual Remnant Sale.

Our Summer Sale of Remnants of last season's stock is now on in every department. Hundreds of ends of PRINTS, MUSLINS, GINGHAM, SHIRTINGS, LINENS, SHEETINGS, TICKINGS, etc., are being offered at greatly reduced prices.

We specify a few of the many bargains:—

TRIMMED MILLINERY at HALF-PRICE. All of our handsome Colored Trimmed Millinery reduced HALF-PRICE.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

25 per cent. off all Mantles and Costumes. 75c. Colored Blouses for 49c.

1700 yds. Fancy Dress Muslins.

A late shipment of Muslins. We bought them at far below their actual value. This is just the season a Muslin Dress is most appreciated.

SPECIAL OFFER.—10 yd. Dress Length for \$1.25. This is one of our many Special Bargains in the Wash Goods Department.

Mail Orders receive our special attention.

This store will be closed Wednesday afternoons during July and August.

Telephone No. 164.

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Limited.

BELLEVILLE.

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Bob McCready.

Above is a splendid portrait of Bob McCready, one of the best football players in Canada. He is a member of the Ottawa University team, and has been in all of its championship matches. He is a splendid specimen of robust Canadian manhood, but strong as he is, he knows what it is to suffer from dyspepsia. So seriously afflicted was he at the opening of the past (1899) season, that he was not able to go out with his team. Palms in the back and sides, intermitting headache, and the awful pang in the testes, following after eating, the result of an impaired digestion, warned him that he was in no condition to play football, the hardest of all games. Besides, he lacked the energy to carry him through a campaign. He consulted his physician, but that gentleman gave him no relief. "At this stage," he writes, "I was advised to try Dr. Petty's Pills, the new remedy that one of my friends assured me was wonderful in its effects. I was skeptical, but he sounded their praises so persistently that I was induced to try them. The very first dose drove the pain away, and at the end of a week I rejoined my team and have come through one of our hardest seasons in the best form that I have ever been in. Dr. Petty's Pills are close to thank for my fine condition. They are the best medicine I have ever taken. They make one strong and energetic, and give one the energy to outlast any others when I feel in need of a strengthener." Such is the recommendation of this well-known athlete, which will be the experience of everyone who tries the new medicine. If your druggist cannot supply you, write to us, enclosing 25 cents a bottle, six bottles for \$2.50. Address Dr. Dr. Petty Medicine Co., Ottawa, Canada.

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DENTIST.

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and M. B. C. D. S. of Ontario.
OFFICE—Over Parker's Drug Store.
Will visit Marmora every Thursday.

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GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
Toronto Medical College. Licentiate of
the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.

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taking Affidavits. Office, over the store
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TRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO
SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY, will visit Stirling
professionally, the second and last Friday in
each month until further notice.

The Dental Engineers, Vandalized Air, Gas,
and other improvements known to Den-
tistry, will be used for the painless extraction
and preservation of the natural teeth.

Rooms at Scott House.

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES AND
Justice of the Peace for County Hastings.

A. E. TWEEDIE, V. S., Stirling.

Office—Opposite the Grist Mill.

All calls promptly attended day and
night.

SUCCESS.

At the foot of the Hill of Endeavor,
O, Young One, look downward and see
The suline of the prize
That dazzles your eyes
With the gleam of the glory to be.

Far up in the clouds like a beacon,
It astro illuminates the world,
And you start on your way
At the dawn of the day
With the flag of your purpose unfurled.

Youth, Hope and Ambition attend you
And the line of your march is between
With the fragrance of Spring
While the fulness of earth seems your
own.

Up the steps of the Hill of Endeavor
You battle and toil and keep on
For the glistening prize
That dazzles your eyes
At eve as I did at the dawn.

Its brilliancy is always before you
To lighten the gloom of the way
That leads to success
Through struggle and stress,
And crown you with laurel and bay.

At the top of the Hill of Endeavor,
Oh, Old One, look downward and call
To the brave and the true
Who are following you,
God-speed and good cheer to them all.

—Madge Merton.

THEY WILLED \$25,000.00.

People Who Died in Ontario Last Year—

Most Was Personality.

The report of the Inspector of
Legal Offices Mr. James Fleming,
just issued, comments on the fact
that the income of the Sheriffs has
been falling away for years past.

The statistical portion of the report
shows that 2,974 writs of various
kinds were served by the Sheriff's
offices, involving \$1,066,272 in the High
Court, \$170,582 in the County Court
and \$48,646 in the Division Court,
on debt or damages.

The returns of the local registrars,
deputy registrars and deputy clerks
show that the number of writs of
summons issued was 2,830, while 303
actions were entered for trial by jury
and 471 for trial without jury. Judg-
ments were entered without trial in
539 cases, amounting to \$661,419,
with \$19,416 costs.

The Ontario County Court Clerks' returns
show that 1,948 writs of summons
were issued, while 165 actions were
entered for trial by jury and 246
without jury. Judgments were entered
without trial in 597 cases, amounting to
\$154,142, with \$11,802 costs.

The returns of the Surrogate Registrars
showed 3,219 probates issued,
The wills proved and letters of ad-
ministration or guardianship issued
involved personally to the value of
\$19,247,029, and realty to the value of
\$8,380,870. Of the personality wills
were for sums above \$100,000,
\$2 between \$50,000 and \$100,000,
\$1,115 from \$400 to \$1,000, and 1,611 under \$400.

Ask your druggist for Petty's Pills.

If he hasn't got them write us, en-
closing the price, 50 cents, and we
will supply you.

Take with each dose a dose.

They are to be made in the house
for an emergency. Dr. Petty's Pills
will always be ready to meet any
emergency.

As an all-round family remedy, and

one about the room, growing intense as
one gazed at her eyes.

The girl of all my gracious realm for these
sums for thy morning, stars with midnight
beams—

But where is now, in all life's mystery,
Thy dream, thy dream?

I answer not, but wandering alone
Where earth is golden or where black seas
stream—

Ever that question like a lost soul's moan—
Thy dream, thy dream?

A SONG OF A DREAM.

Late Haze linger in the gardens sweet,
And on the hills the goldener's ayeem,
But autumn whispers in each red retreat,
Thy dream, thy dream?

The gold of all my gracious realm for these
sums for thy morning, stars with midnight
beams—

But where is now, in all life's mystery,
Thy dream, thy dream?

I answer not, but wandering alone
Where earth is golden or where black seas
stream—

Ever that question like a lost soul's moan—
Thy dream, thy dream?

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

one about the room, growing intense as
one gazed at her eyes.

"Naturally I tried the experiment of
separating my patient from the influence
of the tapestry, but this, as I feared,
only had the effect of changing his
habitual melancholy into a violent pas-
sion that was much more difficult to
deal with than melancholia. We then
tried hanging the tapestry in a much
used room, where some member of the
family was likely to be at all times.
There young Witlise would sit before it
in silence, with an imploring expression
on his face. Finally he became so
fascinated in regard to his strange infatuation
that he took small pains to conceal it.
Uncomplimentary remarks about Omphale
would send him into uncontrollable fits of passion that bare-
ly stopped short of violence to the person
who had made the aspersion. No one ever heard him address his enchan-
tress by name, but he would call her
"Marchioness," and that, too, is explained,
though at the time we were in the
dark as to his reason for conferring
this particular rank upon Omphale.

"Perhaps I exaggerated the impres-
sion the tapestry made upon whoever
looked at it for any length of time. I,
you must understand, was to some extent
under the influence I was studying and
trying to counteract in my patient.
Suggestion in such cases goes far and
follows strange paths. Every one in
the family came more or less under
Omphale's influence."

I had followed my uncle's story thus
far with intense interest, but here I
objected that if he attributed the peculi-
ar influence of the tapestry upon him-
self largely or partly to its known in-
fluence upon young Witlise it made it
more difficult to understand how the
patient had been in the first instance
under Omphale's spell, since he did not
have any outside suggestion.

"That is true," said my uncle, "and I
can only suppose that young Witlise had
some time or other read this story
of Gautier's and come to imagine him-
self a second lover of the beautiful
Marchioness de T., posed, to please her
husband, in the romantic scene with
Hercules."

My uncle's whole story ran counter to
my very strong prejudices against be-
lief in all things supernatural, "spiritism"
and the other "isms" of the same
sort. "Do you mean to say," I ex-
claimed, "that you believe Gautier's
preposterous yarn about the amours of
the young student and that woolen
rag?"

"Not so fast; not so fast," he replied.
I have not said that I looked upon the
tapestry as a recital of fact. You miss the
point. I will refresh your memory of
the story and then you will understand
it.

"The youth of Gautier's story was
deprived of his Omphale by an unfeeling
guardian who had discovered the
boy's infatuation. Years afterward the
man found the tapestry representation
of his goddess in an oddity shop and,
trembling with joy, hurried away to
get the 500 francs demanded for it by
the shopkeeper. Before he returned an
Englishman (why not Witlise, Sr.?) had
offered 600 francs for the tapestry, the
dealer had accepted, and the tapestry
had been carried away."

"But," I broke in again, "you are still
supposing that Gautier's tapestry and
youth actually existed."

"Not at all. Whether or not Gautier
described an actually existing tapestry
I do not know. I am inclined to think,
however, that the novelist had seen
this very tapestry. And when young
Witlise found it in his father's house
either after or before he read the story,
for I am confident that he had read it,
Omphale's spell grasped him, and he
was never able to throw it off. He be-
came the successor to Gautier's youth,
but probably Omphale did not warmly
respond a second time to a merely hu-
man lover's advances, and hence his
despair."

"Poor fellow," said I. "Doyouknow?"—
And then I hesitated, ashamed to dis-
close to my uncle the intense interest
he had excited in me. "Where is that
tapestry now?" I finally demanded.

My uncle first looked amused and
then serious.

"You shall never see it, Hugh, until
you are too old to be foolish—until you
are as old as I am."—St. Louis Republic.

Firstborn Children Strongest.

It would seem that firstborn children
excel later born children in height and
weight. This may be due to the greater
vigor of the mother at the birth of
the first child.

In England it was found that growth
degenerates as we go lower in the so-
cial scale, there being a difference of
even five inches in height between the
best and worst fed classes in the com-
munity.

An investigation of 10,000 children in
Switzerland showed that children born
in summer are taller for their age than
those born in winter. As a majority of
children in the public schools are poor,
in winter their parents are forced to
economize more on account of expense
of heating. Their rooms are also liable
to be small and poorly ventilated, while
in summer they are out in the fresh air.
Food is also cheaper and more varied.
The influence of unhealthy conditions
on a very young child would be much
greater than when it is older and better able
to resist them.—Everybody's Maga-
zine.

Shut Your Mouth.

George Catlin wrote a pamphlet enti-
tled "Shut Your Mouth" to show the
bad effects of breathing through the
open mouth. He did not tell us how to
keep the mouth shut during sleep.

I take a clean white cotton string 15
or 20 inches long, put the middle part
of it in my mouth and tie it loosely
to my neck just behind my mouth. My
lips and tongue seize it and hold it as
long as it is in my mouth. This process
is not patented and costs nothing.—
Journal of Health.

AT THE MODEL DAIRY

GREAT CENTRE OF ATTRACTION AT
THE PAN-AMERICAN.

Canada is well represented in five herds
of five cows each, containing Hol-
steins, Jerseys, Ayrshires, Shorthorns,
and French Canadians—all the cows
are under a six months' test.

(Signed by Martha Craig.)

The Canadian portion of the Model
Dairy is under the supervision of Mr.
E. W. Elderkin of Amherst, Nova
Scotia, President of the Maritime
Stock Breeders' Association, which
embraces New Brunswick, Prince
Edward's Island and Nova Scotia,
assisted by his son, D. W. G. Elderkin,
a student of Guelph Agricultural
College, Ontario.

Liter on live stock will be sent to
the Pan-American by private indi-
viduals. Mr. E. W. Elderkin is ex-
pected to leave Buffalo soon. He is going
to Canada to inspect all the live
stock before they are sent over.

The Model Dairy barn is situated in
the East Amherst gate, and is a centre of attraction to those interested
in agriculture, and a matter of
curiosity to city people. Here it is
proposed to care for and feed the
cows, and prepare their product for
the market in as nearly an ideal
way as is possible. In the barn are
to be found the herds of five cows
each. Canada is represented by five
herds, viz: Holsteins, Jerseys, Ayr-
shires, Short Horns and French Can-
adians. The remaining herds, viz:
Guernseys, Red Polled, Polled Jersey,
are owned by Americans. The Canadian
cows, with their owners, are as follows:

1. Kirsty Wallace of Auchenbran-
Robert Reford, Ste. Anne de Bellevue.
2. Betsy 1st of Fairfield Hains —
Robert Reford, Ste. Anne de Bellevue.
3. Lady Flora of Orchardton—W.
W. Ogilvie, Lachine Rapids, Que.
4. Alice 2nd of Lessnessock — W.
W. Ogilvie, Lachine Rapids, Que.
5. Pearl of Woodside — Robert
Hess, Howick, Que.

1. Luna Flora — Long Point Asylum,
Long Point, Que.

2. Rouen — College L'Assomption,
Long Point, Que.

3. Luna — Joseph Dugan, St.
Jacques, Que.

4. Denise — Champigne — Areus
Denis, St. Herbert, Que.

5. La Bouchette — J. B. Ousy,
Chicoutimi, Que.

1. Gypsy of Sprucegrove — Canadian
Government.

2. Primrose Park's Pride — W. E.
H. Massey, Toronto, Ont.

3. Queen May of Greenwood — W.
E. H. Massey, Toronto, Ont.

4. Maple Avenue's Rexina — F. H.
Neil, Lincoln, Ont.

5. Mossy of Burlesy — Canadian
Government.

1. Meg — O. A. College, Guelph,
Ont.

2. Inka Mercedes Dekol — Matt.
Richardson, Caledonia, Ont.

3. Hilda Heyne's Aggie — Matt.
Richardson, Caledonia, Ont.

4. Beauty of Norval — M. McClure,
Norval, Ont.

5. Tidy Abbekerk — H. Boilett,
Cassel, Ont.

1. Rose 3rd — W. C. Pettit and son,
Freeman, Ont.

2. 14th Princess of Thule — A. W.
Smith, Maple Lodge, Ont.

3. Daisy D. — G. D. Hiner, Sparta,
Ont.

4. Miss Holly — Canadian Govern-
ment.

5. Queen Bess — Canadian Govern-
ment.

The cows are under a six months' test
lasting from the 1st of May to the
1st of November. There are four prizes to be competed for: 1st, for
the herd showing the greatest net
profit; 2nd, for the herd showing the
greatest net profit, alone considered,
as determined by the Babcock test;
2nd—For the herd showing the
greatest net profit, alone considered,
as determined by the Babcock test;
3rd—For the herd showing the
greatest net profit in total solids;
4th—For the herd showing the greatest
net profit in total solids and in
loss and gain in live weight. Each
herd is in charge of a competent
herdsman, who makes it his business
to study and put into practice the
most profitable methods of handling
and feeding each individual cow un-
der his charge. Feeding is done
three times a day. All feed is weighed
to each cow, and charged against
her at a fixed price, the prices are
got by averaging the prices pre-
vailing throughout the United States
and Canada during the last five
years.

The cows are milked three times
a day—at 5 a. m., 12:30 noon, and
8 p. m. All milk is weighed and
accurate records kept. From each
milking is taken samples for both
the lactometer and Babcock tester.
The lactometer readings are made
each day, but the Babcock tester is
only used once a week, on the com-
posite samples of twenty-one milkings.
The amount of butter is esti-
mated on the basis of 35% fat.

For the purpose of ease in hand-
ling and economy, only one day's
milk is used each week to find the
actual amount of butter made by
each herd; the total amount of butter made
by the herd is then figured on the
basis of what is produced in the one
day. At present the Guernseys are
leading, with the Ayrshires second,
Jerseys third, and Holsteins fourth.
The three leading Canadian herds
are fast gaining on the Guernseys,
and Canadians may look for these
three herds to be leading at the close
of the six months' test.

Lieut.-Col. Evans.

Lieut.-Col. T. D. B. Evans, C. B.,
is a native of Ottawa, where he was
born March 22, 1860. He for several
years was in command of the
Cavalry School at Winnipeg and
was given command of the Yukon
military contingent when he left Ottawa
in March, 1898. He went to South Africa
as second in command of the Canadian Mounted Rifles,
affectionately known as the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

CAR FOR LIVE FISH.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY BUILDS
One for the Express Purpose of
Stocking Ontario Lakes.

Owing to the thousands of tourists
and anglers who each year make the
districts in Northern Ontario their
summer resort, the fish in several of
the lakes have suffered to some extent;
and to obviate any depletion or extermination
the Grand Trunk Railway, in conjunction with the
Ontario Government, has formulated a scheme
for restocking many of the waters in the
Highlands of Ontario, not by depositing eggs, fry or fingerlings,
but by transplanting the parent fish early in the spring, in time to take advantage of the spawning
season. With this end in view the
Grand Trunk Railway System has built in its shops at Point St.
Charles a special car for the transportation of these fish from the place
of their capture to the different lakes which are being stocked.

Heretofore the stocking of lakes
has been hampered for the want of
the proper means for the transpor-
tation of the fish. Young fish, fry
and fingerlings, were carried by mes-
sengers in baggage cars on regular
passenger trains. This method was
inadequate and the Grand Trunk recog-
nized the fact that a fish car would
have to be put in service to transport
fish in large numbers. A car was therefore
constructed specially adapted for the distribution of
fish, the requirements of such a car
being compartments for carrying fish
in which the temperature is
regulated to keep the fish alive.

The car is arranged with two tanks
to hold 1,000 to 1,500 fish.

At one end of the car is an upper

compartment for the attendants.

The car is built of wood and
is 20 feet long and 8 feet wide.

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is 20 feet long and 8 feet wide.

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is 20 feet long and 8 feet wide.

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THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued)

Lord Fielden's own idea was that Lola had taken refuge in France; it was most probable for many reasons, and he spent some weeks in Paris. The Paris officials began to grow interested in the search; even the Russian detective service had been drawn into the business; and no news that the telegraphic wires could have flashed from one end of the world to the other would have given greater satisfaction than the intelligence that, living or dead, something was known of Lola de Ferras.

Then Lord Fielden had another idea, he believed that it was very probable she would be found in some religious house, in one of those institutions where wearied hearts find rest. So in England and France the strong arm of the law was brought into force, but the search in this direction was equally futile. The dark beautiful face which had brought ruin and desolation to Scarsdale remained undiscovered.

It was almost pitiful to see how Gertrude and Lord Fielden watched the post—the sickness of hope deferred indeed made the young girl's heart sink. One morning a whole bundle of letters came; none of them contained any news of particular interest, but they occupied considerable time in the reading and answering.

"I wonder, Lord Fielden," said Gertrude, when the last envelope was directed. "If ever there will be an end to this quest of mine?"

"There is an end to everything, Gertrude," he replied, thinking to himself that the one exception was his own great love for her. There could never be any end to that—it was impossible.

"I wonder," she continued, "what I shall have to fill my life and to interest me when this is over. I shall be quite lost. Now every day brings its own work, and that work occupies my whole time. I do not think I could ever live without some real employment again."

"You need not do so," said Lord Fielden, with a quick throb at his heart. "I know work that will just suit you."

"What is it?" she asked, her blue eyes fixed on the spreading beeches. "Women's rights?"

"Women's rights in one sense of the word, Gertrude," he replied—"decidedly not in the other. You ought to have a husband who loves you, not with a commonplace affection, but with an unfathomable love."

"He has to be found," interrupted Gertrude, with a shy, sweet smile. "No, indeed, he has not; he is found."

But Gertrude would not listen.

"I can think of nothing yet but finding my father," she said gently. "Gertrude," he cried, "suppose that some man—we will presume that he would be in every way eligible—should, through his own exertions and skill, bring to you certain proofs of your father's innocence, the sure solving of the mystery that surrounds his name and that of Lola de Ferras, would you, as a reward, marry him?"

His heart beat so violently as he asked the question that he was afraid she would hear it; his suspense was so great that he could hardly draw his breath. But she did not look at him. She seemed to forget all about him in the thought of answering his question.

"Yes," she replied; "I think I would."

He turned away with deep sigh, and without seeing the furtive glance from Gertrude's blue eyes.

"I wonder," said Harry, with an impatient stride across the room, "if it would have been better for me if I had never been born?"

"I should say that it is many years too late to answer the question," observed Gertrude.

And so their conversation ended; but he did not forget it. Lord Fielden felt convinced that the only way to win the prize of Gertrude's love was by clearing up the mystery of her father's disappearance; and that was the task he set himself to perform.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Near the pretty town of St. Remy in a remote corner of France, stands a chateau quite shut in from the world by the forest that surrounds it. To an imaginative person it seemed as though an evil influence had passed over the place, a breath of tainted air, a something vague and terrible that made this forest unlike any other.

There was an path cut straight through it that led from the town of St. Remy to Hilaire-sur-Rhone; and it chanced at times that some man or woman hastening home was caught by the fast-falling night and belated in the forest. All such persons had terrible tales to tell. They spoke of strange unearthly sounds that re-echoed through the glades, and of sights that froze the blood in their veins, and their statements were most devoutly believed.

A brook which should have been a laughing sunlit rivulet ran through one part, but the waters were dark and treacherous; they gave forth sultry musings, like a musical ripple. If the surroundings were uncongenial, the interior of the chateau was much worse, and strange stories connected with it were circulated in the neighborhood—stories of blood-stains on the floor of one of the upper rooms which nothing could wash out, of mysterious noises in corridors and passages, of cries by night and queer rustlings by day.

How long the old house had stood empty no one knew; people hardly knew it ever had been inhabited. The blue smoke hurried upward from the chimneys many long months before it was noticed, and then there was little or no intercourse between the occupants and the villagers.

Once every week a cart was driven from the chateau to St. Remy by a

surly-looking man—a Belgian evidently, from his accent. He made his purchases without more comments than the occasion demanded; and if any one presumed to question him as to the number of the household—if it were madame or monsieur whom they had the honor of serving—his reply was a gloomy suggestion that the inquirer should mind his own affairs.

Persons drew their own conclusions.

Articles of every kind were purchased—books, papers, cigars, wine, old cognac. There must certainly be a gentleman living at the chateau, and lady too; there was no mistake about that. Gradually, however, all curiosity ceased for the simple reason that it was never gratified, and the Chateau Fleuris remained as great a mystery as ever. But, after a time, one of the inhabitants of the chateau issued from her seclusion.

She was a tall, dark, stately woman with a strange beauty of her own. A story of passion was written on her face. The dark eyes burned with almost lurid light, a grand but distorted, darkened soul looked out of them with proud, pain-filled defiance.

She went frequently to St. Remy; no one knew whether she was wife or widow. She never spoke of husband or children; but she wore a wedding-ring, and called herself Madame St. Ange. She always wore black, loose, gracefully-hanging garments that fell in statuette folds about her; she walked with a proud stately grace that was peculiar to herself. Once, as she was passing down the Rue d'Espagne, a pretty little girl fell down a few yards in advance of her, and hurt herself badly. The child's cries were piteous, yet Madame St. Ange did not go up to her, as any kind-hearted woman would have done, and raise her from the ground; she had no words of sweet womanly compassion for her, but stepped aside so that even her dress should not touch the little one. With a cry on her lips, the mother came rushing out of her house, and saw Madame passing by with raised head, as though she neither saw nor heard the child.

"Who are you?" she cried, "that you treat my pretty child as though she were the dust under your feet?"

She had placed herself so completely before the haughty lady that she could not take another step forward.

"Your child is nothing to me; let me pass," Madame said haughtily, and the mother almost forgot the injured little one in her anger.

"Who are you?" she repeated, "that you have a woman's shape and not a woman's heart?"

The dark face lowered slightly now, flashed defiance at her.

"A woman's heart!" she replied, with bitterest scorn. "A woman's heart should always be made of stone! Mine is, thank Heaven!"

The fierce words and fierce look so completely startled the woman that she stepped aside and picked up her injured child without saying another word; but all day long she could not forget what Madame had said. "A woman's heart should always be made of stone! Mine is, thank Heaven!"

"Pain!" laughed Madame St. Ange to herself. "She calls that pain—a broken limb, a wounded arm, a few bruises! Ah, Heaven, what do they know of pain? I would endure the most terrible physical suffering if it would but raise me from my living death."

After that the people hated her; they had heard the story of how she had passed the injured child without even deigning to look at it.

So the years rolled on, and the evil reputation of the Chateau Fleuris is remained. During all that time Madame St. Ange had never made one call, had never admitted one visitor, had never, so the postman said, received one letter, had never been seen inside a church, had done apparently no single thing that any benevolent Christian lady should do.

No man or woman ever asked her for charity, and in the whole of St. Remy there was not a living soul to whom she had shown the least kindness.

A large fair was held yearly at St. Remy, at which it was the custom for all the country-people to assemble. Madame St. Ange detested this fair, and denounced it in very vigorous language, forbidding it in her household to attend it. When from the pealing of all the bells of St. Remy and the distant music of the bands, she found that the country people were enjoying themselves, she would walk over to Hilaire-sur-Rhone, where no vulgar sounds of pleasure came; for Hilaire was essentially an aristocratic place, with pretty scenery. A great source of attraction was a mineral spring that had been discovered some years before, and a fine building had been erected in connection with it. There were baths, a large assembly-room, where dancing took place and grand balls were given—just but not there, there was a well-arranged library, which was a boon to all the inhabitants. It consisted of two large rooms, one filled with well-selected books, the other furnished with reading-tables and easy-chairs. Here newspapers of all kinds, especially English, could be found. The Times, the Graphic, the Illustrated London News, and several of the society journals were among the number, probably because many of the villas were occupied by English people.

No creature in Hilaire troubled his head about the Chateau Fleuris. That such a place existed on the other side of the forest they all knew, but no one ever asked who lived there. The librarian could not tell the name of the owner of Madame St. Ange, for he very often supplied her with boxes of books; but beyond that he knew nothing of her. He did not know her by sight; the surly Belgian transacted all the nec-



COMPARATIVE AREA OF CANADA, (SHADeD LINES) AUSTRALIA, (BLACK) AND EUROPE (WHITE) MINUS RUSSIA AND SCANDINAVIA.

He Owns a Million Sheep

A Visit to the Sheep King of Australia.

I had a chat the other day with the sheep king of Australia, the biggest sheep owner of this great southern continent, says Frank G. Carpenter, from Sydney, Australia. Australia is the wool centre of the world. It has more than 100,000,000 sheep and it cuts enough wool from their backs to bring in \$100,000,000 a year. It has some of the largest flocks of sheep ever gathered together. Job's cattle upon a thousand hills cannot compare with them. There are a hundred men in New South Wales alone who each own 50,000 head; there are hundreds more who have 20,000, four hundred who each have 10,000, and many who own flocks of a thousand and upward. There are twenty-one men in this state who each own 100,000 sheep, and McCaughey, the king of them all, has more than

ONE MILLION SHEEP.

All these sheep are owned by Samuel McCaughey, an Irishman, who came to Australia in 1856 with practically nothing. He failed at first and started again with a small flock, and from year to year has added to his holdings until he has now more sheep than any other man in the world. He has more acres of land than sheep, and his possessions are looked upon as quite small here. For instance, I asked as to whether the vice-president had a large station. The reply was that he had not, and that his possessions all told comprised only about 65,000 acres of land. Another man was pointed out who owned 200,000 acres, and another who had half a million acres, all under fence.

IN THE WOOL WAREHOUSES.

Sydney is the chief wool market of Australia. It ships hundreds of millions of pounds of wool to Europe every year and it has some of the largest wool warehouses in the world. Let us take a walk through one of them. We are in a great room covering many acres. It is roofed with glass and upon its floors are thousands of bales of wool. Each bale is as high as your shoulder. It is wrapped in yellow bagging, but the top is open and the wool seems to be burst forth and to be pouring out upon the floor. It is marked from the station from where it comes. In other parts of the warehouse are mountains of wool which have been taken out of the bales, and in other places the men are repacking the wool for reshipment.

One of the curious features of Sydney is its wool sales. Everything is sold at auction. The sales take place in November, December and January, when buyers from England and the continent, and from the United States and Japan come here to bid. The buyers wear long overalls and linen coats while examining the wool. They go from bale to bale, taking notes of each man's stock, in order that they may know how much to offer for it in the auction rooms. As many as 10,000 bales are sometimes sold in a day, and single sales will foot up as much as three-quarters of a million dollars.

The prices of wool vary according to quality. The coarse wool will often bring only 13 or 14 cents, while the fine brings as much as 30 and 35 cents. There are certain brands of wool, known by the names of their owners, which always bring high prices. I have before me a list of some of the greasy wool sales of last year, showing that certain owners got as much as five cents a pound more than the ordinary market rates. There is also a difference in the price according to what part of the sheep the wool comes from. Every sheep is divided up into sections, and after the fleece is taken off the wool from the legs goes into one place, and that from the belly into another, and so on, a dozen classifications being made from the same sheep.

Sydney has its wool exchange, where all the wool auctions are held.

The exchange is situated near the wharves in the heart of the city. It is a long, narrow room, much like a chapel, with an auctioneer's desk at the end. The various wholesale dealers or commission merchants are allotted different days on which they may offer off their stock, and on those days the buyers come to bid. Cable reports are received as to the prices in the great wool markets over the world, and the excitement rises and falls with the quotations. The commission merchants are only interested in getting as much as they can for their customers, and the wool often brings more than it is worth. After it is sold the commission man delivers it to the steamer packed ready for shipment.

COLLEGES FOR WOOL MEN.

Here in Australia the government has colleges for wool students. A branch of the technical schools is devoted to night classes for sheep breeders and wool dealers. In these schools the students are taught all about sheep. The different breeds are exhibited and their qualities pointed out. The students have to attend different days on which they may offer off their stock, and on those days the buyers come to bid. Cable reports are received as to the prices in the great wool markets over the world, and the excitement rises and falls with the quotations. The commission merchants are only interested in getting as much as they can for their customers, and the wool often brings more than it is worth. After it is sold the commission man delivers it to the steamer packed ready for shipment.

CONSUMMATES ARE BARRED.

Immigrants with tuberculosis of the lungs hereafter will be debarred from all ports of the United States regardless of boards of special inquiry, which heretofore have used their discretion in the matter. The order, issued by Superintendent of Immigration Powdery, is mandatory. The Board of Special Inquiry, at Ellis Island, after receiving the report on a case of tuberculosis from Dr. G. W. Stoner, chief of the medical division of the immigration service at New York, will immediately have to debar the immigrant. The Supervising Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service at Washington has declared that tuberculosis of the lungs is now considered a dangerous contagious disease.

(To be continued.)

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A young gentleman the other day asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general. Not knowing, I can't tell, was the reply; but if you and I were to put our heads together I could give you a definite answer.

There is a regular profession of wool spinning in Australia, and the man who knows all about wool and sheep can get a high salary as a spinner or expert. Suppose a spinner has 100,000 sheep and can add one pound per sheep to his crop of wool, the difference is 100,000 pounds per annum, which means a fortune. It is so with the men owning smaller flocks, and hence the wool and sheep experts are sure of good wages.

Men from the woolen mills of England are brought out here for this purpose, and every effort is made to produce the highest priced wool.

HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

A Lady Who Cures Her Husband of His Drinking Habits Writes of Her Struggle to Save Her Home.

A PATHETIC LETTER.



"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerfed me. I hesitated nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's stay nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaria Prescription, and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for an extent of which no other material is capable, and it is upon this aspect of the idea that M. Henrioux lavishes his imagination.

WORLD IN GLASS HOUSES.

RESIDENCES IN WHICH DUST CANNOT COLLECT.

Day Not Very Far Removed When Vitreous Materials Will Play Principal Role.

According to M. Jules Henrioux, who originated the famous Palais Lumineux, or palace of light, at the last Paris Exposition, and who was until recently director of the great glass manufactory at St. Gobain, in France, glass will one day come to play such a great part in the world's economy that the next age is likely to be distinguished as "the age of glass."

M. Henrioux is an enthusiast on glass. He believes it to be the material of the future. He does not pretend that the world can long do without glass cannons or glass menhirs, or glass greyhounds of the ocean, nor does he contemplate any substitution of vitreous machinery for that now employed in the various processes of manufacture, but he does claim that glass is the best substance known for every and of structural purpose, and especially for dwelling houses. In short, if the visions of M. Henrioux are realized, says the London Daily Express, all the world will be living in glass houses before long.

The point of the idea is found in the inexhaustible supply of the materials from which glass is made, in its adaptability to all shapes and forms, its durability, and its cleanliness. With regard to the second point, it is obvious that glass can be shaped, colored and decorated to an extent of which no other material is capable, and it is upon this aspect of the idea that M. Henrioux lavishes his imagination.

GLASS STATUES AND DRESS MATERIALS.

There are six ways in which glass can be manipulated. It can be cast into window panes, paving stones, panels, &c. It can be moulded into cornices, slates, wall decorations, and even statues. It can be blown into bottles, tumblers, vases and all the utensils comprised under the name of "glassware." It can be blown and ground into crystals, lenses, prisms and other objects of art and utility. It can be drawn into the finest threads and made into pipes, baskets and dress materials. It can be turned into mosaics and enamels, and can be brought into the closest imitation of most of the precious stones.

Imagine, with M. Henrioux, the construction of a glass house. The foundation and the walls would be constructed of a variety of glass, recently invented, called "stone glass," which has already successfully withstood the severest tests. When crushed it gives a resistance three times as great as granite. When subjected to heat or cold it is found less sensitive than steel. When submitted to friction it shows less wear than porphyry. Shock as of a hammer blow, it resists to a degree twenty-two times as severe as that which would fracture marble. The test of tension has practically no effect on it whatever.

GLASS HOUSES.

The walls, then, would be built of glass, held together by angle-iron, so as to permit of a hollow space through which pipes could pass (the pipes themselves being glasswork) conveying hot air, hot and cold water, gas, electric wires, drains, and everything needed for the health and comfort of the inhabitants. Stairs and balustrades, ceilings and wall decorations, mantelpieces and fireplaces would all be constructed of glass. Some of M. Henrioux's conceptions in the way of decorations, in which the glass is made opaque or tinted with brilliant colors, or made silver and golden, or arranged in prisms and crystals with facets like diamonds, are perhaps too fanciful to be taken seriously, but through all there runs the same enthusiasm, the same belief that glass, as Thiers once said of Louis Napoleon, is capable of anything.

Chairs and tables in the new glass age will be made of vitrified materials, toughened to the strength of oak and mahogany. Cooking utensils, plates and cups and saucers, will be made of the same substance. Even knives and forks will have glass handles, if not glass blades.

The new glass house will be absolutely clean and practically indestructible. The whole of its surface can be washed from the top story to the basement, without a trace of humidity being left. Dust cannot collect on its polished face, and the spider will find no place on which to hang its cobwebs.

They have already begun to pave the streets of Paris with glass, and it is found that the substance, while practically indestructible, is admirably suited to the feet of both men and beasts; and as it neither holds nor makes any dirt, it is absurdly easy to clean. Its only fault is that it somewhat increases the noise of the traffic, but even this might be overcome.

COST NOT EXCESSIVE.

The question of cost has not been left out of account. Glass can be made out of almost anything amenable to the influence of fire. The stone glass to which reference has already been made, is manufactured mainly from sand which hitherto has been used as waste sand to fill the slag heaps which disfigure mining and iron districts are all convertible into glass. Evidently the days of bricks and stones are numbered.

Perhaps it might be possible in connection with one of the many projected exhibitions to construct on a modest but sufficient scale a dwelling of the kind M. Henrioux describes. People would then be able to experience the actual sensation of walking along glass doors, or climbing a glass staircase, of sitting on glass walls, of sitting in glass chairs at glass tables, drinking tea out of glass cups and stirring it with glass teaspoons.

How far this could be accomplished

DISTRUSTFUL

Stickney—I don't trust that new book-keeper.

Pickney—Leave your umbrella where he can get it; then if he steals your umbrella you'll know he's a thief.

Stickney—Good scheme! Er—moment when I put the umbrella into position?

SECRET SERVICE FUND.

A secret service fund is voted yearly by the British Parliament for the purpose of defeating conspiracies against the State. Last year \$65,000 was paid to spies who were employed for this purpose. For a copy of a treaty between France and Russia known as the Treaty of Tilsit, which Britain once paid \$200,000.

FRAGRANT Sozodont

for the TEETH and BREATH

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID

New Patent Box SOZODONT POWDER

Large LIQUID and POWDER

At the Stores or by Mail, postpaid, for the Price.

25c

25c

75c

25c

TRY LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA. It is the finest ever imported into the Dominion, and one which every connoisseur will fully appreciate. Load Packages, 25, 50, 100 and 200 Gents.

If You Want best results SHIP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to The Dawson Commission Co. Limited, Cor. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

BIRTH OF GENIUSES.

Mr. Havelock Ellis finds that most of our greatest geniuses have been born in April and fewest in January. The numbers born in the first, second, and fourth quarters of the year are fairly equal, but there is a marked deficiency in the third quarter. The ordinary birth-rate of England and Wales is higher in the first and second but lower in the third and fourth quarters. About 15 per cent. of the geniuses were delicate in childhood, but these often developed into healthy, vigorous, long-lived men. Bruce, the traveller, was a typical case. Very delicate in early life, he was a man of huge proportions, athletic power, and iron constitution. Over 14 per cent. had lost one or both parents by the age of ten.

First Tramp—Jim is the most careless fellow about his personal appearance I ever see. Second Tramp—What d'ye mean? First Tramp—Why, a woman gev him a pair o' good shoes last week, an' he went an' wore 'em, 'stead o' keepin' on his old ones to excite sympathy.

Beware of Ointments that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when bringing it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians. The damage they will do is often the good you can't derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, made by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous membranes to cure the system. Hall's Catarrh Cure is sure to get you into fine shape. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials from Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The average weight of English boys has risen from 59 pounds in 1800 to 64 in 1900, and of girls from 57 to 63 pounds.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Ten British towns, besides London are larger than Dublin, which now has 245,000 people. Edinburgh beats Dublin by 57,000.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

The French Academy has forty members elected for life. It meets twice weekly.

MONTRAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

AVENUE HOUSE

Local—College Avenue

Local rates \$1.00 per day.

The world's railways carry two billion passengers and 950 million tons of goods in a year.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

The first tunnel over a mile in length in England was that at Horn-castle, constructed in 1827.

For Over Fifty Years

Mr. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of children, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for sore throat. Send for a bottle and try it daily throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mr. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP."

Britain has now nine field-marshals including the King and the German Emperor, and seven admirals of the fleet.

W. P. C. 1034

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.

For all skin ailments.

J. O. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fire catalogue 200 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for any thing in Music or Musical Instruments.

Whaley Royce & Co., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

Dominion Line Steamships

Montreal to Liverpool Boston to Liverpool

Montreal to Port Royal, N. B. Via Quebec.

Passenger and Freight Steamships. Superior accommodations for all classes of passengers. Balloons and Staterooms for ladies. Special attention has been given to all the Second and Third-Class accommodations. Rates of the Company, or

Richards, Mills & Co., 77 State St., Boston.

D. Turpence & Co., Montreal and Portland.

D. Turpence & Co., 77 State St., Boston.

Parker's Drug Store.

KEEP THE FLIES OFF YOUR CATTLE
BY USING
TEXAS FLY KILLER.

IT DOES THE WORK.

PURE PARIS GREEN.

"Tanglefoot" Fly Paper.

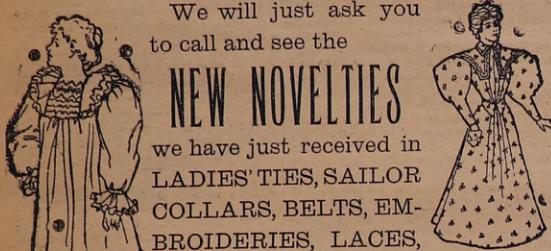
—SPECIAL BARGAINS IN—

PURE TOILET SOAPS.

CHAS. E. PARKER,
DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

Pretty Warm Weather This, To TROUBLE THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

We will just ask you
to call and see the



NEW NOVELTIES
we have just received in
LADIES' TIES, SAILOR
COLLARS, BELTS, EM-
BROIDERIES, LACES,

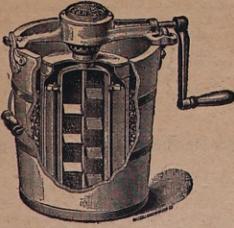
etc., and to get your share of the Warm Weather
MUSLINS and ORGANDIES that we are Clear-
ing Out.

CHILDREN'S TRIMMED SAILORS, 40c., 50c.,
and 60c., Saturday, special price, 25c.

The Fred T. Ward Co.

See this Cut?

It represents the Best
Ice Cream Freezer
on the Market, namely



The "White Mountain."

You will notice that it has a triple motion which makes it
ahead of all others, as it freezes the cream in far less time.
We will be pleased to show you this line in all sizes and very
low prices.

HOW ABOUT

BINDER TWINE,
HARVEST TOOLS,
PARIS GREEN.

Don't forget we are Headquarters for all kinds of Hardware.

H. & J. WARREN,
HARDWARE & TINWARE MERCHANTS, MILL STREET.

Binder For Sale.

A Massey-Harris Binder, in good run-
ning order, will be sold cheap and on easy
terms.

JOHN FRENCH,
Stirling

NOTICE to the PUBLIC

I have about Three Thousand Dollars worth of goods composed of BOOTS & SHOES, HATS and CAPS, READY-MADE CLOTHING and DRY GOODS, which I will sell at about HALF-PRICE in order to clear them out, as I am going out of that line of business.

D. NERRIE,
SPRING BROOK.

Dated at Stirling, this 3rd day of July, A.D. 1901.

G. G. THRASHER,
Solicitor for Executors

PARKER BROTHERS BANKERS, STIRLING - ONTARIO.

A General Banking Business
transacted.

4 per cent. allowed on Deposits.
Drafts bought and sold on all parts of Canada
United States and Great Britain.
Money to let on Mortgages at low Interest.
Office hours from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

F. B. PARKER. R. PARKER, M.D.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers—Three lines and
25c. each additional insertion; over three lines,
75c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary
type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers—10c. per line each
insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains at Stirling station as follows:

GOING WEST. GOING EAST.

Mail & Ex. 2.27 a.m. Accom. 10.35 a.m.

Accom. 6.45 p.m. Mail & Ex. 3.45 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1901.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Quarterly services will be held in the
Methodist Church Stirling on Sunday,
July 28th.

Some of the farmers in this vicinity
are complaining of the scarcity of help
for haying and harvest.

The School Board have resolved to
reseat the Public School, and are having
sample seats sent from manufacturers
for inspection.

We are informed that the Band will give
an open air concert in the Park every Friday evening during the summer,
commencing this week.

The Carmel Methodist Church (town
line) which is being renovated and repainted
will be completed and ready for opening on the first or second Sunday
in August. Announcement later.

The Lawn Social given on Major Halliwell's grounds last evening by the
Choir of St. John's Church was a grand
success. There was a large attendance,
the grounds were beautifully decorated,
the Band discoursed sweet music, and
everything passed off pleasantly.

It will be seen by advertisement in
another column that Thursday, the 1st
of August, has been proclaimed a civic
holiday. We understand that the
Band are making arrangements for an
excursion to Pieton and Glenora, of
which particulars will be given by
posters.

The annual Methodist three day's excursion
to the Thousand Island Park, per steamers Varuna and Ella Ross,
will be run on Saturday Aug. 10th. The fare for the round trip is only one
dollar. The services on Sunday are conducted by some of the most eloquent
divines on the continent.

The wearing of shirt waists by men
has not come into fashion in this place,
nor do we think it is likely to, as there
is a pretty general feeling among the
people against the innovation. We
notice that the fad is making but little
progress in other places, and many of
the leading hotels in cities will not admit
men so attired to their dining rooms.

It will be considered quite proper, during
the hot weather, in Stirling, for both ladies and gentlemen to attend
church attired in the lightest clothing.
Don't burden yourselves with superfluous
clothing, and don't stay home because
it is too hot to dress up. Ladies
might do as is done in other places, go
bareheaded, with a parasol to shade
from the sun.

The long looked for list of names of
those who passed the entrance examinations
in North Hastings appears in this issue.
Out of fifty who wrote at Stirling, twenty-seven were successful.
Out of twelve from the Stirling Public
School seven were successful. Considering
that there had been a change of
teachers in the middle of last term, this
is a very good showing. Two others
from this school lacked but a very few
marks.

The attention of our village fathers is
called to the fact that Front Street is
being made a regular race course every
Sunday evening. It is time a stop
should be put to this practice, even if it is
necessary to swear in a half dozen
special constables for this purpose. The
furious driving indulged in is simply
disgraceful, beside the danger to life.
Were a number of those who take such
delight in this sport finely headed it
would put a stop to the practice, and
the fines would recoup the council for
the extra outlay for special constables.

"The Canadian Graphic and Bay of
Quinte Review" is the title of a new
publication which has ventured on the
seas of journalism. It is a monthly contain-
ing sixteen large pages, and is published
at Trenton, Mr. Thomas Jarrett
being the editor and manager. The
first number, it is admitted, is not up to
the standard aimed at, yet it contains a
large amount of interesting matter,
some good writers as regular contribu-
tors. It is published at the low price of
fifty cents per year, or five cents per
copy. We wish it success.

The Twelfth at Spring Brook.

The Orange celebration at Spring
Brook on Friday last was probably the
largest and most successful gathering
ever held in this vicinity. There were
twenty-one lodges in the procession,
and the large number present showed
the great strength of Orangeism in this
section. The day was fine and very
warm, but the heat was less felt in the
grov where the multitude listened to
several excellent addresses.

The members of the church of Eng-
land had made ample provision to furnish
dinners for all, and the amount taken
by them was \$1146. To this sum
there will be some additions when
everything is settled. Their expenses
were of course large, amounting to
about \$100. A full statement of the
receipts and expenditures will be made
later.

Thousands Island Park.

The 10th annual Methodist excursion
to the Thousand Island Park, per steamers
Varuna and Ella Ross, will be run on
Saturday, Aug. 10th. Fare for round trip
from Trenton, only one dollar.
The scenery during the trip is most
picturesque. The 50 mile trip among the
islands has no equal on the continent.
Come and enjoy the longest, pleasantest and most elevating excursion
on this continent for one dollar.
The C. O. R. train will leave Spring
Brook at 5.30 Saturday morning. All
clergymen of any denomination, and
juvenile collectors of Missionary money
free. —W. D. P. WILSON, Chairman, C.
A. LAPP, Secretary.

PERSONALS.

Mr. T. H. McKee is on a visit to Rochester, N.Y.

Mr. E. J. Doak, of Toronto, is spending
his holidays in town.

Mr. L. Meiklejohn and family left for
camp at Crow Lake-to-day.

Mr. Chas. D. Black, of Napanee, is visiting
his parents and friends here.

Misses Mollie and Annie Sprague left
to-day to visit friends at Peterborough.

Mr. Goldsmith, of Belleville, we learn
has purchased the Way farm at Glen Ross.

Mr. Frank R. Parker, B.A. and wife, of
Cortland, N.Y., are visiting at his home
here.

Mr. D. W. Couch, of New York City, is
visiting his aunt, Mrs. Wm. Hubble, and
other relatives in Rawdon.

Mr. Arthur Hatton and children, of
Fort William, Ont., are the guests of Mr.
and Mrs. Geo. Hatton.

Mr. J. D. McCann, wife and child, of
Hornellsville, N.Y., are here visiting his
parents and other relatives and friends.

Mrs. George Campion, of Pipestone, Man.
and Mrs. Dr. Tydings, of Chicago, Ill., are
the guests of the Misses Judd, of this village.

Misses Campbell and Black and Messrs.
Wilson and Clements, of Belleville, were
the guests of Miss Katie Barlow on Sun-
day last.

Mr. Jas. Haggerty, ex-M.P.P. and wife
left on the 16th inst. for Alexander, Man.,
where they will visit their son, Adam and
his family.

Mr. George H. Ferguson arrived in town
on Tuesday, July 16th, and will spend the summer
with his parents and relatives and friends
in this vicinity.

Mr. Peter McKee, of Glen Ross, the
W. M. of Frankford Masonic Lodge, is in
attendance at the Grand Lodge now in
session at Hamilton.

Miss Nettie Rupen of Rawdon, left on
the 16th inst. and extended visit to her
sister, Mrs. Young in Millington, Mich.
We hope the visit will improve her health.

Mr. John W. Hough, of Rochester, N.Y.,
arrived on Monday morning on a visit to
his parents and friends. We have since
learned that he will permanently reside
here.

Miss Mary Ann Gallagher, of Rochester,
N.Y., who lately visited her mother and
other friends, reports that all those whose
former homes were here and in this vicinity,
now residents of Rochester, are well and
prospering.

Mr. Thos. Gregory and wife, who thirty
years ago were our neighbors, residents of
the Massey farm, Ridge road, are visiting
their old acquaintances throughout this
section. Mr. and Mrs. Gregory live
near Los Angeles, California, and are on a
several months' visit to relatives in Scotland
and England.

Dr. Sargent, of Spring Brook, accom-
panied by his wife, left for Edinburgh, Scotland
on Saturday last.

The Dr. intends to remain away for three
months, during which time he will study
at the hospitals of Edinburgh and London.
Dr. Wales, of Markham, is taking his
practice during absence.

MARRIED.

DERBY-DARRELL—On the 12th inst. at the
parsonage, Stirling, by Rev. Richard Duke,
William Henry Derry to Maggie, daughter of
John Darrah, all of the Township of Marmora.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING TAKEN
the necessary steps as required by the County
of Hastings, is prepared to attend all sales
short notice. Terms as low as the lowest,
and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders left at
the News-Argus office or addressed to me at
Stirling, will be promptly attended to.

OUR MOTTO

Is "FAIR DEALING, No Fake Advertising."

We use what is genuine only. We sell you cheap clothing
ready-made prices, the small difference will be amply repaid
from all requiring good reliable purchases in Clothing or
Gents' Furnishings.

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

Hot Weather Bargains

In LADIES' VESTS, HOISERY, WAISTS and
SUMMER CORSETS, in straight front.

Call and see our LACES, EMBROIDERIES, and
ALL-OVER LACES.

In PRINTS, COTTONADES, SHIRTINGS,
TICKINGS, STEAM LOOMS, PILLOW COT-
TONS, TOWELLINGS and COTTONS, a full
stock and Cheapest in Town.

A Full Line of GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

In GROCERIES we always keep a full stock
and always fresh. Do not forget our 25c. Tea.

Highest price paid for Butter and Eggs.

Laundry Tuesday instead of Wednesday.

E. F. PARKER.

THE CELEBRATED EYE SPECIALIST

Prof. J. H. De Silberg, Optician Special-
ist from Germany, will be in Stirling, at
the Stirling House parlor, three times
a week. Watch for dates. All consulta-
tions free. Those having weak or imper-
fect eyes should not fail to consult the
professor.

FIRE INSURANCE.

THE GUARDIAN,
" NORWICH UNION,
" SUN,
" GORE,

FARMS FOR SALE.

HORSE " "

W. S. MARTIN,
Insurance Agent, STIRLING.

HARRY HARRIS.

STIRLING, ONT.,
—DEALER IN—

PIANOS, ORGANS & SEWING MACHINES

I sell the SINGER Sewing Machine,
guaranteed in every respect. Case hard-
ened and adjustable. The Singer repairs
always on hand. Easy terms of payment.

Also, Auctioneer for the Co. of Hastings.
CHAS. BUTLER Issuer Marriage Licenses

Notice to the Public.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING TAKEN
the necessary steps as required by the County
of Hastings, is prepared to attend all sales
short notice. Terms as low as the lowest,
and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders left at
the News-Argus office or addressed to me at
Stirling, will be promptly attended to.

WM. RODGERS.

ADVERTISING RATES.
For ordinary business advertisements:
Charge FIVE INCH per week
when inserted for
1 year, 6 mos. 3 mos
Whole col. down to half col. 7c. 8c. 9c
1/2 col. down to 2 lines 9c 10c 11c

For business less than three months 1 cent extra
on above rates. If less than two months
double extra on above rates. If less than one
month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary
business, which will not be held to include Auction
Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private
Advertisements of individuals, etc., etc.

Two lines \$10 per year; \$6 for six months;
\$3 for three months; \$2 for two months; \$1
for one month. One inch, \$8 per year. Professional
cards, limited space, \$10 per year.
Yards of cloth, \$1 per yard, two inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option
of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line, first
insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions
inserted, 1 cent, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.
JOB PRINTING of every description exec-
uted in neat and fashionable style, and on
short notice.

Our Shoe Dressing is the Best.

GEO. REYNOLDS.

SHOE KING.

Eggs taken in exchange.

Our 50c. Table is composed of Misses's and Children's Fine Oxfords
and Boots.

CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND TOE SLIPPERS, sizes from 1 to 7,
prices, 10c. to 30c. per pair. Call before sizes are broken.

Of course our Shoe Dressing is the Best.

Our 50c. Table is composed of Misses's and Children's Fine Oxfords
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Our 50c. Table is composed of Misses's and Children's Fine Oxf

Caged by A Lion.

"I can conceive of no human quality more fondish in its action than jealousy; and of the various kinds of that poisonous power, professional jealousy is the cruellest and meanest."

A look of horror was on the speaker's face and a sort of shuddering spasm seemed to twist his features as he spoke. He was a comfortable merchant, John Jelly by name, and his stout, jolly, good-looking wife was with him. They were in Switzerland, enjoying a well-earned holiday after the rigours of business. Just then the wife was in company with other holiday-makers on the deck of the steamer that was plying between towns on the Lake of Geneva.

One of the party, a little, dried-up dark man, already notorious for trying to get information on all subjects, scented a story.

Well, perhaps I can give you a yarn. You all know I am a manufacturer and a merchant in a fair way of business. I was not always so well off as I am at present. Once I had not a spare half penny to my name, yet I had in my head the idea for the making and putting on the market of the world-famous articles I manufacture now. Only capital was needed for patenting and floating the things. Capital was as hard to get in the sixties when I was a young man as it is now. I wanted to marry Lucy here. I was working at that time—don't laugh! I'm not ashamed of the fact!—in a wild-beast show, and my duties were mainly to keep the animals clean, to feed them and to be generally useful.

One of the lions was Nero, a famous trick-beast, clever and intelligent, but of an uncertain temper. He was never taken on tour as most of the other animals were in turn, but was always kept at our headquarters, a well-known sea-side resort, where he formed one of the attractions of the permanent managerie there.

His trainer was a dashing fellow, fearless and utterly careless of danger. His name was really Smith, but as Smith does not look very imposing when billed, he was always known as Signor Arati.

Arati was married, and he had a family dependent upon him. His wife was one of the lady riders, and her ways were of the extravagant order, therefore it took all Arati's really splendid earnings to keep her supplied with all she would have.

With a woman of this kind tied to him Arati's life was not of the rosiest, and it was a perpetual wonder to me how he contrived to keep such a happy-go-lucky air about him. The danger of his calling was as the zest of life to him, and when, in all the trickery of gorgeous circus gear, he entered Nero's cage and put the great beast through his paces, he was as a man intoxicated with a species of strange pleasure.

Nero's tricks took about an hour and a half to go through. He was the star lion. As a rule wild beasts only learn thoroughly one or two tricks, but Nero knew a dozen. Arati had a little play of twenty minutes duration in his cage, and the lion himself was the principal character during this act. That was after his tricks had been duly exhibited.

One evening when the lion-room was crowded as usual, and a mass of interested spectators with breath-held lips watched Nero perform his feats, a catastrophe occurred. Nero had been sulky. Arati had been obliged not only to use whips but the hot irons that afternoon at re-bearse, and the brat had not forgotten it. The trainer, lithe, graceful, gorgeous, full of quips and jokes, entered his cage and delighted the folk as usual, but he had an anxious face upon him before he went in, and I, with another assistant, had instructions to stand ready behind the scenes with hot iron bars, in case of need.

An instinct told me, and told Arati, too, that there would be need. Nero had been so unwilling to work, so rebellious, so disagreeable in grin, that afternoon that even careless Arati had said he should be glad when his night turn was done.

A cry from the audience, horrified catch of all breaths, then shrieks and screams, gave us the signal suddenly. We sprang to the cage, and were just in time. Nero, with ominous growls, had the tamer down and his great paw was on him, just as you may have seen a cat's paw on a mouse.

A touch of two hot irons on his nose, a bang of another on his face, and, with growls of anger, succeeded by a roar of agony, the fire-stung lion darted from his victim, shaking his head with the pain that had defeated him. In a second Arati was drawn outside the cage, the door was banged shut and all was safe. The people were dismissed and the lions tamers gone.

Arati was hurt, but not so seriously as had been feared. When he was fully recovered in body, however, he remained seriously sick in mind. His splendid nerve was utterly gone; there would nevermore be a quelling of wild beasts by Arati. He had no idea of the mischief Nero had wrought until he tried to take up his work again, and found he was quelling in the face of the quietest lion. He was cowed, and the beasts knew it. That made an end of Arati's work at once.

This was a calamity not to him or one who had lost his good livelihood, but to the proprietor who could not afford to lose the spectacle of Nero's cleverness in his twenty minute's play. The lion was quiet again. I, who fed him, could put him through some of his paces readily.

When Arati's broken reverie became evident the proprietor approached me on the subject of taking his place. I was to have the handsome salary hitherto received by Arati, and I was also to take his name, the train-

er to take his own name of Smith and to do my work.

This was rough on poor Arati, as from force of habit, we still called him. The proprietor was a business man and could not afford to do anything else as he pointed out. He increased the salary of Arati's wife, however, and offered to give the poor fellow more than he had given me.

I dreaded the task, but though I

was sorry for Arati, I essayed to covet that salary, which would enable me to realize my heart's desire. I should be able to patent my invention, and to put it on the market; for a very few months, I could dare this awful task of lion-play and mighty risk my life as Arati had done for years, in ministering to the morbid fancies of a populace desirous of enjoying the spectacle of a life in danger.

So Arati and I changed places and names, for he took mine, or tried to, it so great was his dislike of his own; yet Jelly was no better.

Arati's manner, hitherto pleasingly patronizing, changed towards me from the first night I entered Nero's cage. His look was murderous, and yet agonized, as I came out and passed as he stood where once

had been used to stand holding the hot bars.

I pitied him exceedingly, knowing his bitter cause to feel his degradation, for his wife, now she was deprived of his salary as it had been, was known to lead him a direful life at home. At last, however, his conduct grew so bad that I was roused and spoke so plainly that blood was up with both of us, and from words we came to blows. After that, I never spoke a word to Arati nor did he to me.

Each afternoon I put Nero through his act, enticing him by gifts of meat, and using the whip less than

Arati had used it, though I had to lay it upon the animal sometimes when he was ugly, just to let him feel he had his master.

One afternoon as I entered the lion-room I heard an unusual tumult and roaring going on. Then out, in a great hurry, sprang Arati, with a wild face and terror-filled eyes. I wondered what he had been up to, and eyed him keenly as he rushed past. As I was opening the door I caught sight of his face at the foot of the stone steps, and was struck by the strange look he had.

"Arati will go mad if he keeps on." I said half aloud to myself as I went into the room where the roaring still went on. "I hope he has been up to no tricks with Nero to make the beasts roar so!"

Tricks! Little did I dream of the full devilry of Arati's deeds. I got half way up the room when a sight met my eyes that absolutely froze me into ice. For the most vicious of the beasts, the most intractable of them all, Maris, the evil-natured lioness, whose cubs had been removed from her only that week—Maris was out of her cage, the door of which stood wide.

I took in the horror as one glance, and then I lost my nerve. I felt that death was upon me, and losing my head as I saw the beast crouch, I flung the contents of Nero's meat basket full at her, foiling her leap. Then I turned—a fatal thing to do, but I was in a panic brought by the shock and the surprise—turned and ran back to the door, running just in time to hear the key turn in the lock.

I seized the handle, shook the door, and screamed in my terror, calling wildly upon Arati to come and open. Never shall I forget that awful moment! I quiver at the horror of it now! For Arati had lost his reason that day, being wife-goaded to his mad deed. He had loosed the lions and locked me in with her.

Maris was engaged with the meat. Nero's horseflesh proved my salvation. I had but one chance of safety, which I seized even as the thought came that I was lost—the cage.

With a couple of leaps I reached the empty cage and sprang within, drawing the door towards me feverishly. All the cages shut with springs: caged like a beast, but safe. Then I considered that, should any one else enter the lion-room, that person would run a terrible risk. Though I might shout my hardest, Maris would be upon the intruder, and I was coming in. I got ready for a tremendous show, but my dry throat seemed unable to utter it, and it died in my lips as I saw a mad face look in Arati's face. He saw the lioness and, with a miraculous return of his old power, he made straight for her.

And, oh! joy, he had repented of his awful deed. He had the red-hot bars. It was again the fearless trainer. He applied the bars remorselessly to Maris. The lioness shrank, whimpered, retreated. She was cowed. I forgave him on the spot for his late work as I saw him beat the beast and drive her towards the cage. She went under, but he pulled the door of the next cage to mine open, then drove the lioness from her refuge and beat her into the cage.

The ex-Queen of Madagascar, who is now in Paris, is a somewhat remarkable woman, and some years ago voluntarily went to the English missionaries to be educated. Her native country is a desert, believe it was in consequence of her prophecy that she was anxious to visit Paris. The story is told by a young French officer, who was present, that the soothsayer—a native of the tribe of black dwarfs known as the Tanalas—predicted, some six years ago, that a happy turn in her fortune would date from her first visit to France. The prophecy was uttered on the very day that Antananarivo was taken, and only a few hours before the Queen was dethroned.

"Ah! brave tamer, look after your lions now!" he said, with indescribable malignity; and then I saw his mad face as it glared in at the bars.

"Arati, let me out! Let me out!" I kept crying, but he went away, with wild, mad laughter, rushing



STOPPED A BULLET.

The accompanying cut is from the photograph of a watch that was sent home a short time ago from Kimberley, South Africa, by Private Peter Flynn, Third K. O. S. B., to his relatives at 19 High Street, Maxwellton, Dumfries, Scotland. Mr. Flynn bought the watch from a comrade in Kimberley who was short of money, else he should scarcely have parted with it, for in all probability it saved his life. During one of his engagements with the Boers the watch was in the breast pocket—wherein it must have been face outwards at the time—of his khaki jacket when it stopped the flight of a bullet, which firmly embedded itself in its centre, penetrating right through the works, and making a deep dent in the back.

from his lips. And I heard Maris move!

Then I knew no more. I came round to find myself in safety outside the cage, with many of the show people round me.

It seemed that Arati had been met running out of the building with wild cries of satisfied vengeance. He was secured, and discovered to be quite insane. He was babbling of what he had done. At once his horrified listeners rushed to the lion-room to find the beasts settling down to quietness, while Maris, who had been badly burned by the madman, sat subdued in a corner of her cage licking her wounded paws and rubbing her injured eyes as she whined with pain, and I was lying in a senseless heap in the next cage, open to hers. They flung the partition shut and got me out. I never again entered a lion's cage, nor ever shall.—London Tit-Bits.

TRAINING THE SILKWORM.

Methods Adopted by a Tribe of South American People.

How would you like to have a silken garment spun upon your body, direct from the silk-worm to the finished product? It ought to be economical, for there would be no manufacturers' or middlemen's profits to divide, and it ought to give satisfaction as to fit.

But the chances are that you would be tickled to death, for, in order to accomplish this result as it is done by a tribe of South American people, you would have to allow the silk-worm to crawl over you, forth and back, until the silken fibres enveloped you.

The people who clothe themselves in silk in this remarkable manner fan up the Amazon, and are called the Silvas. They collect the eggs of the silk-worm moth, and carry them about in their belts about their bodies. Thus the warmth of the body helps to hatch the eggs. When the caterpillars come forth, they are not allowed to leave the body, but are trained to roam over it and make it their home.

About one minute of these crawlors about a white man's body would be enough to tickle him to death, but the natives have them crawling about for two months, a whole army of them. Leaves are stuck upon the body for the worms to feed upon, and while they are feeding the natives assist each other in placing the food upon the body so that the worms will form the habit of going round and round while eating.

After a sufficient period of feeding, quite naturally the worms want to spin their cocoons. In this, however, they are prevented by the outer shell being destroyed, because if it formed it would spoil the silk. The caterpillars do not know what to make of this for a time, but eventually they conclude it is all right, and they begin spinning the silk.

This is the handle, shook the door, and screamed in my terror, calling wildly upon Arati to come and open. Never shall I forget that awful moment! I quiver at the horror of it now! For Arati had lost his reason that day, being wife-goaded to his mad deed. He had loosed the lions and locked me in with her.

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The transformation is complete. From a naked savage, the native is turned into a perfectly clothed being, with a garment of silk that in fit and appearance would make him envied of every ballet dancer.

Out of an average annual loss to the world's shipping of 2,172 vessels 94 are completely missing and never heard of again.

About the House.

FROZEN Dainties.

To the casual observer who eats whatever is set before him, provided it is good, asking no questions—the difference between so-called granites, frappes, sherbets and water ices seems as inconsequential as that between tweedledum and tweedledee. To the initiated, however, there is a considerable differentiation.

A water ice is simply a lemonade or fruit juice and water frozen without stirring. Motion interferes with the clearness. A sherbet is a water ice to which white of egg or gelatine has been added to give it a creamy consistency. Sherbets should be frozen more rapidly than ices.

A sorbet is frozen more like water ice, not so hard as a sherbet, and usually has liquor added.

A frappe is simply a half frozen ice. Its distinguishing characteristic is mushiness. If liquor is added to a frappe it becomes punch.

Granites are fruits or water ices frozen without much motion and with equal parts of salt and ice, so as to ensure a granular texture. They are not from fruits, however. Small fruits or large preserved or candied fruits cut in small pieces may be added just long enough before serving to get thoroughly chilled.

A mouse is frothy mass-like cream without stirring. It should be made of hours before using and packed in salt and ice, using a greater proportion of salt than for ice cream.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

Almond Paste for Cakes.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; grind and pound very finely one pound of best almonds, and add to this one pound of castor sugar. Lay the paste over the cake, and let it dry in a slow oven.

To Clean a Letherharn Hat.—Stir a teaspoonful of powdered sulphur into the juice of a lemon. Brush this thoroughly into the hat with a tooth brush, and when clean place it under a tap and let the water run over to free it from the sulphur. Dry in the air out of the sun. Brush over with the white of an egg.

Mixing Salad Dressing.—Many housekeepers complain of the trouble they have in mixing the French dressing. Put the ingredients (one tablespoonful of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of oil, a saltspoonful of salt and quarter that amount of mustard) into a bottle. Cork tightly, then shake the bottle vigorously for a few minutes, and you will have a perfect emulsion. This is by far the easiest way to mix the French dressing.

Potted Beef.—Slice thinly two pounds of thin, raw beef and beat the slices with a rolling pin, sprinkle over them about a teaspoonful of powdered allspice, pepper and salt to taste and add a pinch of cayenne. Leave the meat in a cold place with the spices and turn it once or twice. Then place in a jar and add only just enough cold water to cook it. Tie some paper over the top of the jar, cover with a saucer, and cook in a very slow oven all night. Let the meat stand in the jar till cool, then pour it to a paste, using a little of the gravy in the process and adding more seasoning if necessary. Place the meat in small jars and run a little melted butter over it. This will keep for some time in a cool place and when served may be cut in thin, delicate slices with a very sharp knife.

Mushroom Ketchup.—Take a peck of fresh mushrooms and half a pound of salt, place them in a deep pan in layers with salt sprinkled between. Let it stand six hours, then break the mushrooms with a wooden spoon and allow them to stand in the cool for three or four days, stirring daily. Ascertain as nearly as possible the quantity of liquor there will be when strained, and to each quart allow a quarter of an ounce of cayenne, half an ounce of allspice, a quarter of an ounce of ginger, half a teaspoonful of powdered mace. Place all in a jar, cover closely, place in a saucier of boiling water and boil for three hours. Then pour the contents of the jar into a saucepan and boil slowly for half an hour. Pour the ketchup into a jug and strain into small bottles for use. Do not squeeze the mushrooms and be careful to leave all the sediment in the jug. Before corking the bottles and covering them with sealing wax, add a few drops of brandy to each. Examine the ketchup from time to time to see that it is keeping well. Should it ferment, boil it up again with a few peppercorns.

WORTH KNOWING.

Paint made with turpentine is a better protection to iron work than paint mixed with linseed oil.

For a refreshing bath dissolve a tablespoonful of rock ammonia in it. The water is thus made soft and invigorating.

A little vinegar put into a frying pan and heated on the stove removes the flavor of onions or fish from the utensil.

Lettuce for salad is greatly improved by being put in cold water for several hours before it is to be prepared for the table.

Sooted photographs may be cleaned by sponging with clear cold water. The cardboard mounts may be cleaned by rubbing with dry bread.

To cool butter in warm weather, such as we are at present experiencing, you will find the following a good plan. Plunge jars containing it to the neck in an airing box that has been sand-filled closely round the butter jars. Salt may be mixed with the sand with great advantage. Keep the sand wet with plenty of cold water; a biscuit tin is quite large enough to hold the necessary jar.

To Clean Oil Paintings.—Take some old potatoes, and peel carefully. After rubbing the potato over the painting (with very little water) a slice should be cut off and the rub-

bing continued. As you go on the latter should be wiped off with a very clean, very soft, wet sponge. When the whole surface has been thoroughly rubbed, the painting should be well washed with luke warm water, and then rubbed with cotton wool, which will remove all dirt. Finally polish by gently rubbing with a silk handkerchief.

DISINFECTING A ROOM.

Sometimes a doctor orders a room to be disinfected and if this is not done properly it might as well not be done at all. An exchange gives the following directions: Soak two teaspoonsfuls of powdered gunn tragacanth in a pint of cold water for an hour, then place the bowl in a pan over a fire until the gum is dissolved.

Have newspaper cut into strips about two inches wide and paste six thicknesses together. Paste these over the cracks of doors and windows, leaving the door by which you leave the room to be sealed after the fumigator is lighted. If there is a fireplace in the room, it must be covered with several thicknesses of brown paper. The gum tragacanth is easily washed off and does not discolor either paint or woodwork.

EATING FRUITS.

Sickness may be produced by irregular and excessive use of fruits and vegetables, but there is no danger when they are eaten in proper amount and regularly.

Children are, as a rule, exceedingly fond of fresh fruits and green vegetables, and if these are allowed the free and prudent use of wholesome fruits and vegetables they will not eat them in excess. The greatest danger lies in eating these foods when they are not in proper condition.

Select only those that are properly grown and ripened and of the freshest, otherwise they will excite disease. Never consider perishable foods cheap which are not strictly fresh and sound.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some of the World's Great People.

Sir Squire Bancroft has, perhaps, the most astonishing memory among actors. He is not only able to repeat any part he has ever acted, but he can recall exactly when and where he appeared in any of the hundreds of characters he assumed while on the stage.

Perhaps the only living explorer who is equally familiar with the dark places of Equatorial Africa and the "Land of the Midnight Sun" is M. Paul du Chaillu. The mysterious fascination of the "Dark Continent" lured him from an East African counting-house when he was quite a young man, and he was away four years, returning with a live gorilla as trophy. Then he went far north, and his fascination of manner and kindness of heart won him hundreds of friends.

Mr. Henry Richards, Worthenbury, near Wrexham, England, a retired agriculturist, has attained his 102nd birthday. When over ninety years of age he sang in the Worthenbury choir, and was probably at the time the oldest chorister in the country.

In his 100th year he received a congratulatory letter from the Queen. His eldest son is about eighty years of age and his youngest descendant is but a few months old. There are 123 descendants of this grand old man—namely, 11 children, 66 grandchildren, 97 great-grandchildren, and eight great-great-grandchildren.

Earl Russell, who during the last ten years has had considerable experience in legal proceedings, is the grandson of Lord John Russell, the first Victorian Premier upon whom Sir John Tenniel exercised his pencil, and great-grandson, therefore, of the sixth Duke of Bedford. "The Earl," who succeeded his grandfather in 1878, is unromantic in appearance. A rather stout, ruddy-faced man, he is regarded by smiling eyes that look kindly from under gold-rimmed glasses. John Francis Stanley possesses none of the oratorical or literary qualities of his famous grandfather, though he has spoken once or twice in a modest way in the House of Lords.

A most exciting career has been that of Sir Rudolf Slatin, better known as Slatin Pasha. He left Vienna, his birthplace, when but seventeen, to become a clerk in a commercial house in Cairo, and six years later came under the notice of Gordon, who appointed him Governor of Darfur. In this unromantic, arid, sandy land he succeeded in establishing a Hammar of the Arabs, owing to his many victories over the turbulent tribes, but in 1883 he had to surrender to the Mahdi. Then began an imprisonment that lasted till 1895, when, by secret aid from the authorities at Cairo, Slatin managed to escape. The late Queen had Sir Rudolf at Windsor several times to hear him relate his adventures.

The Hon. Walter Campbell, who has just published a book of humorous poems, illustrated by the Princess Louise, is said to be one of the best amateur reciters and Scotch story-tellers in society. Always a great favorite of the late Queen, he would bring a smile to her lips at every moment with his quaint tales, his imitations of the peasantry's ways and his recitations copied verbatim from real life in the crowd, canny saying what their homely mother

wife. One of his comic songs, says Lady Violet Grenville, "Jean Jamie's Bonnet," would send the most stolid of audiences into fits of laughter. He has the quiet, sedate manner, the right accent, and the latent sense of humor which give the true flavor to a Scotch story.

"A woman," said Mr. Platitwood, "can't keep it secret." "Go on!" said little Johnnie. "Teacher kept me working on a wretched sum, when she might have told me the answer."

Out of the 206 wooden vessels built in British yards last year 147 were under 600 tons. More than half these were yachts.

The largest opal in the world weighs 17 oz.,

THE WHITE ROSE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Sir Karl Allamore is about to wed Dolores, Lady Rhysworth. Lola Ferras has pressed her love upon him but it has been rejected and she vows vengeance on the object of his affections. Lola goes abroad. Two years pass happily when one night he goes out on mysterious business. He does not return. Matters seem to point to his having eloped with Lola. Dolores drops her child, and goes with her children to Italy. Sixteen years pass when her daughters meet accidentally Harry and Lady Fielden, old neighbors of Dolores. The girls learn of their mothers' story. Gertrude, Sir Karl's daughter, goes to England with her mother's friends to endeavor to find her father. Search is made for Lola who returns in disguise to find why she is sought.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The morning air was blowing freshly, the rooks were cawing in the great oaks, the blackbirds were singing in the hedge-rows, the whole earth lay smiling and glad, when Mme. St. Ange left the hotel to revisit the places she had once loved so dearly. They were all in the vicinity of Deeping Hurst. The old home of her rival was nearest; then came Scarsdale; Beauville lay at some little distance to the west, and Fielden Manor toward the south. It was a neighborhood singularly rich in grand old historic houses. Mme. St. Ange decided to look first of all on the home of her youth—Beaufeu again; she attracted no attention as she went through the streets.

Very soon she had left the town behind her. She was a quick, graceful walker, and the few miles of country road were nothing to her. The trees and fields, the turns of the river, the winding of the green lanes, were all familiar to her. Presently she reached Beauville. It was occupied by new people, but she determined to go up to the well-known door and ask some question or other which would enable her to see the place. There was a fierce pain at her heart, yet she could not shed a tear. She recalled her bright, happy lost life—the time when her gentle, kindly mother had been so proud and fond of her, so sure of her success in life so hopeful for her, so caressing and indulgent to her. Ah Heaven, the bitter, terrible difference between then and now!

Once more she trod the old familiar paths winding through the grounds round to the side door. In her mind's fancy she could see her mother's face, as she had seen it hundreds of times, looking out of the great bay window, with its wreath of passion-flowers around it, waiting, with loving words to welcome her.

Could it be that but a few years ago she had been a beautiful, happy, innocent child? She could remember so vividly the day when Mrs. Clefden came from White Cliffe, bringing with her Dolores, and how madame had said they were to be friends and love each other always.

A cruel, bitter smile curled her lip. "Well," she said, "if I have suffered, she has suffered more; and that was all I asked."

Her heart grew hard and cold again. She looked into the old hall; nothing was changed. It might have been only yesterday that she placed the flowers she had gathered on the hall table, and laughed at her own fancy for calling herself a red rose.

She was glad to move away; she had seen her old home, and the sight of it had been like a searing iron to her. She felt ill and tired; she would go back to the hotel and partake of refreshment, and then she would begin to make inquiries. She would have to exercise great caution, but she must know why she had been sought, and what those advertisements meant.

She walked back to Deeping. In the High Street she saw a fruit shop where some fine grapes and peaches were for sale. She was thirsty and faint from fatigue, and she thought that nothing would be more delicious and refreshing than a bunch of purple grapes. She bought in to purchase, and sat down. There was some little delay in serving her, and while she was thinking that this would be a good opportunity to ask a few questions without attracting attention, a smart little pony carriage stopped at the door, and a beautiful girl in a blue dress descended from it.

Mme. St. Ange, watching eagerly with eyes full of pain, fell back with a low, startled cry when she saw the girl's face, and clung to the chair, as though to prevent herself from falling. It was Sir Karl's face under another guise; there were Sir Karl's clear blue eyes. There were his clustering waves of hair, there was his mouth, at once so gracious and proud. For a few moments it was as though the sight had stricken her dumb. Then the girl was by her side, and a sweet silvery voice was saying—

"I should like some of these nice grapes, Mrs. Grey, for a sick woman whom I am going to see."

The low voice was Sir Karl's. The soft blue eye glanced carelessly but kindly at the bent figure in the black dress. If each could have but known! If some good spirit could have told Gertrude that this was the woman for whom she had sought, the woman with whom rested the knowledge of her mother's fate, what grief and trouble might have been spared her!

Mme. St. Ange watched every movement of the graceful girl. She listened to each word she spoke; she could have cried out: "Karl! Karl!" She was nearer losing her senses and reason just then than she had ever been. Karl's eyes, Karl's voice! Her head drooped on her breast; she could not hold it up.

"I am afraid you are ill," said a sweet, kindly voice; and the eyes like Karl's were bent upon her com-

"Thank you, I am quite well," madame answered, coldly; and the young girl drew back with a chilled and disappointed air.

Mme. St. Ange did not hear what else passed; it seemed to her that her mind was all chaos. That same one spoke of Lady Fielden she knew; then the beautiful girl was gone, and she sat there with her grapes before her.

She raised her miserable eyes to the woman who had just served her. "Who is that young lady?" she asked.

The woman replied coldly. She had been displeased by the stranger's repulse of Gertrude's well-meant kindness.

"That is a visitor of Lady Fielden's—Lady Fielden of Fielden Manor," she said.

"But who is she—what is her name?" cried Mme. St. Ange.

The voice was so earnest that the woman felt compelled to answer.

"Her name is Allamore," she replied. "She is the only child I have heard of, of Sir Karl Allamore, who ran away from his wife and his home many years ago."

"He—what?" asked a voice that was hardly human.

"Run away from his wife," was the brief reply. "And his daughter is on a visit to her mother's old friend, Lady Fielden."

"And her mother—is she living or dead?" asked madame.

"Her ladyship is living abroad—I believe with her other daughter."

"Scarsdale is shut up; only the servants are living there; and a great loss it is to us at Deeping. Sir Karl was the best customer that ever came into this town. The grapes are three bushels. Thank you. Good afternoon."

The next minute Mme. St. Ange was standing in the sunlit street, scared and bewildered, and, really more at a loss than ever.

She had seen Sir Karl's daughter, the very apple of his eye, the pride of his life, the little child whom he had loved with a great, tender love. And she was staying at Lady Fielden's. Was it this girl who wanted her? Was that the solution of the mystery?

She had a strange fear of asking more questions, but she must prosecute her inquiries. She had thought of walking over to Scarsdale. As it was in charge of servants, she thought she might go over to the house and see for herself the rooms in which her hated rival had spent the happiest hours of her life, and in which her heart had been broken. But, after looking into the sweet face of Sir Karl's daughter, she had not the strength. She wanted to see the girl's face again.

She decided on going home again; and then, when the shades of evening fell, she would make her way to the Fielden Manor. She remembered the keeper's cottage; she could call there under pretext of having lost her way, and talk to the keeper's wife—she could in that manner perhaps learn something of what was going on.

She lay down to rest, but she could not sleep. Karl's daughter! She must see her again. How cruelly she had repulsed her! When the gentle hands had touched her why need she have shaken them off? Yet—strange contradiction—she hated her!

It was growing dusk when she took the road which led toward Fielden Manor. It had been one of her favorite spots; she knew the grounds quite as well as she knew those of Beauville. She would like in the dusk to steal up to the windows and get just one sight of Gertrude in her evening dress, and then she would spend an hour or two in the keeper's cottage. She felt that the key of the mystery would be found there. So, in the failing evening light, she stole round amongst the tall trees where once she had been proud to show her face. In the dark dress and with her light footsteps she passed on, making no sound. She knew the road too well to make any mistake, and fortune favored her. The night was so densely dark that it was almost impossible to see even one's own hand. The moon was hidden behind a mass of clouds. She hid herself behind the thick leaves and sprays of the creeper which clustered around the bay-window of the dining-room. The blinds were but partially drawn, and she could see into the room. In the dark shadows, with the thick overhanging leaves, she was sure of not being discovered herself.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was a pretty home-scene that the miserable watcher gazed upon. The room was large and lofty, with a few priceless pictures, and a magnificent oaken sideboard with gold and silver plate, of which Lord Fielden had been very proud. She remembered every detail, and clinched her fingers as she looked on the silver and glass. The room was a glistening in the full light from the chandelier. What a comfortable, luxurious room it was! She saw the footmen all on the alert, the butler solemnly occupied at his post, and then those whom she wanted to see entered and took their places. Lady Fielden, looking very stately and beautiful in her old age, was attired in a warm-looking dress of maroon velvet; a cap and fichu of delicate lace completed a most recherche costume. Lord Fielden looked down on them with a smile, and Gertrude and Gertrude bright and beautiful in a robe of white lace and rich ruby silk, a spray of white jasmin in her golden hair and in the bodice of her dress.

As her eyes rested on the group, the miserable watcher at the window drew back, unable to restrain the burning tears and bitter sobs that would come in spite of her. Was it possible that she had once been young, beautiful, happy, and beloved as that fair young girl?

Gertrude, glancing toward the window, by the purest accident caught the gleam of the dark miserable eyes and the white hair, on which the light shone. She started with a cry—a cry of fear quite unshaken with her, for she was naturally brave. "Harry," she exclaimed, "there is a face at the window—a woman's face!"

He sprang from his chair and hastened to the window. But Mme. St. Ange was gone; she had caught the look of fear of Gertrude's face, and understood it. Quick as a hare, she ran across the lawn, past the cedar trees, down by the coppice, and into the grounds; she remembered a dark nook near the waterfall where she could hide herself and no one would dream of looking for her. Meanwhile Lord Fielden had turned to Gertrude.

"A woman's face!" he said. "Are you quite sure, Gertrude? It must have been the shadows that startled you."

She had quite recovered from her fright now, and walked at once to the window.

"It was no shadow," she said. "It was a woman's face, with wild, dark eyes and white hair; she was looking in through this pane of glass."

Lady Fielden came to her.

"I think," she said "you must have been mistaken; no woman could get in here without the servants' knowledge, and they would not admit a stranger." She drew the lace hangings back. "I have no doubt," she said "that it was one of the pale passion-flowers that blew against the glass."

Gertrude smiled.

"You know, Lady Fielden," she said, "that I do not suffer from nervousness. I was startled for a moment, but by no means nervous, and I am perfectly convinced that it was a woman's face I saw. I noticed the dark wild eyes and white hair; there could be no mistake. You will wonder more perhaps when I tell you that I am sure those eyes are familiar to me, that I have seen them before."

"My dear child, I am convinced it is a fancy," said Lady Fielden, smiling "quite convinced."

Gertrude raised her hands with a pretty graceful gesture to her temples.

"Let me think," she said; where have I seen that face before?"

They looked at her in astonishment.

"Now I remember," she said; "and I can verify my words. I called in at Grey's, the fruiterer's to purchase some grapes, and that woman was in the shop. I thought she was going to faint; but when I spoke, she answered coldly—almost rudely, poor creature! I noticed her eyes then, how dark and wild they were, and what weird contrast they presented to her white hair."

Lord Fielden was listening intently. "Did she speak to you, Gertrude?" he asked.

"No—only a few words. I think she said, 'I am quite well.'"

"Did you notice her voice—any peculiarity about it?" he asked.

"No; I cannot say that I did. But you see, Harry, it was no fancy. Was it, Lady Fielden?"

"No, my dear, I begin to think not. Harry, you had better take a couple of men out with you and search the grounds. I feel uneasy."

"I will go first," he said; and he did.

But he found no one. Close to the window, however, there was a broken spray of passion-flower and some rose leaves, as though some one had pulled aside the branches in order to look in. That was the only suspicious circumstance. Then the butler and two footmen accompanied Lord Fielden through the grounds. Mme. St. Ange, from her hiding-place amongst the ferns, saw the reflection of the light that they carried, but they failed to discover her.

Harry was grave and thoughtful that evening. Lady Fielden said that there was no cause for any anxiety; evidently it was a woman who had some idea of begging from them, and who was curious to see the inmates. So the household retired to rest, a little anxious and more on the alert than usual. The rumor that a woman had made her way through the park and had been found looking in at the dining-room window had somewhat startled the servants, but no one was seriously alarmed. Lord Fielden was the only one who could not rest. An idea had entered his mind. Who could be rude and abrupt to the beautiful, kindly girl? He dressed himself behind the thick leaves and sprays of the creeper which clustered around the bay-window of the dining-room. The blinds were but partially drawn, and she could see into the room. In the dark shadows, with the thick overhanging leaves, she was sure of not being discovered herself.

So the household retired to rest, a little anxious and more on the alert than usual. The rumor that a woman had made her way through the park and had been found looking in at the dining-room window had somewhat startled the servants, but no one was seriously alarmed. Lord Fielden was the only one who could not rest. An idea had entered his mind. Who could be rude and abrupt to the beautiful, kindly girl?

Gertrude went to her room, and soon forgot her troubles in sweet new ideas. Lying in his brain, felt more and more sure that there was "something" in it, and determined to go out once more and see if he could discover anything before he retired to rest.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Lord Fielden was in no way daunted by the darkness of the night. If the moon or the stars had been shining, the woman, let her be whom she might, would never have ventured through the park. The darkness had favored her; it would also favor him in finding her. He thought that the best thing to do was to go down to the lodge and see if any person had been noticed there. The woman at the lodge had seen one; they were quite certain that no strange person had passed through the gates; in fact, no person could come through them without their knowledge, nor did they believe that it was likely any person could get into the park by the other entrances.

Lord Fielden's suspicions increased.

The woman had evidently gained access to the park in some secret manner; therefore her purpose could not have been legitimate or honest. It was idle to suppose that robbery had been the motive; consequently Harry was more convinced than ever that the stranger was some person who had read the advertisement about Lola de Ferras, and wanted to discover the reason for it. As the woman had not passed through the gates, it seemed probable that she might still be in the park. He knew the ground well himself, but he could not decide at what point to begin the search. He vowed to himself that he would linger all night in the park rather than she should escape him.

He stood quite still, listening. Every now and then a night-bird called from the trees; the owls hooted from the woods, a rabbit leaped in the grass; there was a rustling of wings, and a sweet soft sigh from the night-wind—but that was all he heard.

More than an hour passed, and he was not nearer the object of his search. He felt inclined at last to go indoors. Once more he stood so still he could almost hear his heart beating. Surely there was a sound at last—that of slow, creeping stealthy footsteps on the other side of the beeches. He could hear a rustling over the grass, the crackling of underwood. Yes, he was right! The footsteps came nearer and presently they sounded quite close to him. He put out his hands, and they grasped a woman's garments. The woman stopped with a faint low cry.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed; but there was no answer.

It was too dark to see. He only knew that he clutched a tall figure that seemed frozen with fear. There was silence for a minute, and then the woman struggled violently to free herself, all without a word.

"You shall not go," cried Lord Fielden, "until you have told me who you are! Tell me who you are and what is your business here, and then I will let you go."

She struggled with such violence to free herself from his grasp that the black cloak she wore was torn, her bonnet fell off, and with it something white and soft. She knew it was the wig which had so effectively disguised her, and with the knowledge came an access of despair; it made her so strong that this time she almost tore herself from her captor's grasp.

It was a good policy to break up heaps of manure in the pasture, for the flies breed in these, and thus their development will be repressed. In any event, it is necessary to wage constant war against these flies, if one is to get the best possible returns from either dairy or beef cattle. The suggestion to keep the cattle in the barn during the summer days, soiling them there in darkened stables, and then turning them on pasture at night, is worthy of adoption by those situated to do so. Cows should thrive under such conditions. This fly question is a most important one, and the injury these pests do to dairy cows in depreciating milk yield is no doubt very great. Readers who have successfully solved the problem at reasonable cost would confer a favor on many stockmen by contributing their experience to its columns.

ON THE FARM.

ELITES ON CATTLE.

The little fly is small indeed, but it requires comparatively few of these to make cattle lose in flesh and milk, and turn from quiet and sedate to wild and nervous animals.

This has probably always been the case, but the advent of the little horn fly, early in the nineties, seemed to make a bad matter worse.

These flies appeared in certain sections and clustered about the lower parts of the horn when they were not on the body proper, so that they were dubbed "horn flies." Much was written about them and various remedies proposed or offered to the public.

These pests, occurred on the cattle in immense numbers, and greatly worried them.

While one has less of these flies now than about fifty years ago, there is no doubt but that they are fully as common, if not more so, than they were then.

They are much like the common house fly in appearance, only slightly smaller. The writer has employed various methods to reduce these pests. Several forms of manufactured fly killers are on the market.

If one has but two or three cows, one of these preparations may be very satisfactory, but it is a serious problem to handle a large herd, and the preparation means considerable expense and labor of application.

This substance is applied with a wide, flat brush, or by spraying on, the latter being the only practicable method with many cows.

One quart will do for one application on 40 to 50 cows. Pine tar preparations have been used somewhat, but these are sticky, and their use is not to be recommended. The materials above referred to are intended to keep off flies, but not to kill them, their being offensive to insects.

Pure kerosene, however, has an advantage, in that it may be sprayed on the cattle, and will kill many flies, if it hits them to a reasonable extent. Each season we do considerable spraying of kerosene in the barns, thus killing immense numbers of flies. On the cooler nights flies collect on the ceilings and warmer spots in the barn, and then we dose them, using ordinary kerosene in a cheap hand spray, such as sells for 50 cents. We also spray them on the cattle.

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males are on pasture. During the warm weather far less feed is required to furnish heat to the body, and the grass keeps the bowels in good tone so that the concentrates fed are thoroughly digested.

When feeding skim-milk to pigs it should be given in connection with some starch food. One pound corn-meal to three pounds of skim-milk is a good combination.

When middlings are a valuable food for swine when fed alone. Especially valuable are they for breeding stock, both during growth and at maturity. The bones and muscle building tendencies of the middlings develop strong, robust pigs.

A ration of two-thirds corn-meal and one-third middlings is an excellent one for fattening hogs. Animals should not be kept on full feed for more than three months, as after this time of full capacity exertion, assimilation weakens and the cost of gain is materially increased.

Pigs are better left unrun, unless for special reasons it is important that the pasture should remain unrooted. The best of rings worry pigs and cumbersome ones may keep them thin and emaciated. We should aim to give the pigs as much freedom and as near natural conditions as we can.

In handling pigs around a cross sow or among other hogs it is best to keep them from squealing. This can be done by lifting them by the tail. Just why this has a quieting effect upon the pig is a question, but that don't matter so long as he doesn't squeal.

SIXPENNY DOCTORS.

Patients who Want to be "Wound up Sharp."

In London there are quite a number of men who are familiarly known as sixpenny doctors, and clearly so from the fact of their fee for advice and medicine usually being 6d. only.

These particular practitioners do but little visiting and their consulting rooms are a much frequented rendezvous.

Many queer patients are seen by this branch of the medical profession, notably those who plainly state that they cannot afford to be ill, and medicine usually being 6d. only.

"Copp'd it?"

"Induena?"

"Three days?"

"Can't afford it."

"Day and a half?"

"Yes, not more—I want to be wound up sharp."

This brief consultation revealed, of course, that the shoe-mender had caught the influenza; that instead of being able to lie up for three days he could spare no longer than thirty-six hours.

Further, his desire to be "wound up sharp" related to a wish which he had previously expressed, to the same doctor, that by giving a double fee of shilling he, the patient, desired to have the medicine of double strength so as to be "wound up sharp."

If the sixpenny doctor visits a patient then there is an additional sixpence, but a certain discount in the form of attending for a week, every other day, at a not at all of three and sixpence for four days.

Sixpenny doctors are of great service in connection with certificates for the excuse of children too unwell to attend school, and there is in such cases not only medical advice, but also a certified statement as to the little patient's health—all for half a dozen pennies only.

The large numbers who consult the skilled medical men of moderate fee must enable these physicians of the poor to acquire a particularly wide experience of the ills that flesh is heir to.

Small as their fees are, the sixpenny doctors have patients who fail to pay, and such ungrateful defaulters are usually allowed a grace they so little deserve. It says much for the talent and careful attention of the sixpenny doctors that, although even the greatest of our national hospitals have been associated with what is in South African war news is sometimes described as "an unfortunate event," yet there is never a complaint read of in the press questioning the treatment of patients at the hands of sixpenny doctors.

Feed regularly and keep them clean and they will grow and thrive every minute.

THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1901.

Heat and Drought.

The greater part of the Mississippi valley has been suffering from heat and drought for many weeks past. The States of Missouri and Kansas have suffered most, and in some sections no rain has fallen since April. The crops of wheat and other grains are a complete failure, while the corn crop will be very light. For several weeks the heat has been excessive; and in many places on Sunday last temperatures of over 100° in the shade, and even up to 113° were registered. A great many deaths from heat prostration have taken place.

Stirling Cheese Board.

At the Board on Wednesday 695 boxes of cheese were boarded, as follows:—

1 Bell	40
3 Central	100
4 Enterprise	75
5 Evergreen	60
6 High	50
7 Kingston	50
9 Maple Leaf	100
11 River Side	100
12 Shamrock	50
15 Stirling	50
17 Glen	50

Buyers present—Bird, Bailey, Cook, Kerr, Rollins, Russell, Souve and Whitton.

Sales—Bird got 8, 7, 9, 17 at 9¢.

Bailey, 15 at 9-9-16c.

Rollins, 1 at 9-9-16c.

Whitton, 11 at 9-9-16c.

Board adjourned till 4 o'clock p.m. on Wednesday next.

Harold News.

Urbane Heath has nearly completed a barn and stables which will not be surpassed by any in this township.

Dr. Wales, assisted by Dr. Sprague, on the 19th inst. performed a surgical operation on Mr. Jas. Knox, with the best results.

Foxboro Notes.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Vanallan started for Buffalo on Wednesday. They intend visiting the Pan-American before returning home.

Mrs. L. Potter, of Frankford, is visiting friends in our village.

Mrs. Russell Pitman is seriously ill of heart trouble.

The public will be interested in knowing that the Willing Workers are prepared to furnish ice cream to all who wish for it, on the lawn of the church, during the coming summer, every Saturday evening. Over 150 enjoyed a social hour last Saturday evening.

Anson News.

From Our Correspondent.

Mrs. Jeffrey and children, of Belleville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. S. Chard.

Master Beecher and Miss Hazel McMullen are spending their holidays with their uncle, Mr. L. J. Burke, of Fuller.

Miss Emma Hagerman who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. F. Jeffs, of Havelock, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Chambers, of Ottawa, returned to their home last week, after spending a few weeks at Mrs. N. McConnell's.

Miss Minnie Wilson, of Canifton, is the guest of Miss Grace Weaver.

Miss Lillie Rodgers is spending a few days at her sister's, Mrs. W. Kincaid.

Master Egbert Eggleton met with a serious accident last week. He was caught in the hay slings and sprained his arm. We are glad to see he is around again.

Absent Treatment.

The Woman Had Faith In It and Was Cured.

"My wife solemnly affirms that she will get a divorce if I say anything about it," said Jones with a smile. "But it is too good to keep, so here goes. Mrs. Jones had been ailing for some time, and, falling into the hands of one of the neighbors who is a faith curist, she became imbued with that peculiar belief. I laughed at her, but she remained firm and said she was convinced that she could be cured only through faith. As her illness was nothing serious I said nothing more, congratulating myself that I was ahead what a doctor would have charged her."

"It ran along for some time while my wife continued to gain, and at last she announced that she was fully cured."

"Now, then, John Henry," said she, "I never again wish to hear you say anything about mind cure being all imaginable. I am sure that I would have been a dead woman if I hadn't taken the treatment that I did. And to think he never set eyes on me!"

"He never what?" I gasped.

"Set eyes on me! I took the absent treatment. I sent Professor Fiske \$5 to treat me by his famous absent treatment."

"Do you mean to say," said I, "that you sent a fakir \$5 to treat you?"

"That's just what I did!" And to think the most wonderful thing about it was that I was aware the moment that he received my letter and opened it, although he was a thousand miles from me! Why, I commenced gaining right from that moment! It is simply wonderful! You can't deny that I am a well woman, and all through the wonderful absent treatment that I received."

"I should have said something right then and there had I not heard the postman's whistle and gone to the door to get my mail. There was a letter for my wife from the dead letter office, and when she opened it out dropped her letter to Professor Fiske. She had misdirected it, and he had never received it. She says—but on second thought I hadn't better tell you what she says."

Some Hints and Helps.

A teaspoonful of turpentine put into the tub in which bottles are soaking, will greatly aid in making them brilliantly white, and will be a great help when clothes have become very yellow for want of use.

If people would only remember that every pot, pan, or any utensil that has been used for cooking should be washed immediately, while it is hot, what a lot of unnecessary labor and time would be saved.

An easy way to clean a white straw hat that has become discolored, is to rub it over with half a lemon dipped in flour of sulphur, and then leave it to dry in a shaded place.

A tumbler of cold water (not iced) is an excellent thing before breakfast in the morning. It washes out the stomach, prepares it for the food, and tends to regulate the bowels.

A small bag of charcoal hung in impure water will purify it, and it is well to keep such a bag in the cistern; water filtered through charcoal may also be rendered perfectly pure.

A teaspoonful of vinegar boiling on the stove will counteract the smell of strong food; a teaspoonful of ground cloves on a few hot coals will produce the same result.

To clean the silver spoons and forks in everyday use, rub them with a damp cloth dipped in baking soda, then polish with a little piece of chamois skin.

Salt and vinegar will be found the best for scouring the copper preserving-kettle; a lemon cut in half and dipped in salt will remove all stains.

It is never extravagant to buy good, expensive table linen, as every dollar added to the cost adds to the length of time it will give service.

You can make your kitchen a model of cleanliness and beauty if you adopt up-to-date methods in its arrangements.

A little finely-grated horseradish added to milk will keep it fresh for several days.

Fifth, anywhere, may become the resting-place for germs which threaten life. The skin and clothing ought to be as nearly antiseptic as possible.

Chew your food thoroughly and leisurely; it is not wasted time. Bolting the food is one of the most common causes of indigestion.

The secret of household economy lies in giving careful supervision to all household supplies, and in the judicious use of the left-overs.

There is no doubt that an action takes place when coffee is cooked and stands in a metal receptacle, which detracts from its fine flavor.

Irons should not be allowed to become red-hot, as it makes them rough, and they do not retain the heat so well afterwards.

Try wrapping a baked potato in a napkin as soon as it is done, and press it until it bursts, and it will be sure to be ready.

The baby should sleep on a hair mattress, not a feather bed, at any season, and a hair pillow should also be used.

Silver can be kept clean without a weekly cleaning, if carefully washed with hot soapsuds each time it is used.

If the oven should be too hot at any time, place a pan of water in it, and the heat will be lessened.

Sweet wine, with a little vinegar added will restore the lustre to the leather backs and seats of chairs.

It is far more difficult to guard the health of small children in the summer than in the winter.

Bolled starch is improved by the addition of a little sperm salt or gum arabic dissolved.

A lump of camphor placed in the silver drawer will prevent the silver from rusting.

The best way to keep lemons fresh is to pack them in moist sand.

To remove blood stains use cold water first, then soap and water.

Lampwicks should be pinched and rubbed smooth, not cut.

Out of the Shadow.

The discouragement, the despair of ill-health, out into the noon-day glory of health, vigor and strength. Are you willing to replace weakness by strength, despondency by hope and expectation, pale cheeks and listless eyes, by the roses bloom and sparkling eyes. If you but use Ferrozone, you will make rich, red blood, your nerves will grow strong. Old time vigor will return to you, and you will be enabled to live an active, energetic and successful life. Remember the name, Ferrozone. Sold by C. E. Parker.

Sine Happenings.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Miss Isa Breakell of Queensboro, is renewing old acquaintances in this neighborhood.

Quite a few are contemplating a trip to Manitobah this harvest.

Mr. Leslie Fox, who has been engaged with Gilmour and Co., returned home last week.

Miss Ethel Badgley of Sidney, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Mat. Sine.

The Grand Lodge of the Orange order in British America opened its sessions in Toronto on Tuesday.

A London paper estimates that \$100,000 a year is necessary now to live in society, whereas fifty years ago a man with half that amount could get along nicely.

Reports received by the Department of Agriculture show that anthrax has broken out at three points in eastern Ontario among the cattle and horses.

Missionaries representing the Church of England, Burial, Funeral, and Mourning Reform Association will visit the United States to preach opposition to pomp in funeral ceremonies.

The Minister of Education has granted \$1,100 out of the Poor School Fund to the poor schools of North Hastings for 1901. The amount granted by the County Council for the same purpose was \$805.

It is proposed to have ten thousand volunteers reviewed by the Duke of Cornwall and York during his visit to Toronto in October next. There is difficulty in finding suitable ground for the purpose.

About midnight of Monday fire destroyed the model cheese factory situated five miles west of Campbellford, and owned by C. Aggett; 150 cheese were also burned; insurance, \$800 on cheese, and \$850 on building and contents.

Here are evidences of advancement: The Legislature of Wisconsin has lately passed a very stringent law against the docking of horses' tails; and the Legislature of Florida has passed a stringent law for the protection of birds. In the State of Wyoming the Legislature passed a law requiring every teacher in the public schools to spend ten minutes of each week in the instruction of pupils for the humane treatment of animals.

The grand aggregate trade of the Dominion for the fiscal year 1901, ending June 30, last, will be \$394,000,000, which is over twelve million dollars in excess of last year: by far the largest in the history of the country. The grand aggregate of trade for 1900 was \$381,517,236. On the basis of imports entered for consumption and Canadian produce exported the total trade last year was \$358,864,581 as compared with \$345,955,174 for the previous year.

A pre-historic city of immense proportions is said to have just been unearthed on the Navajo Indian reservation, between Durango, Col., and Farmington, N.M., the particulars of the find having been reported to the land department of the Santa Fe system in this city. A palace has been found containing, it is said, about 1,000 separate apartments, some of them in an excellent state of preservation. Another stone castle contained 100 separate apartments.

In some of the rooms inspected were found the finest of wood and other relics of a valuable character, specimens of which have been gathered and sent to the Smithsonian Institute.

A Knock Out for Asthma.

You have had many disappointments, filled with trouble with many drugs, filled with things, and all they all failed. Not being a stomach complaint, of course Asthma can't be cured by stomach medicine. But Catarrhzone cures Asthma; it gives it a tired feeling in about fifteen minutes. Inhale Catarrhzone; it makes breathing easy, cures the cough, makes you well. Doctors say there is nothing like Catarrhzone for Asthma. 25¢ and \$1.

A Belleville firm is suing a Kingston merchant for \$190, the value of goods shipped to the latter on steamers Hero, and which were destroyed when the boat was burned at Belleville.

RITCHIE'S Annual Remnant Sale.

Our Summer Sale of Remnants of last season's stock is now on in every department. Hundreds of ends of PRINTS, MUSLINS, GINGHAM, SHIRTINGS, LINENS, SHEETINGS, TICKINGS, etc., are being offered at greatly reduced prices.

We specify a few of the many bargains:—

TRIMMED MILLINERY at HALF-PRICE. All of our handsome Colored Trimmed Millinery reduced HALF-PRICE.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

25 per cent. off all Mantles and Costumes. 75c. Colored Blouses for 49c.

1700 yds. Fancy Dress Muslins.

A late shipment of Muslins. We bought them at far below their actual value. This is just the season a Muslin Dress is most appreciated.

SPECIAL OFFER.—10 yd. Dress Length for \$1.25. This is one of our many Special Bargains in the Wash Goods Department.

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Bob McCready.

Above is a splendid portrait of Bob McCready, one of the best football players in Canada. He is a member of the Ottawa University team, and has been in all of its championship matches. He is a splendid specimen of robust Canadian manhood, but, strong as he is, he has known what it is to suffer from dyspepsia. So seriously afflicted was he at the opening of the past (1901) season, that he was not able to go out with his team. Fins in the back and sides, intermittent headache, and the awful pangs he suffered after eating, the result of an impaired digestion, warned him that he was in no condition to play football, the hardest of all games. Besides, he lacked the energy to carry him through a campaign. He consulted his physician, but that gentleman gave him no relief. "At this stage," he writes, "I was advised to try Dr. Petty's Pills, the new remedy that one of my friends assured me was wonderful in its effects. I was skeptical, but he sounded their praises so persistently that I was at length induced to try them. The very first dose drove the pain away, and at the end of a week I rejoiced my teammates in his coming. I think one of our hardest seasons in the best form that I have ever been in. Dr. Petty's Pills are alone to thank for my fine condition. They are the best, no, and far, for me. They may be strong and full of energy, I, for one, shall never take any others when I feel in need of a strengthener." Such is the recommendation of this well-known athlete, and such will be the experience of everyone who tries this wonderful remedy. If your druggist cannot supply you, write to us, enclosing price 50 cents a bottle, six bottles for \$2.50. Address The Dr. Petty Medicine Co., Ottawa, Canada.

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All calls promptly attended day and
night.

THE CYNIC.

In every married couple one has the
other bluffed.

What the world really needs is an elev-
enth commandment—thou shalt not gos-
sip.

When a man and woman begin to tell
each other the truth, their love affair is
coming to an end.

When a man sees a sign on a door
reading, "Keep out—this means you,"
he thinks it refers to other people who
are there.

While you are wondering why your
neighbor doesn't get along better on his
income, he is wondering what you do
with your money.

Death is a great wit. In going around
making his selections he takes care not
to disturb those who are a heavy burden
on the backs of others.

BRAKES AND COUPLINGS.

The city of Pittsburgh has assumed con-
trol of three of its street car lines and ex-
pects soon to take possession of the re-
mainding lines, when it is intended to ad-
vertise for proposals to convert them to
the electrical system.

The Lancet pronounces the present un-
derground steam trains in London "ex-
ceedingly dirty." All attempts at ven-
tilation have failed, and the proposed
substitution of electric traction seems the
only remedy.

The Prussian minister for railways has
expressed his great surprise at the re-
stricted employment of women in the
railway service, especially as booking
clerks, for the sale of tickets, etc., and
has ordered that they are to be engaged
more extensively.

Curious Vienna Law.

They have curious laws in Vienna
and enforce them too. Recently Marie
Friedl and Felli Kopstein, aged 15 and
13 years respectively, were walking
along a street in the Austrian capital
when they came across an old woman
staggering along under the weight of a
heavy package. Moved by pity, they
offered to carry it for the old woman, a
proposition to which she readily ac-
ceded. The kind hearted children had
not gone far before they were arrested
by a policeman for carrying parcels
without a license. The children were
taken to a police station, where the of-
ficer in charge lectured them upon the
gravity of their offense. They were
kept under arrest for six hours and
then released with a warning.

It seems that there is a corps of
"messengers" in Vienna to which a
municipal statute grants the exclusive
right of "carrying" inside the city. The
boy and girl had violated the law by
carrying the old woman's burden, and
under such an interpretation of the
statute a man who carries a package
for a woman with whom he is walking
may be "run in" by the first policeman
who sees him.

Ask your druggist for Petty's Pills.

If he hasn't got them write us, en-
closing the price, 50 cents, and we
will supply you.

As an all-round family remedy, one
that always should be in the house
for an emergency, Dr. Petty's Pills
discount anything in the market.
They are so small a child can take
them with ease; yet one's a dose.

OUR FATHER GARETH.

WHERE WOMEN SHIRK.

MON. DAVID MILLS, Canadian Minister of
Justice, on Modern Characteristics
of New England Women.

The sparrow falls, a brief life quickly end-
ed.
Some wanton hand has blotted out the
sun.
The throbbing pulse of life for aye sus-
pended.
Unloved and unmourned, except by One
"Your Father careth" for a sparrow fall-
ing.
His eye hath marked the dying agony
Which rent the veil of life in throes ap-
palling.
And choked for ever its sweet symphony.
Poor fluttering heart! at rest, at rest for
ever.

Life's fifth feathered song for thee,
So speedily for these its cords must sever;
Wilt it not set thy timeworn at liberty?
We know not, little bird. Thy Maker
knoweth;

We only understand he loves and cares;
His breathing spirit like the wild wind
bloweth,

Interpreting all dumb, beseaching pray-
ers.

If he so care for these weak, tiny crea-
tures, O soul distressed! doth he not care for
thee?

Can he not read in all thy anguished fea-
tures
The thoughts appeal against the things that
be?

"Your Father careth," cease thy vain re-
plinings;

All that thou needest He will send to
thee—

Mercy and love through all the interwif-
lings

Of the mysterious working out of His de-
cree.

—Mary E. Kendrew.

EARLY DAYS OF TELEPHONES.

PROF. A. GRAHAM BELL TELLS ABOUT PUT-
TING IN HIS FIRST AT BRANTFORD.

The following is from the pen of Prof.
A. Graham Bell, inventor of the
telephone:

It is exactly 26 years since I put up my first telephone.

At that time I was visiting at my father's house in Brantford, a small city in Ontario, Canada. We obtained the permission of the Canadian Government to use a telegraph line four miles long that extended from Brantford to a neighboring village.

We put up our apparatus in a friend's house, kindly loaned for the purpose, and as it was over half a mile from the telegraph line, we were obliged to lengthen the wire.

No additional telegraph wire was available, so what do you think we used? You would never guess. We could find nothing in the hardware stores but stovepipe wire, and we had to buy up all the stovepipe wire in Brantford to make our line long enough.

We did not trouble to put up posts, but tacked the wire to the fence. The communication that took place over this first telephone wire was not a conversation, but a monologue, as we had the transmitter at one end, and the receiver at the other.

In this way the first message was sent over the telephone, and I have been told that Brantford calls itself the "Telephone City" ever since. That was in 1875.

A short time afterwards Mr. Chas. Williams of Boston strung a telephone wire from his office in Boston to his house in Cambridgeport, a distance of two miles. This was the first telephone wire to be permanently erected.

Since these small beginnings, what amazing progress has been made!

The next step in the improvement of the telephone will be wireless telephony. This is not an inventor's dream. It has already been done across short distances.

In the immediate future it will be made practical for social and commercial purposes.

Elements of National Strength.

There are two products of the earth upon which, to an extent that is almost startling, under modern conditions, the fortunes of nations turn. These are coal and iron. Coal turns the wheels of industry and commerce, and furnishes the motive force of the great naval engines of modern warfare. Iron in its various forms enters into every material part of life. To cut off the supply of these would paralyze the world until science had found substitutes for them. The possession of them in large quantities and power to make them available constitute important elements of national strength.

Echoes From Australia.

Victoria, Australia, has 1,051,246 acres of gold-bearing land.

Western Australia's coast line in many parts abounds with turtles.

Western Australia is the only colony under the commonwealth that does not pay its members of the legislative assembly.

Western Australia's aborigines, notwithstanding many years of missionary work, are, with the exception of 51, returned as pagans.

The value of house property in London is put at £153 per inhabitant. This is a record for European capitals, but is beaten by Sydney, Australia, with £215 per head.

Death is a great wit. In going around

making his selections he takes care not
to disturb those who are a heavy burden
on the backs of others.

BRAKES AND COUPLINGS.

The city of Pittsburgh has assumed con-
trol of three of its street car lines and ex-
pects soon to take possession of the re-
mainding lines, when it is intended to ad-
vertise for proposals to convert them to
the electrical system.

The Lancet pronounces the present un-
derground steam trains in London "ex-
ceedingly dirty." All attempts at ven-
tilation have failed, and the proposed
substitution of electric traction seems the
only remedy.

The Prussian minister for railways has
expressed his great surprise at the re-
stricted employment of women in the
railway service, especially as booking
clerks, for the sale of tickets, etc., and
has ordered that they are to be engaged
more extensively.

Curious Vienna Law.

They have curious laws in Vienna
and enforce them too. Recently Marie
Friedl and Felli Kopstein, aged 15 and
13 years respectively, were walking
along a street in the Austrian capital
when they came across an old woman
staggering along under the weight of a
heavy package. Moved by pity, they
offered to carry it for the old woman, a
proposition to which she readily ac-
ceded. The kind hearted children had
not gone far before they were arrested
by a policeman for carrying parcels
without a license. The children were
taken to a police station, where the of-
ficer in charge lectured them upon the
gravity of their offense. They were
kept under arrest for six hours and
then released with a warning.

It seems that there is a corps of
"messengers" in Vienna to which a
municipal statute grants the exclusive
right of "carrying" inside the city. The
boy and girl had violated the law by
carrying the old woman's burden, and
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OUR FATHER GARETH.

MON. DAVID MILLS, Canadian Minister of
Justice, on Modern Characteristics
of New England Women.

Some statements regarding the
livelihood of the New England people,
with particular reference to an
apparent wrong on the part of the
women, are made in a letter to a
friend by Hon. David Mills, Minister
of Justice, as a result of his obser-
vations while going to Boston to
take passage for England. In part

He says: "I saw some sections covered with
forest that must have been cleared land a century ago, so that
I feel sure that there is far less land in New England cultivated now than
there was fifty years ago. I noticed
the towns we ran through had very
neat-looking dwelling houses. They
were all kept well painted and all
looked new. The people are living
mostly by some kind of handicraft of
a mechanical kind. But the people
don't like farming; they take no interest
in it, and derive no enjoyment from
it. The New England people are
upon the soil, but are not of it. They
obviously dislike farming as
much as their women do having
children, and were it not for the foreign
who came up residence among them,
there would be neither children born nor fields cultivated.
It left to themselves the existence of a
descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers
will be as rare as a great oak, and
the race is sure to share the fate of
the dodo. This must be a very serious
problem for the United States
statesman. Stop the foreign immigration,
and the United States would not
increase the population, and after
a time their numbers would begin
to diminish. There is obviously
something very wrong with a people
who, under conditions so favorable,
have such small families. The United
States woman does not realize
her duties to God and her country,
and so thinks much more of her own
pleasures than she does of the responsibilities
which the Creator has imposed upon her."

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The Greatest Boon to Cattle and Horses.

TEXAS FLY KILLER

PINT BOTTLES, - - - 10c.
QUART " - - - 20c.

A New Discovery—apply once or twice a week.

20c. invested in this makes \$20 difference in feed and milk.

No trouble in milking. No worry with horses.

Paris Green, Fly Paper.

—SEE OUR LINE OF—

Summer Soaps and Perfumes.

CHAS. E. PARKER,
DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

Sailors Sail.

Sale of CHILDREN'S TRIMMED SAILOR HATS, regular prices 40c., 50c., 60c., all going out at 25c.

A few LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS left, regular \$1.35, \$1.25, \$1.00, special clearing price, 65c.

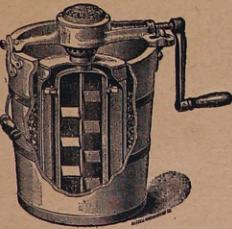
LADIES' and CHILDREN'S SUMMER VESTS, 5c., 8c., 15c., 20c., 30c., 40c.

Novelties in LADIES' COLLARS and TIES. Call on

The Fred T. Ward Co.

See this Cut?

It represents the Best
Ice Cream Freezer
on the Market, namely



The "White Mountain."

You will notice that it has a triple motion which makes it ahead of all others, as it freezes the cream in far less time. We will be pleased to show you this line in all sizes and very low prices.

HOW ABOUT BINDER TWINE, HARVEST TOOLS, PARIS GREEN.

Don't forget we are Headquarters for all kinds of Hardware.

H. & J. WARREN,
HARDWARE & TINWARE MERCHANTS, MILL STREET.

The NEWS-ARGUS to Jan. 1, 1902, 40c.

Binder For Sale.

A Massey-Harris Binder, in good running order, will be sold cheap and on easy terms.

JOHN FRENCH,
Stirling.

NOTICE to the PUBLIC

I have about Three Thousand Dollars worth of goods composed of BOOTS & SHOES, HATS and CAPS, READY-MADE CLOTHING and DRY GOODS, which I will sell at about HALF-PRICE in order to clear them out, as I am going out of that line of business.

D. NERRIE,
SPRING BROOK.

Spring Brook, June 27, 1901.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN the matter of the Estate of DONALD M. HAGEMAN, late of the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, gentlemen, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, Chapter 129 Section 38, to all creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of the above named, that the said estate of the above named, is now in the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, Ontario, the Executors of the Estate of Donald M. Hageman, his wife, and their solicitor G. G. Thrasher, as hereunder, on or before the 27th day of July, A. D. 1901, a statement in writing of the amount of their claims and the particulars of their claims and demands proven by affidavit, and the nature of security if any held by them.

Notice is also given that after the date mentioned, the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, and to pay to the persons of which notice has been given as required.

And all persons indebted to the said estate are now required to hand the amount of their indebtedness to the said Executors or their solicitor.

And all persons indebted to the said estate are now required to hand the amount of their indebtedness to the said Executors or their solicitor.

Dated at Stirling, this 3rd day of July, A. D.

1901.

G. G. THRASHER,
Solicitor for Executors.

PARKER BROTHERS

BANKERS,
STIRLING - - - ONTARIO.

A General Banking Business
transacted.

4 per cent. allowed on Deposits.

Drafts bought and sold on all parts of Canada,

United States and Great Britain.

Money to let on Mortgages at low Interest.

Office hours from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

F. B. PARKER. R. PARKER, M.D.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged the following:
1. Regular Advertising. Three lines, 10c.
2. Special Advertising. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each

insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains call at Stirling stations as follows:

GOING WEST. GOING EAST.

Mail & Ex. -6:27 a.m. Accon. -10:35 a.m.

Mail & Ex. -6:45 p.m. Accon. -3:45 p.m.

Accon. -10:35 a.m. Mail & Ex. -3:45 p.m.

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